

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 573.—Vol. XXII.

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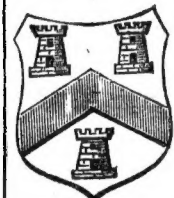
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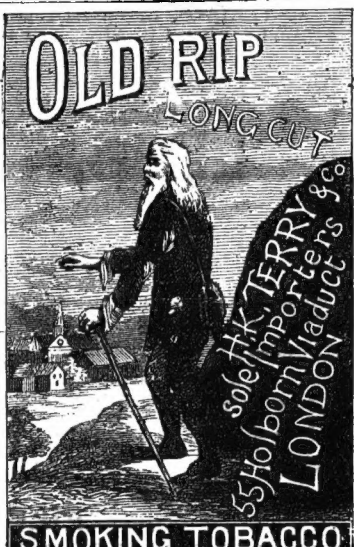


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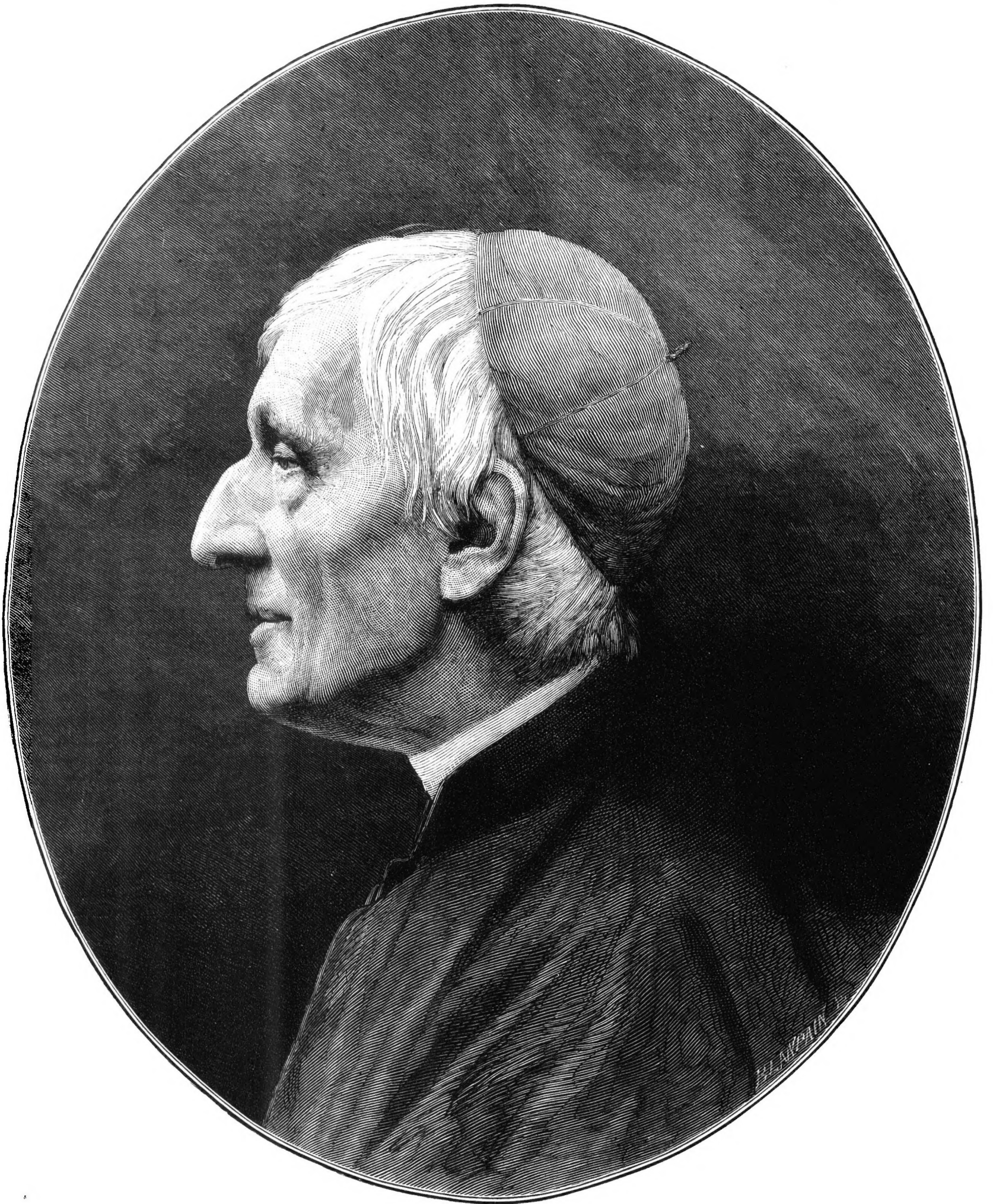
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1880

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [ PRICE SIXPENCE  
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN



NOTICE.—The usual position of some of our articles is reversed this week. For example, the Topic Notes, Home News, &c., will be found in the inner sheet, beginning at page 510.



## CARDINAL NEWMAN

JOHN HENRY, elder brother of Francis William Newman, is the son of the late John Newman, a member of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman, and Co. He was born in London in 1801, and was educated at Ealing School and Trinity College, Oxford, where he took classical honours. For a time he was Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and Tutor of Oriel College (of which he was also a Fellow). During this period he assisted Dr. Whately, who was Principal of St. Alban's Hall, in the preparation of his well-known "Treatise on Logic," and also became a contributor to the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana." In 1828 he accepted the incumbency of St. Mary's, Oxford, which he held until 1843, having in the meanwhile established at Littlemore, near Oxford, an ascetic community on a mediæval model. By his preaching he gained great influence over the younger members of the University. At first, he was an earnest antagonist of the Roman Catholic Church, and when Sir Robert Peel introduced his Roman Catholic Relief Bill he transferred his allegiance to Sir Robert Inglis; but gradually his opinions became modified, he endeavoured to restore what he believed to be the Catholic character of the English Church, and became consequently, together with Dr. Pusey, one of the recognised leaders of the Tractarian party, so called from the series of "Tracts for the Times" put forth by them. The last of these, the celebrated "Tract XC," which was written by Dr. Newman, was severely censured by the University authorities as practically annulling the broad lines of demarcation between the Anglican and the Roman Catholic Churches. In 1845, several clergymen having in the mean time been prosecuted for holding doctrines repugnant to the Thirty-Nine Articles, Dr. Newman seceded from the Established Church, was received into the Roman Communion, and was, after being ordained priest, appointed head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham, where he has since chiefly resided, except during a short period (1854-1858), when he held the Rectorship of the newly-founded Catholic University of Dublin. His elevation to the Cardinalate took place in May, 1879, when he received his title from the church of San Giorgio in Velabro, being the first English Cardinal (of whom there have been seven or eight since the Reformation) who has thus been identified with the representative Church of English Roman Catholics in Rome.

His secession was, perhaps, the greatest moral triumph which the Roman Catholic Church has achieved in this country since the Reformation, and for a time a large number of clergy and a good many of the laity (though chiefly of the upper classes) followed his example. The tide of conversion (or "perversion," as some prefer to call it) has of late years slackened considerably, the fact being that many of the Vatican's new recruits were dissatisfied and disappointed with their new position.

And there is a general impression in the non-Roman world that the Vatican (which is usually so astute and far-seeing) did not make as much as it might have done of a man who to the most fervent piety added singular intellectual ability, and that throughout his life Dr. Newman has been rather kept in the background. Even the dignity of Cardinal was only tardily conferred upon him about eighteen months ago, and not until a more liberally-minded Pope was wearing Pius the Ninth's triple crown. Yet there is no suspicion that Dr. Newman flinches from any of the more distinctive Roman doctrines, and only a few years ago he publicly announced his firm adhesion to the dogma of the Pope's Infallibility. Possibly the Vatican prefers for its instruments (as far as converts are concerned) men of inferior but more supple quality, of whom Cardinal Manning may be cited as a typical specimen.

Perhaps it was from this sort of impression that Dr. Newman had been rather coldly treated by his co-religionists, coupled with the intense personal affection which he inspired in his old Oxford days, that made Oxford, when he paid a visit there, welcome him with such warmth and enthusiasm. Besides, as Peel said of Palmerston, "we are all proud of him," without reference to his theological views, as being a sincere man, totally unmoved by the ordinary baits of ecclesiastical ambition. Nevertheless, those of us who remain in the bosom of the Church of England can never cease to lament the secession of so noble a spirit. If the aims and objects of the new High Church party had been as clearly understood five-and-thirty years ago as now, when the self-denying lives and the usefulness of many of the clergy of this persuasion are so much better appreciated, it is quite possible that Newman and many others would never have felt constrained to seek for a resting-place beyond the Church of their baptism.

Dr. Newman's influence has been great upon the comparatively few who have had the privilege of personal intercourse with him, but it has been equally great upon the many thousands who have read his writings. He has written much, and he has almost always written well. His style possesses a charming clearness and simplicity, and then moreover the reader instinctively feels himself in company with one who not only believes the statements which he utters, but is striving himself to act up to that belief. His writings are numerous, and among them we need here only cite some of the best known, such as his "Parochial Sermons," his "Development of Christian Doctrine," his "Office and Work of Universities," and his "Apologia pro Vita Sua."—Our portrait is from a photograph by D'Alessandri Brothers, 12, Corso, Rome.

## HOMEWARD BOUND FROM INDIA

## A SIESTA UNDER DIFFICULTIES

IT is grillingly hot on board as we steam across the Indian Ocean, not a breath of air anywhere, the sails hang motionless, and there is not a ripple on the sea, which looks like a glass. Tiffin is over, and we are all lounging about the deck wishing it was time for dinner to give us something to do to pass the hours which hang so heavily on our hands. The long rows of chairs on the deck are occupied with sleeping forms in attitudes more or less comfortable to themselves and ridiculous to the wakeful observer. Charming Miss A—settles down in her rattan reclining chair, with as many pillows and cushions as she finds comfortable, and a yellow-covered novel in her hand, which she will not read, as sleep is rapidly overtaking her. Pretty Mrs. B— is too languid even to make a remark to Captain C—, who is nodding off in the chair next to her. Mrs. E—'s grey Terri hat is tilted forward over her eyes, and she is rapidly following the example of her husband, who is slumbering sweetly next her. Colonel F— looks as if his neck was in danger of being broken from his head hanging over the side of his chair, which, perhaps, may also account for the remarkable sounds he emits at intervals. Tall Mr. G— looks as if he found the length of his legs rather an inconvenience in the limited space. And short Mr. H—'s heels are higher than his head, and his mouth is wide open. The remainder of the alphabet down to X, Y, Z have

either retired to bed in their cabins, or are wandering about and grumbling at the great heat, the smallness and discomfort of their cabins, and the incivility of the stewardess, subjects of the most vital importance to those who have to endure them for five or six weeks. The only energetic people on board seem a party of inveterate whist players, who have retired to the smoking room, and seem to know neither heat nor fatigue.

This is a state of things, however, which is too good to last long. An invasion of the children sets in (Reader, do you know what Indian children are?). They troop up the companion stairs in a body, and chaos reigns!

They climb the skylights with yells and shouts—the imminent danger of falling through into the cabins below. They fight and squabble as only Indian children can. They blow the trumpet and beat the drum. They drive horses and run races—falling over the feet of unoffending sleepers. They climb the greasy wheels of the donkey engine, only to jump off, and coming down on their heads, or their elbows, or any part, but their feet, set up piercing yells of "Mam-ma!" or "Ay-ah!" as the case may be. They dare each other to climb the bulwarks until agonised mammas or angry papas call loudly to "Harry" or "Jacky" to "Come down, sir." The afternoon siesta comes to an untimely end, and "those fiends of children" have it all their own way.

## "IN THE BAY OF BISCAY"

ALAS! for the cloudless sky and the seas of glass, they are, indeed, things of the past, left behind us in the tropics. Thick, dull grey skies, and waves running mountains high, with a cold north wind, and rain and sleet, meet us full as we steam into the Bay of Biscay.

The ports are all screwed down, the skylights shut, allowing only a dim religious light downstairs. The ship pitches and tosses unceasingly, crashes of breaking crockery and glass mingle with the cries of wretched children, left by sea-sick ayalis or mammas. Two-thirds of the passengers have retired into private life into their cabins, all the children, who are not seasick, are shut up in the music room, where they are shouting and quarrelling to their hearts' content in the limited space. Great masses of water rush across the almost deserted deck, tossing about stray chairs, and bestowing an unwelcome shower bath on unwary people, who prefer the wet and damp upstairs to the intense stuffiness below.

From the music-room windows we discover an adventurous party, who have encamped on a sheltered skylight, about the only safe corner on the deck. The ladies are perfect bundles of wraps, for the cold is intense and ulsters are the order of the day.

A hasty rush across the foaming deck, a scramble on to forms and chairs, and we find ourselves, with the help of outstretched friendly hands, and amid much laughter, dragged up into safety and dryness on to the somewhat limited space on the top of the skylight, where we finally settle down among a pile of rugs and cushions, and find that, after all, in spite of the most adverse circumstances, it is still quite possible to spend a very pleasant morning, during bad weather in the Bay of Biscay.

## CHINA, PAST AND PRESENT

TWO of our sketches represent the past and present of the Chinese Navy, an old-fashioned junk, and one of the recently acquired iron gunboats mounting a 38-ton gun. These formidable little craft were designed and constructed by Armstrong and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and navigated out to China by English naval officers. They will play an important part in the defence of the Chinese rivers and harbours in any war in which she may be engaged, and, supposing them to be properly handled, would prove most formidable antagonists, their guns being sufficiently powerful to pierce the plating of all but the most recent ironclads. The training of the officers and crews of the Chinese war ship is, however, very defective, and this notwithstanding the assistance liberally afforded by the English Government at different periods in the matter of lending English officers and instructors. The efforts of the local Governors have been spasmodic in this direction, and this is no doubt due in a large measure to the absence of funds. A frigate training ship was in commission for some years under the command of an English post-captain, and there the system of training and instruction both of officers and men was carried out in all respects on very much the same principles as in our own Navy; but it is very doubtful whether this system has borne the good fruit it ought to have done, owing to the laxity of discipline on board the vessels commanded by Chinese officers. A certain privileged few of the then younger officers were brought over to Europe to complete their educational course. Some of these studied at Greenwich, and took good places in the examination, proving themselves to be in no way deficient as regards intellectual capacity. After this course these officers were attached to the various ships in our Channel Squadron to enable them to gain an insight of the discipline and routine of an English man-of-war. The general opinion amongst English officers was that, though uncommonly sharp observers, they lacked the attachment to a nautical life, as well as those hardy physical qualities so essential to a naval officer, and that few if any of them were likely to make good sailors or first-rate officers, though, of course, here and there an exception might be found. They had an aversion to manual work of any kind, and lacked that restless physical energy so characteristic of our own officers, and it is far from improbable that on returning to their own country they will relapse into their native indolent habits. The aversion of the Chinese to European costume is well known, but the dress in which their naval officers sometimes appear on board foreign ships of war is certainly somewhat unsuited to a nautical life, and hardly calculated to inspire respect for the officers of a great nation. Thus in our first sketch may be seen a lieutenant of the Chinese Navy as he appeared some little time back on board an English man-of-war, for the purpose of requesting that full honours might be paid and a salute fired to commemorate the Emperor's birthday, fanning himself with all the ease and grace of an accomplished flirt.

Another sketch represents the review which took place some time back at Foochow of one of the Chinese regiments organised and drilled on the European system by a European officer. The regiment numbered some 600 fine, well-made men—picked troops. Their dress was a brick-coloured loose blouse, with a large round patch behind and in front, with the number of the regiment, short white cotton trousers, white straw hat, and black ribbon. The regiment was, however, bootless, a deficiency which, though doubtless conducive to speed, must reduce the efficiency of the regiment when on service in a rough country. The movements on parade were gone through with tolerable accuracy and steadiness, and on the whole, considering that the officer-instructor was entirely ignorant of the native dialect, the result was creditable. The manoeuvres usually performed by Chinese regiments on parade have been not inaptly likened to a sort of "military can-can," and are more amusing than instructive. There are at the present time a large number of Chinese troops drilled and organised on the European model, and well armed. There is besides an immense accumulation of war material of modern type in different parts of the Empire. The writer himself saw a field battery of twenty Krupp guns, with some Gatlings, in the neighbourhood of Peking. Beneath this last-mentioned illustration is shown the inspecting general and his staff on the occasion of the review of the regiment at Foochow. He was comfortably seated throughout at a table with tea and tobacco, and seemed to be enjoying himself in a high degree.

Of the two remaining sketches one depicts one of the gallant captains of the said regiment, each of whom carried a sword and a whip, the latter weapon being largely utilised both to stir up the

flagging spirits of his subordinates, as well as to drive off small boys who threatened to impede the movements of the corps.

The last sketch represents a private of the same regiment who fell out of the ranks with a fine contempt for authority, and tried to get up a gossip with one of his superior officers. On the whole, the review of this gallant regiment was an edifying spectacle, and represented some curious incidents of military life in China.

## ANTIQUITIES AT ISMID

ISMID, the Nicomedia of the ancients, is a town of some little commercial importance of Northern Asiatic Turkey, and is situated in the Gulf of Ismid, Sea of Marmora, about eight hours' steam from Constantinople. It was the favourite residence of Nicomedes, the first King of Bithynia, who, changing its original name, Olbia, made it his capital, and called it after himself. Under the Romans also the town was raised by Diocletian to the rank of the capital of the Roman Empire, but was subsequently deposed from that dignity by the building of Constantinople. Recent excavations have, as our illustrations show, unearthed some remains of its old splendour, for in the time of Diocletian the town was enriched with palaces, theatres, and all the magnificence of the Roman Court. Our sketches are mainly explained by their titles, but we may specially mention the remains of the aqueduct. This has been greatly injured by earthquakes, and the Turkish Government, instead of restoring it in a substantial manner, have supplied the missing portions by wooden troughs, along which the water is carried. Below is a lovely glen and a stream, the banks of which in early spring are resplendent with purple primroses, sweet violets, crocuses, and maidenhair ferns. For the information of our readers who may not be deeply versed in classical lore, we may state that a Roman Military Actuary (Actuarius) was an officer under whose charge the accounts of the legion were placed.

## THE EXPULSION OF THE CAPUCHINS FROM PARIS

FOR the past few weeks the whole of France has been in a feverish state of excitement through the enforcement of M. Freycinet's Decrees ordaining the dissolution of all Religious Orders who did not choose to apply to the State for a legal authorisation. The Religious Orders, one and all, refused to apply for this authorisation, and also refused to quit their establishments, so that the Government determined to expel them by main force. Thus monastery after monastery throughout France has been visited by the police, and their inmates requested to leave. In some cases the monks were content with a mere show of force, in others they made a strong passive resistance, barricading the outer doors, and locking themselves up in their cells, which had to be broken open by the hatchets of the firemen. One of these establishments near Tarascon held out for some days, though surrounded by 3,000 troops; while in others again the Superior invoked the wrath of the Pope and of Heaven upon the police for their action, and excommunicated the Commissaries. Such a scene is depicted in our engraving, which represents the forcible entry of the police into the Capuchin Monastery in Paris on the 4th inst. This establishment is situated in the Rue de la Santé, in the south of Paris, and the building forms three sides of a quadrangle, which is completed by a chapel. Between the convent and the outer wall is a large wooden cross, to the middle of which is attached the Crown of Thorns, while forming a second cross are a lance and staff, and other symbols of the Passion. At half-past six on the morning of the 4th inst., M. Clement, the Police Commissary, arrived with a detachment of 150 men, and a body of firemen with their axes. He first entered the chapel, and requested the congregation to retire. The worshippers, however, who consisted mainly of women, declined, and began to sing the "Ave Maria Stella" until forcibly removed by the police. Meanwhile the Capuchins had shut themselves into the Monastery, and on M. Clement's knocking and demanding admittance in the name of the law, reading the Decrees as his warrant, refused to let him in. M. Clement then ordered the firemen to break the door open, and on this being done arrested the Superior, Father Arsène, who, however, previously excommunicated him in the name of the Pope. M. Clement, though scarcely as impudent as a colleague in the provinces, who handed a Superior a stamped receipt in acknowledgment of the excommunication, was in no way awed by the pains and penalties which this solemn ceremony implied, and proceeded to enter the convent in search of the remaining inmates. These, who numbered about a dozen, had locked themselves up in their cells, each of which had to be broken open until the whole number of Monks were secured, and, with the exception of two left to guard the building, were marched out of the convent. During the proceedings numerous arrests were made of lay sympathisers, who in this, as in many similar cases, had remained in the monastery with the monks, to protest against the high-handed action of the Government.

## THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND

See page 506.

## "A DOOR WITH TWO LOCKS"

A STORY in Four Parts, by Julian Hawthorne, is continued on page 521.

## COLONEL RATTRAY, C.B., C.S.I.

COLONEL THOMAS RATTRAY, who died on the 21st ult. at Sherborne, Dorset, in the 61st year of his age, was educated at the East India Company's old Military College of Addiscombe. He entered the Indian Army in 1839, being posted to the 64th Bengal Native Infantry. He served in the Afghan campaign under General Pollock, when he was severely wounded in the attempt to force the Khyber Pass, and afterwards under Sir Charles Napier, in Scinde, against the Hill tribes. In the Burmese War of 1854-5 he commanded the Irregular Cavalry attached to the Force; and for his services on this occasion Lord Dalhousie gave him the command of the Governor-General's Body Guard. He was the first infantry officer who ever obtained this distinction. In 1856 he raised and disciplined a body of Sikhs, now the 45th Bengal Native Infantry (commonly known as "Rattray's Sikhs"). He commanded the force through the Indian Mutiny, for his services in which he received the medal and the brevet rank of Major, and was several times thanked by the Government of India. Concerning this period of his career the words of a high official of the Bengal Government may be fitly quoted:—"Rattray and his Sikhs were the saviours of Behar and Bengal."

In 1864 he was appointed to the command of the 42nd Native Infantry, with which corps he served throughout the campaign in the Looshai country, and received the decoration of the Bath. His last appointment was on the Head Quarters' Staff as Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Army. This appointment he retained till the end of 1876, when symptoms of the disease which ultimately carried him off appeared.

Colonel Rattray was a true, honest, outspoken, and distinguished soldier of the "old school"; a genial and pleasant companion; and a sincere Christian.

Our portrait is from a photograph by J. G. Barrable, 244, Regent Street, W.

## CAPTAIN GARRATT

CAPTAIN ERNEST STEPHEN GARRATT, of the 66th Regiment, who was killed at the age of thirty-five, was the eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Garratt, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Ipswich. He entered the regiment in June, 1865, as ensign, became lieutenant in July, 1867, and captain in 1870. His company formed part of General Burrows' Brigade, and was engaged in the battle with the Wali's



revolted troops. A private letter informs us that at the battle of Maiwand he was seen turning the rear rank of his company about to fire to the rear as to the front, the men thus standing back to back, because they were surrounded by the enemy. General Primrose, in his letter to the Adjutant-General, quoted in a *Times* telegram of the 8th instant, describes his death as taking place near the spot where Colonel Galbraith, Captain McMath, and Lieutenant Barr fell. "Close by Captains Garratt and Cullen were killed on the field in front of the nullah, up to the last moment commanding their companies, and giving orders with as much coolness as if on parade."—Our portrait is from a photograph by S. V. White, Talbot Lodge, Castle Street, Reading.

### THE DEVIL'S LAKE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

NORTH AMERICA abounds with lakes, but though the continent contains many bigger, it has none prettier than Minnewaukan, or the Devil's Lake, which is situated on the Great Chicago and North-Western Railway, a line which is probably destined hereafter to become one of the principal thoroughfares from the centre of the continent towards the Pacific Coast.

The lake derives its ill-omened name from a legend of the Winnebago Indians, who formerly inhabited this locality. A certain chief, named "Spotted Panther," had a beautiful daughter surnamed the "Fawn." She was beloved by most of the young men of the tribe, but by one especially. The Palefaces had just then appeared in the country of the Winnebagoes, and one of them, a handsome blue-eyed youth, won the "Fawn's" affections. To decide between the rivals the old chief proclaimed that he who could spoil the nest of a bald eagle, which had built its habitation on the outermost branch of a pine tree overhanging the lake, should have his daughter's hand. The Paleface essayed the feat, but just as his hand was about to grasp the prize he lost his hold, and fell into the depths below. Thereupon the maiden threw herself in, and her Indian lover followed her example. Thenceforward the Indians shunned a place which this threefold tragedy seemed to indicate as the especial dwelling-place of the Devil.

The lake is only a mile and a-half long by three-quarters of a mile wide, but the water is more than 500 feet deep, is translucently clear, and of a lovely deep-blue colour. Then the adjacent scenery is of the most picturesque character. The West Cliff, which frowns immediately over the lake, is a vast rocky wall, towering up in some places into castellated slopes, here and there taking the form of Druidical temples; while avalanches of huge boulders, some of the masses weighing hundreds of tons, are strewn downwards towards the lake shore. On the East Cliff there are masses of rocks lying confusedly piled on each other, some of them seeming to be held so precariously in their places that the hand of a child could send them thundering to the shore below. All kinds of fantastic shapes are seen, simulating the efforts of the builders of Stonehenge.

One day the solitude of the lake was disturbed by a noteworthy incident. A noble buck, having ventured down from the hills, found himself confronted by a hostile crowd near the little boat-landing in front of the hotel. He took to the water, and struck out bravely, but he was pursued in a swift row-boat, captured by a lasso, and the same night converted into venison steaks.

Some noble specimens of that "game" fish, the pickerel, are caught in this lake. Trolling is the favourite method adopted. The fisherman is rowed swiftly across the smooth or slightly ruffled surface of the lake, waiting for that savage pull at the "spoon," which, in the case of a twenty-eight-pound fish, almost jerks him out of the boat. Then follows a most exciting period, during which the hooked monster rushes madly to and fro, until at length by skilful management he is brought alongside in so gentle and subdued a condition that his docile deportment even elicits pity.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Merrick, well known as a draughtsman in the United States during the Civil War; and the above particulars are condensed from a paper by Mr. W. Wales, of Chicago, travelling correspondent of the *Railway Age*, the foremost railway journal of the United States.

### STATUE OF APHRODITE URANIA

THIS statue was found in a garden at Larnaca, last April. The sculpture is essentially of the best Greek period; "and," writes Mr. Max Ohnefalsch Richter, to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "perhaps belongs to the time of Konon and Kimon, and is probably of the school of Stypax, who flourished in Cyprus about 449 B.C." The sculptor was undoubtedly a Greek; but the statue must have been sculptured in Cyprus, as it represents the Astarte of the Assyrians, and the artist had in his mind figures of the old Assyrian idols. The statue is eighty centimetres (31½ inches) in height, and stood, I believe, in the palace of the King of Kiton, where were found a large number of statues and inscriptions. Near this palace stood a large gymnasium, in the bath of which was unearthed a handsome life-sized marble torso of a young man.

### MR. DALE IN HOLLOWAY GAOL

THE bitterness of language with which the supporters and opponents of Ritualism contend against each other would be amusing, were it not saddening to reflect how much valuable mental energy is expended by both sides in a manner which all impartial observers cannot but regard as very much worse than utterly useless. The imprisonment of the Rev. T. Pelham Dale has given a fresh impetus to the torrents of fierce denunciation, and equally fierce declamation against "oppression"—the one party being unable to see anything in Mr. Dale but an obstinate and defiant rebel against the law, and the other regarding him in the light of a Christian martyr. The truth of the matter, perhaps, lies midway between these extremes. Mr. Dale is doubtless a thoroughly conscientious man, endowed with sufficient mental courage to remain steadfast to his convictions whatever personal inconvenience or suffering such constancy (or obstinacy) may subject him to. It is difficult to understand the grounds upon which he objects to the jurisdiction of Lord Penzance in spiritual matters, and his refusal to submit to the orders of the Bishop to whom he has sworn canonical obedience is even more inexplicable, yet it seems clear enough that he is not without moral justification in resisting what he considers to be the judgments and decisions of an usurper of ecclesiastical authority, and it should never be forgotten that the question at issue between Ritualists and Evangelicals is not, as some have sneeringly remarked, an affair of mummery and millinery, but one of religious doctrines which both sides agree are taught and symbolised by the use of certain vestments and gestures. We have, however, neither space nor inclination to enter into an elaborate analysis of the dispute, but we cannot help thinking that it is a great pity that any of these prosecutions were ever undertaken, and equally so that Mr. Dale and others against whom the law has been set in motion have not found it possible to act as Professor Robertson Smith has done under similar circumstances—obey under protest, reserving to themselves the right to use all constitutional means to reverse the decisions. Mr. Dale, who is the eldest son of the late Dean Dale, of Rochester better known as a Canon of St. Paul's, was educated at Cambridge, and after holding a curacy at Camberwell for some years, became Rector of St. Vedast's, in 1848. At that time the church, like so many others in the City, was almost without a congregation, but since 1873, when the much-complained-of changes in the Ritual were first adopted, it has been greatly crowded. Mr. Dale, as is well known, has persistently disregarded the judgments, monitions, and inhibitions which have been issued against him, and he has now declared his full intention to end his days in prison rather than yield obedience to a State-made judge.

His lodgings in Holloway Gaol, as will be seen from our engraving, are small but by no means uncomfortable, nor are the regulations very severe. He has to rise at six, go to bed at nine, his diet is in no way restricted, and he spends the day as he thinks proper, his wife, son, and daughters being allowed to visit him daily, while occasionally other friends are also admitted. This, if it be martyrdom, is martyrdom of the very mildest type, and is certainly not calculated to strike terror into the hearts of his brother Ritualists. How it will end time alone can show.

### CHRISTMAS BOOKS

#### IV.

SWITZERLAND, with its varied loveliness—its valleys, its lakes, and waterfalls, and the endless wonders of its mountains—affords perpetual attractions for the artist's pencil and the author's pen; and it is not strange, therefore, to find in this, as in other seasons, a volume dealing with that romantic land. There are, however, few books of the kind, so exhaustive and complete, as "Switzerland: Its Scenery and its People" (Blackie and Son). The text has been adapted from the German of Dr. Gsell-Fels, a writer whose familiarity with the country and its history is evidenced in every page. His descriptions of the more remarkable scenes of beauty and grandeur are realistic without being pretentious, or evincing the too common fault of exaggerated expression, and they gain in interest by the not too learned notices of scientific facts and features here and there interjected. His accounts, too, of places and of the history, government, character, and social condition of the people, are full of attraction, the descriptions of local customs, quaint ceremonies, and the strange myths and eerie legends so peculiar to the country, being particularly noticeable for their vividness and picturesque force. The book simply teems with illustrations, scarcely a page being without a woodcut. The pictures are original works by several eminent Swiss and German artists well known to be in sympathy with the country and its people, and the results of their handiwork form a fitting accompaniment to the admirable text. Altogether the book forms a *souvenir* which must be acceptable to a very wide circle; whilst for those who have not visited the land of which it treats, it would be difficult to find a brighter or completer epitome of all that they could wish to know regarding it. The work of translation and adaptation has been a happily carried out by Mr. George G. Chisholm, M.A., and the book is tastefully bound and beautifully printed.

The fourth work in the series known as the "Miniature Library of the Poets" (W. Kent and Co.), is a complete edition of Shakespeare, in twelve dainty little volumes, of which the printing and paper are simply excellent, packed snugly in an appropriate box. This series is suitable both for presentation and the drawing-room.

There is in the delightful "Memorials" of Charles Kingsley a characteristic little speech delivered before the boys at Wellington College, on the subject of their museum, in which he refers to the "great story, called Eyes and No Eyes," in a "jolly old book, called 'Evenings at Home,'" and, *à propos*, points out that nothing helps a boy's power of observation, and, therefore, his power of learning, so much as the study of natural history. There is no doubt the genial Canon was right, and with his healthy, hearty words ringing in the memory, it is pleasant to find, amidst the mass of fiction of all kinds with which we are deluged, some few volumes treating of the wide fairyland of Nature. Of these, "Life and Her Children," by Arabella B. Buckley (Ed. Stanford), is at once the most important and the best. It explains in simple, almost poetic diction, and broadly classifies, the lively wonders of the ocean, the earth, and the air, from the night-glows—those tiny bags of slime, that make the sea on autumn nights bright with veritably living fire—to the wondrous "army ants" of Central America. Certainly one of the most absorbing yet instructive books of its kind, and one which no boy should be without.—"Jenny and the Insects" (T. Nelson and Sons)—is suitable for younger children. Here the insects are made to carry on imaginary conversations with "Jenny." The book is clever in its way, and is made doubly attractive by the numerous beautiful illustrations by Giacomelli.—Two neat little volumes are "Songs of Animal Life" and "With the Birds," from the same publishers, both being selections from the poems of Mary Howitt, and both also being illustrated by Giacomelli in his inimitable manner.—"Glimpses into the Secrets of Nature," by Mary E. Buck (Religious Tract Society), is a pleasant little illustrated volume, to be read to tiny folk, about the mysteries of coal and grass, and clouds and sponges, and the like. Such books as these, if they only raise even the slightest interest in youthful minds, must do good, not only by giving present delight, but by helping in after years to make life pleasant.

At Christmastide books of travel and adventure are always to the fore; and this year is no exception to the general rule. In "The Eastern Archipelago" (T. Nelson and Sons), Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams has given a description of the scenery, animal and vegetable life, people, and physical wonders of the islands of the Eastern seas which old and young people will alike enjoy. English literature on the subject is comparatively narrow. Hence the work is useful as well as amusing, and may fittingly find a place on the bookshelves, as a comprehensive epitome of all information of general interest extant upon the subject. Social life in Java, the forests and Dyaks of Borneo, the story of Sarawak and adventures of Rajah Brooke, native dances in the Spice Islands, the fruits and birds of Celebes, and curious customs and stranger superstitions of the Dorians, the Orang-Lauts and the Negritos, will furnish ample interest for the longest winter nights.—There is a sad interest in the many bright volumes which appear this year from the prolific pen of the late W. H. G. Kingston. "Roger Willoughby" (James Nisbet and Co.) is the last work from his hand, and contains a touching farewell to his youthful readers, written when he knew that death was near. The story is in his best manner, and tells of many an adventure by sea and land in the times of brave Benbow.—"The Boy who Sailed with Drake" (Sunday School Union) will also be a great favourite with the rising generation, dealing as it does with one of England's greatest heroes, and also because it reproduces a stirring page in her history.—Attractions of a different kind are afforded in yet another work from the same hand—"In the Wilds of Florida" (T. Nelson and Sons)—in which strange adventures and misfortunes in warfare and the chase are happily blended with information regarding the characteristics of the country and its people; whilst a fourth, sufficiently explained by its title, is "Among the Redskins" (Cassell).—Somewhat in the same fashion Mr. J. Sands has written in "Frank Powderhorn" (T. Nelson and Sons) a very attractive story of life in the burning pampas of Buenos Ayres and in the wilds of Patagonia, to which special value attaches from the fact that much in the volume is founded on the author's personal experience and careful observation; whilst the illustrations of the curious animals of the country are from sketches taken by him on the spot.—"The Old Endeavour," by Crona Temple (Religious Tract Society), is a powerfully written tale of shipwreck and chastening misfortune nearer home. The sketches of character are particularly good, and the book is likely to be a favourite.—"Away on the Waters" (same publishers) is a capital sea story by the author of "Only Me;" whilst in "Through Peril to Fortune" (Cassell) youngsters will perhaps recognise a glowing story of sport and adventure in India and at the Cape which appeared years ago in *Little Folks*.

Christmas Cards again! As usual, the numerous and elaborate productions of Messrs. De la Rue and Co. are pre-eminent, whether as regards variety and originality of design, brightness and harmony of colour, or general artistic grace and prettiness. We have been favoured

with a large selection, many of them entirely new, whilst others seem not altogether unfamiliar. They will, however, bear more than one inspection. The most original and happy idea is displayed in a jovial little card, depicting some odd and merry elves carolling madly down a snow-heap in toboggans made of nutshells; while, for delicate beauty of colour and drawing, we have seldom seen anything better in its way than a picture of the sweetest of sweet little girls, with the most helpless of helpless dolls held in her dimpled arm. Some of the designs are printed on silk; whilst the gorgeous scent-packets are as seductively odorous as ever.

Messrs. Marion and Co. send us specimens of their photographic Christmas Cards, which are entirely new. When it is said that many of them are from the ever fresh and charming designs of Miss Greenaway, it need not be added that they are sure to be a great attraction. They are delicately coloured by hand, and, apart from the clever draughtsmanship, are very pleasing to the eye.

Some examples of similar productions reach us from Messrs. Poulton and Sons; these, though wholly confined to flower subjects, are very pleasing and artistic. They are (and we are glad to hear it) entirely English work, and hand painted; and are much superior to works of the same class from abroad.

Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner also send us a large variety of their productions—all of them bright and pretty. The most successful are the studies of flowers, many of which are very beautiful and true to nature.

A word may here be said for the useful and often very necessary protector envelopes for Christmas Cards, patented in all sizes by Messrs. Thorburn, Bain, and Co., of Paternoster Row; and also for the "Correspondence Cards" of Mr. James Macmichael, South Audley Street, which, with envelopes to match, are stamped with various artistic devices.

**THE ANTI-VACCINATION CRAZE AT LEICESTER.**—A considerable number of the inhabitants of Leicester seem inspired with a morbid craving to make that place notorious as the most wickedly obstinate and wrongheaded town in all England. The anti-vaccination party have apparently made Leicester their stronghold, and are making headway at a rate that must be highly gratifying to those who prefer that their children shall risk small-pox, with all its attendant terrors, than adopt Jenner's simple safeguard, which is efficacious in ninety-nine cases in a hundred. It is stated that at the present time the parents of more than 1,200 children are parading their dogged disobedience of and contempt for the law, which unfortunately in this particular locality is temporarily exhausted, and lacks strength to assert itself with sufficient vigour to put a speedy stop to the opposition. The 1,200 defaulting cases above-mentioned are at present only on the summoning officers' book, and the bewildered official is at a standstill because he cannot get the charges heard before the magistrate, and his list is meanwhile lengthening at the rate of about 400 each quarter. Under the present arrangement the Leicester magistrates will hear vaccination cases only on three days of the week, and not more than ten cases each day, a rate at which it is impossible to keep pace with the growing mischief. The Local Government Board have requested the Board of Guardians to appoint a second officer to assist the one who is quite unable to perform the task assigned him, at the same time intimating to them that if they neglect to do so the Local Government Board have the power to make the same appointment themselves. To this threat, however, the Board of Guardians up to this time are said to have turned a deaf ear, and the result is that the law is being disobeyed with comparative impunity. Adding to the unpleasant aspect of affairs, Leicester has for some time past enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of being the unhealthiest town in England. If all that is charged against the "Obstructionists" is true, it is high time that some one of superior authority made it his business to set matters right ere it be too late. It may be all very well for a few mulish people at Leicester to play their pranks, and it wouldn't be of so much consequence if, having wantonly kindled the fire, they were the only ones burnt; but, with the whole country side in peril should but one of the 1,200 poor little victims develop the dreadful malady to which their parents are exposing them, the sooner common-sense and established law interfere the better.

**MORALS OF THE MILK TRADE.**—When, by virtue of increased powers entrusted to them by the amended Foods Adulteration Act, the Local Government Board started with an inexorable crusade against the milk trade, the popular voice was not unanimously in favour of the movement. When, day after day, the heavy machinery of the law was set in motion to make some petty back-street vendor of ha'porths of milk suffer pains and penalties for more or less seriously "Simpsonising" the article in question, there were not wanting those who detected paltry tyranny in such prosecutions, and a disposition on the part of the authorities to strain at gnats while they serenely swallowed camels. The last report, that for 1879, just issued by the Board, dissipates any doubt, if any ever really existed, as to the great importance of the task taken in hand, while at the same time ample evidence is disclosed of the immense amount of good that has attended local vigilance and the researches of the analyst. It appears that out of 5,640 samples of milk tested, 1,101 were found to be adulterated, and this is said to be a considerable improvement on former years. As regards the metropolis, it is satisfactory to find that amongst our men of the milkcan nothing in the shape of trades unionism exists; otherwise it would be impossible for the returns of the various districts to differ so widely. As for example, while in Paddington the sophistication is quoted as 16 in 66, St. Pancras pleads guilty to 33 out of 93, Hackney, with its 19 cases of adulteration out of 46 samples tested, is "passable honest" as milkmen go. So also is Kensington, which owns to 17 cases out of 46; but what must be the feelings of these rogues of the milk jug—these robbers of innocent babes and sucklings, when they read that in St. James's, Westminster, there is not one tradesman of their craft who is not above suspicion: 67 samples obtained from milkmen in the distinguished parish mentioned were submitted to the ordeal, and one and all came out pure. It may be said that in Westminster high prices are obtained, and the milkmen there can afford to be honest. But what as to Limehouse, where fame is as untarnished as St. James's? Limehouse is at the east of London, and embraces part of the very poorest districts thereof; but two-and-twenty times was Limehouse subjected to the test, and failed not once. It remains to be seen whether, with such examples before them, the adulterating fraternity will not repent them, at least in part, before the next Report is issued. A much greater interest is involved in this milk business than the majority of people are aware of. In the metropolis alone, estimating that the whole population, including the children, consume each one pint of milk a week, and the price is fivepence a quart, the yearly expenditure is little less than 2,000,000*l.*, and supposing the whole supply of milk to be adulterated to the extent of 16 per cent., the sum charged for water in place of milk is between 70,000*l.* and 80,000*l.*

COLORADO has hitherto been universally praised as a health resort, but we learn from a Denver journal that both men and animals greatly lose their strength after coming from the Eastern States. At Denver itself people lose weight immediately, and are unable to work for long, either physically or mentally, lassitude and drowsiness supervening. This is supposed to be due to the great altitude of Denver, its dry and light atmosphere, and the scarcity of vegetation. Higher up, at Leadville, matters are worse, and lung diseases are numerous and fatal, while few dogs except hounds can live there, and not one single cat survives. After some time many people become acclimatised, but the process is lengthy, and not very sure.





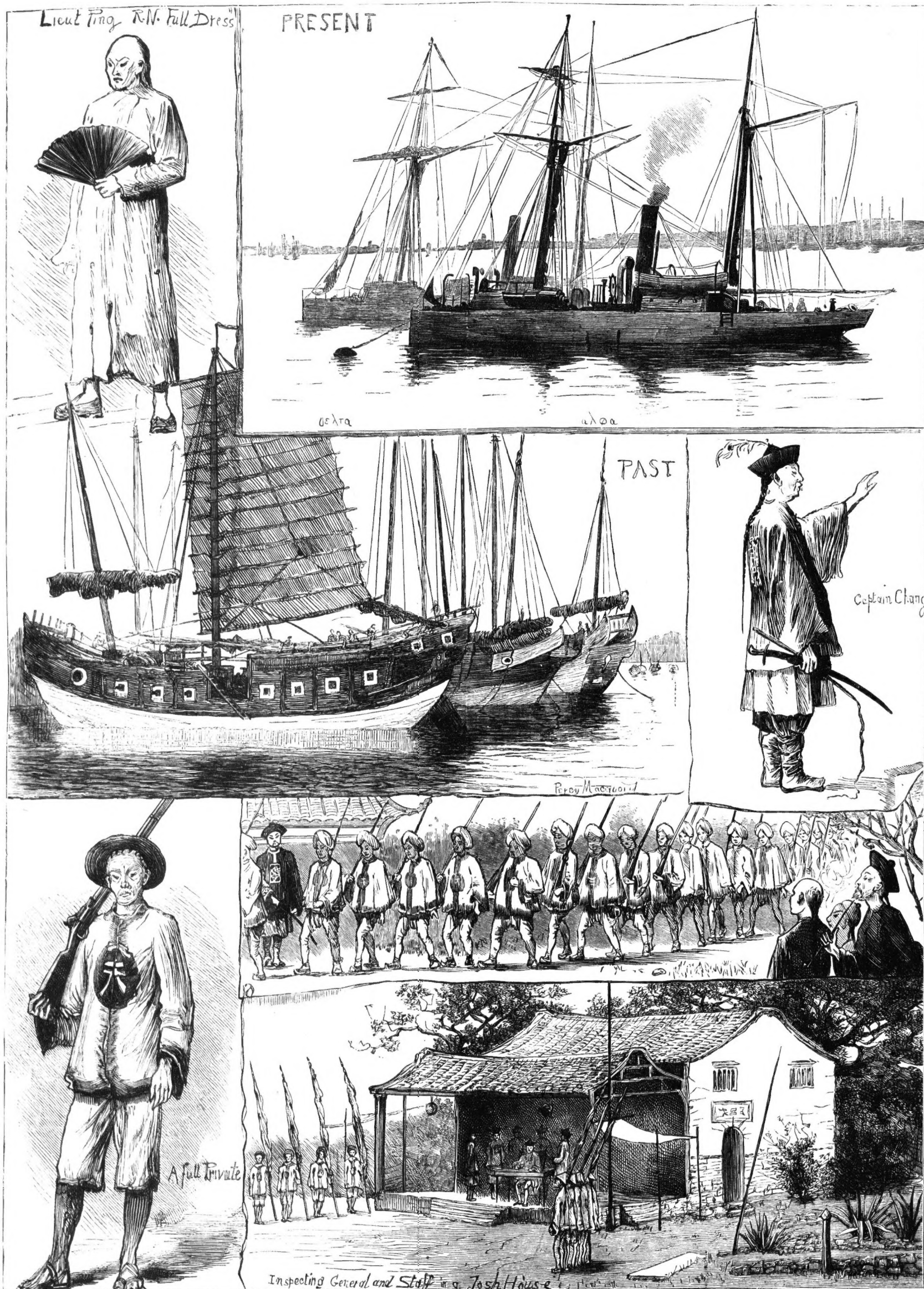
IN THE TROPICS—A SIESTA UNDER DIFFICULTIES



IN THE BAY OF BISCAY

HOMEWARD BOUND—NOTES ON BOARD A BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAMER





CHINESE NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES—PAST AND PRESENT



## "FISH, SIR?"

How few waste a thought, as white-choked waiter or neat Phillis asks the above question at the beginning of dinner, on the manner in which the cod or turbot has found its way to the table before them! And yet the means by which it has travelled from the Dogger Bank or Silver Pits in the German Ocean, the co-operation of man and steam and wind and capital which has brought it on the snowy cloth in such excellent condition, form one of the triumphs of modern civilisation. In the old coaching days this result was not merely impossible, it was undreamt of; and then a dish of fresh sea-fish could for the most part be only enjoyed just where it is now hopeless to procure it, at the seaside where it was landed. Now steam hurries mackerel, the catch of a dozen seines on the coast of Devon, in a single night to the Great City in time for next day's breakfast; and distributes the wealth of the German Ocean—cod, soles, halibut, turbot, and a dozen more fish, to every town and very many villages in the land in the best of condition. It is as impossible to guess at the amount of capital employed in this traffic on shore after the fish has once been landed as it is to give the number of vessels and hands busy on the angry waters of the North Sea in supplying the demand. The number of trawlers and of men is constantly varying, as the success of the fishery and the demand for fish fluctuate. Statistics on these points would only mislead. The last Report, however, of the Commissioners for Sea Fisheries (1879) states, we observe, that the number of hands occupied in deep-sea fishing at the three chief ports, Grimsby, Hull, and Yarmouth, amounted last year to 8,488, exclusive of some 1,700 persons who are occasionally employed. Add the numbers of men who pack, dry, and smoke the fish, bring ice or salt, and convey to the railways the boxes when filled with the spoils of the German Ocean, and the magnitude of the East Coast deep-sea fishery may be somewhat realised.

Most persons understand the manner in which soles and other flat fish are caught by trawling, and cod by hand and long lines. Let us suppose the fish, therefore, safely landed from the Dogger Bank, having escaped such a gale as that which swept the East Coast so disastrously on the 28th of October this year, and strewed it with wrecks. To give a stranger some idea of the busy scene, the fishermen's harvest, we will transport him to Grimsby on a sunny morning in November, and deposit him by a large dock exclusively reserved for fishing boats on one side of its fine general dock. Grimsby is the largest fishing port in the world, possesses 750 trawlers, each manned by twelve hands, and twelve cod boats, carrying five men each, and sends its fish not merely to distant English towns, such as Torquay, but to France and Scotland, to Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Hamburg. Its trawling smacks are drawn up one after the other, as thickly as they can be packed, with stem fronting the long quay which forms the landward side of this dock, while others ride in the centre of it near floating chests filled with live codfish. Men in blue guernseys and red and grey caps are bustling over the decks, landing fish or preparing for departure. The trawl-nets, and sometimes the sails, coloured a deep brown, are hung half way up the masts, a long row of pennons flutters from the mastheads, reminding the spectator as he glances down the line of a troop of lancers; while a gentle swell and brisk breeze keeps vessels and flags in constant motion. It is a picturesque sight, aglow with light and life and colour, patches of brilliant red or green here and there relieving the sombre effect of dark sails and hulls. On the quay an immense shed, some 300 feet long and 40 feet broad, is crammed with fish and fishermen, while salesmen, packers, sailors, and all that miscellaneous fringe which edges sea-faring life crowds and jostles with much good-humoured badinage and much loud chaffing. Beyond and adjoining this shed is the railway, with a series of empty fish-vans waiting to be filled; beyond it is a roadway crowded with carts, some to carry off fish, others to bring ice and the like. Next come ice-warehouses, ship-chandlery, curing-houses, and salesmen's offices, and then the new outlying streets of the old town of Grimsby, himself, says tradition, a fisherman, who picked up Havelock, the King of Denmark's son, when abandoned in a boat at sea. But our business will not suffer us to linger amongst myths of Vikings and Berserkers and the story of Edelsie's love. It is as well to have all one's wits wide awake in the bustle of this great shed; a barrow may run briskly over a dreamer's toes, or a hamper, not too savoury, be dropped on his head as a porter bearing three or four on his shoulder rushes past him.

Once in this shed the visitor thinks that Mercutio's words, "Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" might well be written over it as a motto. Fish is everywhere; and everything and every man is fishy. An ancient and fish-like savour fills it, fish-gore, fish scales, and the insides of fish litter the boarded floor, so that smells, sights, and sounds are here alike fishy. A fishy and amphibious crowd rushes about, to a stranger's fancy as aimlessly as bees when disturbed in a glass hive.

Ice in all its forms abounds. It slides over road and railway in huge blocks from the opposite warehouse window to the floor on which we stand; there boys are busily breaking it into fragments in machines like turnip-cutters; and here, again, packers are bearing huge tins full of it powdered to strew on barrels of fish. Heaps of salt fill up every corner where there is no ice. Barrels are trundled quickly through the throng; boxes dragged and flung down anywhere, regardless of the consequences to the thoughtless gazers. Here are great vats of water, crimsoned with the blood of the fish which are being rapidly gutted in them by one set of men, and then flung down for the packers. They ply their busy trade amid a chaos of empty casks and boxes, with straw, string, paper, and labels lying at their side, while buyers, sellers, visitors, hawkers, lookers-on, and hangers-on innumerable swarm in and out and surge round the piles of fish, as the incoming tide circles round the huge sea-wee-festooned rocks.

*Ferret opus*; for is not the morning slipping by, and from two to four o'clock in the afternoon all this fish must be sent, properly packed, to the four points of the compass? So "heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Tend to the master's whistle! Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!" (*The Tempest*, I. 1).

And now we come to the great sight, the fish of all kinds, which in thousands litter the floor and are piled by the doors, and thrust into the vans on one side as fast as more are dragged in on the other from the smacks. Imagination has often tried to people the bottom of the sea, but its boldest dives never arrived at such glittering, gaping, flapping, quivering multitudes as here cumber the floor, and open huge jaws and gaze at nothingness from unwinking, lack-lustre eyes. Here are some four or five hundred huge codfish, each displaying a gape which could swallow a penny loaf, and all laid in rows on the floor as if waiting for Proteus to inspect his finny droves. Next them came a quantity of halibut, a flat fish, only found in the Northern seas, of excellent flavour, and sometimes running up to four, and even five, hundred pounds each in weight. These, however, as they lie on their back are small specimens, and do not weigh more than three stone each. Many hundreds of their congeners, brill and plaice, succeed. These command a ready sale in populous places. Barrels piled with soles jostle these heaps of plaice, each layer cunningly kept cool with powdered ice. They are universally welcome at the dinner-table. Now we arrive at the prizes of fisherman and epicure alike—the turbot, the best fish of that ungainly-looking family the *Pleuronctidae*. Each fish is worth ten shillings here, supposing by favour of a fish merchant you could purchase one, for, needless to say, all the fish seen in these docks are disposed of wholesale. To-day not so many turbot as

usual have come in, and each fish in consequence is selling at a guinea.

Coming now to the rays, here are piles of very large skate. They are thought little enough of here, flung about carelessly, and despatched to the great seats of industry in Lancashire, where the "hands" are glad to eat them. Sometimes they are even cut up for a bait and sent to the whelk fishery. Big as these skates are, a merchant tells us one was lately to be seen here weighing between fourteen and fifteen stone. He purchased it as a curiosity for 25s., and despatched it for an advertisement to a fish shop in one of the large Yorkshire towns.

The German Ocean has to-day sent an unusually large supply of thornbacks. Perhaps a couple of thousand litter this end of the pontoon, as our shed is called. Thornbacks are not much esteemed even in the manufacturing districts, but are bought with avidity at Antwerp. Accordingly, in a day or two these will be despatched there by steamer, freshness being an unimportant matter seemingly at Antwerp; "the natives do not mind," says our informant, "if they're a bit strong."

Besides the cod and other members of the *Gadidae* lying here are thousands of whiting, appreciated everywhere and by everybody. Numbers of hake sprawl there, next equal multitudes of ling, some of the latter being still alive. Haddocks and coal fish (the latter much like cod, but a more northern species, with bluish-black and pinky fins, only just below a cod, however, in gastronomic merit) are here in myriads, lying in heaps, or packed in numberless boxes and barrels. That excellent fish, the gray gurnard, abounds on this side. It is somewhat late for herrings; but here are several barrels filled with them, slightly sprinkled with salt. These fish which have been named furnish the staple of the supply at this time of year. Of course a number of odd fish may be found by a little spying, flung aside as almost worthless, odds and ends of nets and the wolf-fish, with its cruel set of teeth, and the like. Here, too, are barrels of cod-sounds to be sent to the North of England—the Midland towns being too dainty to eat them; dried cod-fish to go to the South Coast; Finnan haddocks acceptable everywhere.

Altogether the visitor to the most characteristic sight of Grimsby will gain a wonderful idea of the inexhaustible harvest of the German Ocean; this, more or less, being visible every day at its docks during autumn.

A connoisseur in the physiognomy of fish may remark many correspondences between their dying attitude: and their supposed characteristics. Haddock and whiting, for instance, lie dignified in death like Roman senators; the skate and halibut, with just a gleam of evil white teeth, show that they have died hard, and lie here, to use a reporter's phrase, like "the victims of an awful tragedy"; while the cod look as if they would grimly fight yet if they could. Turbot sleep placidly in their boxes, as if they had now attained the end of existence, a fish's Nirvana, to be eaten at rich men's tables. But the whistle of the train disturbs such speculations. In a trice the fish are swept into the vans, and swiftly dragged away to enable the waiter once more (somewhat impatiently this time), to ask the guest his brief question, "Fish, sir?"

M. G. WATKINS



**ROSES.**—It would be well at this season to place a mulching of light rotted stable manure round the rose roots. Standards must be particularly looked to, as they feel frost more than roses on their own roots, or budded close to the ground. Roses which are wanted to flower in pots next year should be at once—indeed, they should have been already—re-potted. Good clayey loam should be used, and manure may be freely added, the rose being a rank feeder. A little broken charcoal and crushed bones should be added to the compost. A French Rose Society has recently been trying to decide, by votes, the best Rose. La France had 79 votes, General Jacqueminot 52, La Reine 42, and Marie van Houtte 25. It was remarked, however, that those roses which were most extensively grown got the most votes, because many voters' knowledge of other varieties was very limited.

**LILIES.**—In warm and sheltered spots, the Golden Lily will grow in the open ground, but every one can grow it well in pots. Large bulbs are perhaps best potted alone in six-inch pots. After potting, a gentle watering should be given, and then the pots should be stored away until growth commences, when they should be placed in a sheltered situation in the open air, being brought indoors as their blooms expand. Small bulbs may be planted, as many as half-a-dozen together, in a six-inch pot. Occasional waterings with liquid manure are very beneficial to lilies.

**HYACINTHS.**—So many bulbs are grown in glasses, that it may be worth while trying a mixture of cocoanut fibre and charcoal, which can be put in the ordinary bulb-glasses, or in ornamental faience, and which in many cases has been a great success. Water smells after a time, and is always liable to spill; but there is no drawback of this nature with the mixture. As regards the growth of the bulb, the bulbs are rooted in the mixture within three days, as a rule; those in water take double the time, and do not show grass so soon or so well. Where water is used, rain or river water should be chosen—never the chilling, lifeless liquid supplied by water companies.

**FARM WORK** is fairly forward, a large area of land having been ploughed since the first of November, and a fair area of wheat sown. Large stores of turnips have been gathered, and both mangels and swedes are good crops this year. The size of some of the season's mangels is prodigious, a length of three feet being not unfrequently exceeded by some of the long varieties. In England threshings of corn have been moderately active of late. Rather large quantities of barley have been sent to market, and trade has become depressed. Wheat deliveries being rather small, the average has been about restored. In Scotland barley and oats are threshing out well, and the inquiry for the latter staple is improving. Barley remains dull, indeed the change of tax from barley to beer seems to have blighted business for the time being, whatever may be the final result of the fiscal change. The Scotch farmers are looking to make large profits out of potatoes, and a good trade "down south" will not improbably be done. After all deductions there is certainly over an average yield.

**FARMING STOCK INSURANCE.**—In a circular of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Society just received we read, "A minimum return of twenty-five per cent. upon the premium of Annual Policies of two years' standing and upwards is made, but there is no return on policies insuring farming stock." The announcement of the return of twenty-five per cent is in leaded capitals, the exception is in ruby type, the smallest but one of printers' sizes. We make no comment.

**IMPROVED BREAD.**—The rising of bread is due to the starch globules which remain whole, while the dust from globules disintegrated in milling sour, and impair the lightness and sweetness of the loaf. The new milling machinery, which separates rather than pulverises the starch globules, is a great improvement, and should have due recognition.

**APPLES.**—When bread rose in price at St. Petersburg, owing to speculative "cornering" of arrivals, General Melnikoff invited the speculators to a conference in a room where a map of Siberia alone "adorned" the walls. The price of bread fell thirty per cent. in a week. Apples are not so important an article as corn, but they are a very valuable form of food, and it seems almost as if a hint à la Melnikoff would be useful could it only be administered to the gentlemen who are keeping up the price of apples in England at 3d. to 6d. per pound, while in the United States 5d. per bushel is the price, and, while farmers for want of orders are letting tons of apples rot in their orchards for their pigs to feed on. An import trade as well as one in home produce is capable of being "cornered."

**HORSES.**—Now is the time to buy horses of lineage cheap. The gigantic Athol Lad, for whom when a foal Captain MacNeil bid the enormous sum of 2,000 guineas, has changed hands this week for 180 guineas, notwithstanding that he has won two or three races of late. Florence, who beat a large field at Lewes, realised only 70 guineas; and other winners were sold at similar rates. A good-looking yearling filly by Blair Athol, dam Ortolan, who comes from Lord Falmouth's choicest blood, has been sold for twenty-five guineas. The sire's fee alone was 100 guineas. We have heard of other yearlings of good blood sold for ten guineas each.

**IRISH AGRICULTURE.**—As Mayo is the centre of disaffection in the N.W., so is Tipperary in the S.W. of Ireland. It may therefore be of interest to note what passed at the great fair of Tuesday week. The fair was well attended by a number of well-to-do buyers, and trade ruled brisk throughout. Beef made 66s. per cwt. The price of cattle was improved. Sheep sold well. Bacon pigs made 57s. per cwt. Fat sheep made 60s. Ewes, 54s. Fat pigs made 90s. Store pigs 55s. to 60s. Distressful country!

**THE GROUND GAME ACT.**—At Thornbury, near Gloucester, the first prosecution under the Act has occurred. A farmer trapping rabbits by night was fined 40s. therefor. The incident had a comic side, for the two policemen who arrested the farmer were so surprised when he disclosed his landlord's permit to trap rabbits that they actually offered him all the money they had with them—17s. 6d.—to go, and say nothing of the affair. The avaricious farmer refused, asking a sovereign, but the next day it was discovered that he was in the wrong, as the trapping was by night, and he was prosecuted and convicted accordingly.

**THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE** is going to make another assault on the redoubtable Tory stronghold of East Sussex. Such is the announcement which appears in prominent type in the East Sussex Liberal paper. Would it now be believed that this so-called Farmers' Alliance professes to be a strictly non-party body, and that several Conservative Members of Parliament are among its subscribers?

**LARGE FARMS.**—Recent returns show that the only counties in England which have no thousand-acre farms are Cornwall, Huntingdon, Middlesex, and Monmouth. Till lately there were no such farms in Shropshire, Surrey, Rutland, Warwick, but now there is one in each of these counties. In Worcestershire there are now two. There were none in 1875. In Wiltshire there are ninety-six holdings of over one thousand acres against ninety-four five years ago. In Sussex there are twenty-nine against eighteen five years ago. In Lincoln there are thirty-six against twenty-eight. Lincoln and Norfolk retain their old pre-eminence as the two great counties of arable farms. Large farms in England would seem on the whole to be increasing in number.

**AGRICULTURAL RENTS.**—Those who are interested in peasant proprietorships, and in the whole theory of rent and landowning, should read Mr. Mallock's able exposition in the *Nineteenth Century* of the present month. The choice of so heavy a title as the "Philosophy of Conservatism" is not what we should have expected from the lively author of the "New Republic," and it will probably cause many to miss what otherwise they would have been glad to read.

**POOR RATES.**—At Mr. King's root show, the other day, Col. Brise, M.P., said he understood the Government were inclined to an alteration in the Poor Laws whereby half the burden would be laid on owners and half on the occupiers of land. The gallant Colonel had no objection to the measure, but it did not give any material relief.

**HIGHWAYS.**—It is rumoured that among the Ministerial measures of the approaching session will be a Bill to amend the Highways Act of 1878. The question of County Government is likely to be postponed till the question of County Franchise is settled.



**MRS. PARR**, the authoress of "Dorothy Fox," has, in "Adam and Eve" (3 vols., Bentley and Son), produced another very good and in some respects excellent novel. She has—what writer of fiction has not?—been caught by the fascination which Cornwall appears to exercise over novelists more than any other English county. But, instead of using the Cornish coast as a kind of free country, wherein it is lawful to make actual whatever is too impossible to be localised elsewhere, which is the purpose to which it has been put in nine cases out of ten, from the days of Jack the Giant Killer to our own, she has been at the pains to study the realities of the adventurous life that used to be lived there. Her smugglers are real people, and by no means mere characters of melodrama, and she has treated them with an affection for her subject which is likely to enlist the sympathies of her readers against the law. Language, atmosphere, and local character are reproduced admirably, in spite of their old-world nature, and with a manifest delight in the work which in itself is catching. Indeed her story almost suffers from a development of details and episodes, that obliges her to bring it to a close much too hurriedly, and to introduce many important and necessary matters without due preparation. Too much is left to the imagination of the reader, and she is guilty of the great fault of an over sad ending without sufficient artistic necessity. But there are no other serious grounds for blame, so that the balance falls decidedly on the side of praise. A special word of commendation is due to the exceedingly noble character of Joan, who will prove a dangerous rival to the heroine herself in the sympathies of Mrs. Parr's readers.

Not many novels—at least among those which stand at all higher than the average—transgress all the bounds of practical common-sense, in the most elastic meaning of the word, in equal measure with Miss Ingelow's "Sarah de Berenger" (3 vols., Sampson Low and Co.). Human nature is capable of the most extraordinary freaks; but a novelist bent upon painting a picture of life must not dare to enter, in this respect, upon a rivalry with nature. Common-sense and likelihood apart, the authoress, who is incapable of other than good work, has put together a striking and effective plot, which she has skilfully developed, in spite of her omission to give any sort of living colour to her characters, however eccentric in conduct they may happen to be. The motive must be considered original by reason of its treatment, though the situation in which a mother takes the place of nurse, and afterwards attendant, to her own children certainly suggests to some extent the plot of "East Lynne." How Miss Ingelow has contrived to deprive the position of all its pathos is difficult to understand, but it is certain that the touches which are meant to serve for pathos are pretty or graceful, but nothing more. Somehow, with all her ability and literary skill, she does not



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seem to have the novelist's touch, so to speak, which can often make much worse stories a great deal more interesting. As a dramatic poem, in which more licence of plot and of dialogue are permitted than in the really far stricter and more exacting region of prose, where an author must know how to swim without the supports with which poets are familiar, "Sarah de Berenger" would have appeared in more appropriate guise. On the whole, as a novel, it must be considered far more able than successful. The result appears to be due, at least in part, to a sort of wavering in the author's mind between the claims of romance and those of realism, and to her having finished her novel before she has settled them, much less reconciled them. "Sarah de Berenger" is in truth a romance with just enough realism in it to make the romance look exaggerated, and not enough to absorb it and make it appear more natural than likely. The characters certainly require more poetic colouring to compensate for their deficiency of strong and memorable individuality, which is the life-blood of prose fiction.

The hero and heroine of "A Plot of the Present Day," by Kate Hope (3 vols., Sampson Low and Co.), are made miserable and nearly heart broken by the supposed, but happily mistaken, discovery that they are brother and sister. All ends well, but the fortunate ending does not affect the excessively disagreeable character of the plot—why it should be called "of the present day" particularly we are at a loss to conceive. Perhaps the contemporary element is supplied by a subordinate story about a prosecution for ritualism, which costs a very excellent clergyman his living. An odd and somewhat novel feature in the book is an elderly gentleman with an impediment in his speech, who cannot speak coherently except in verse—and to the epithets "odd" and "novel," we must, in justice, add tiresome. Serious extempore verse under such circumstances would naturally not be worth printing, and Kate Hope has, in this instance, taken the most extreme care to be true to nature. She is much less accurate, however, where she speaks of knightage as an hereditary title; of a "Fellow" of Christ Church, Oxford; of the public disgrace—in the present day—of an English judge for bribery; where she twice uses the word "determinative" when she means "determined"; and where she gives a clergyman with a lovely voice the name of Tubal, as appropriate to a musician. The novel indeed teems with similar errors. Kate Hope should learn that a novelist's first duty is to be interesting, his second to be accurate, and that the first quality depends upon the second in a greater degree than minor novelists commonly suppose.

Under the title of "Winged Words" (2 vols., Tinsley Bros.), Mr. Henry Spicer has collected and published a number of short tales, essays, and sketches, of which many will be recognised in the magazines. The best are those which deal, either seriously or satirically, with the apparitions of romance or with the sham ghosts of the dark sciences. Not a few are almost too slight for printing, but many are excellent of their kind, and all are distinguished by the best signs of literary experience and skill.

### AN INDIAN WINTER

No one who has not gone through the Indian hot weather can fully realise with what delight the Indian winter is welcomed. How one longs for it during the dry, burning winds, and anon, the oppressive, steamy heat of a summer in the Plains! How especially we of the weaker sex count the months, the weeks, and the days to the time, as we pass a languid existence, under a punkah in a darkened house, during those weary months from March till October!

As November draws near, people are heard at the band-stand, or at other social gatherings of an Indian station, congratulating one another on its advent. Every one looks brighter, and seems more brisk and cheerful, and full of pleasant anticipations and renewed life. Ladies are heard discussing their "cold weather boxes" that are on their way from England and Paris, laden with the newest winter fashions; coming balls, theatricals, and picnics are hinted at; those lucky people who have been away in the "Hills" during the hot months, and escaping the heat, have all returned; officers are back from their six months' leave in Kashmir or Simla. In short, the whole station appears to have revived, and shaken off its hot-weather apathy and languor. Already the mornings and nights are getting quite chilly, and ulsters and fur jackets are not only comfortable, but absolutely necessary for the drive home to dinner every evening.

That low-lying fog—known so well to Anglo-Indians—hangs in airy wreaths across the roads, and is always hailed as a sure sign of the approach of the cold weather. But most certain of all harbingers of that blest period are the long, string-like flights of the "kulans" returning for the winter to the more genial Plains from the regions of snow and ice in far Himalaya. October mornings and nights are certainly cool, but it is still too hot to go out during the day with any comfort. Indeed, even throughout the very coldest months—December and January—one does not dare venture beyond the verandah in the middle of the day, without either a "sola topi" (pith hat), or else an umbrella, to protect the head and neck from the burning sun-rays.

There is a short rainy season, called the "Christmas rains," consisting of a few cloudy days and occasional showers, but all the rest of the cold weather is one unbroken series of glorious blue skies and brilliant sunshine, with a sufficient amount of keen air to enable one thoroughly to appreciate a blazing wood fire.

Flowers and flowering shrubs are particularly fine all through the winter. There are also many very exquisite creepers. Amongst the latter are some of a bright flame-colour, others, a vivid pink; there is also a large, deep-blue convolvulus which is very beautiful, and the pale, legend-haunted "moon-flower," besides many others. All these, with but very little trouble, can be trained to adorn a bit of trellis-work (or "jaffri," as it is called in India) in the garden, or made to hang in festoons in the portico of one's house, or among the verandah pillars. Of all the flowers, the roses are, perhaps, the most lovely and fragrant; they grow to a remarkable size, and are of all shades, from delicate buff to bright gold, and from white to crimson.

Every morning, as one is taking "chota hazari" (or little breakfast) in the veranda, the "mali" (gardener) makes his appearance, with a profound salaam, bringing a flat, shallow basket or two containing vegetables and flowers for the day's consumption and use. How fresh and sweet they all look! They are arranged, too, with considerable taste, for the natives are not without an eye for the picturesque. There, in the centre of the basket, are some large red tomatoes, here, a bunch of herbs, in this corner is a handful of young peas lying in a section of a plantain leaf, and over there a fine cauliflower and some pink and white radishes. These are all taken to the cookhouse for the "khansama's" judicious treatment. The basket of flowers, overflowing with colour and perfume, is handed over to the bearer, who forthwith proceeds to arrange its contents in the various specimen-glasses and vases of the establishment. One can enjoy the garden with safety and comfort now that the cold weather has come, for the snakes are fast asleep in their holes, and there are none of those creeping and crawling horrors to be seen about, that annoy and terrify one so much in the hot season, neither are there mosquitos or flies (to speak of). It is most enjoyable to sit under a sweet, gold-flowered "babul tree," or a graceful "nim," and watch the comings and flittings of the birds and the little animals that frequent the garden.

The crested hoopoe runs by, daintily picking up the small insects with his long, slender bill, the metallic-purple doves are cooing on the tamarind trees; numberless "mynas," sparrows, and many

birds of the finch tribe are all busy—chirping, chattering, feeding, and hopping about; the shrill, shivering whistle of the kite is heard as he soars aloft in the blue air. Every now and then a sleek mungoose (his black eyes alert) steals along under the hedge and runs down the path to his hole under the bamboos; while the pretty palm squirrels are here, there, and everywhere, now racing up trees, and then scampering away, with tails erect and fluffed, right up to the lawn tennis court.

One hears of larger and more ferocious animals than squirrels and mungoes during an Indian winter; the bearer appears one morning very downcast, and in a most melancholy voice announces that a wolf devoured his goat in the night, where it was tethered just outside his door, and within a stone's throw of one's own drawing-room. Jackals, too, are heard nightly (as indeed they are heard all the year round) uttering their hideous yells and howls, now wailing miserably, then breaking out into shrill, agonised cries like a creature tormented, finally their voices dying away in a few angry yaps and fitful snarls. It is a very unpleasant (but alas! too common) experience to be awakened suddenly from a sound sleep by a choir of jackals outside one's bedroom verandah, and if the "chaukidar" (watchman) did his duty instead of indulging in stolen slumbers, such things would not take place.

Out-door amusements flourish greatly during the cold season. Lawn-tennis and Badminton take place every day in the week; and pleasant excursions to deserted yet luxuriant gardens (once belonging perhaps to some King)—where a delicious "tiffin" is laid out all ready by a perfect army of "khitmatghars"—picnic one can scarcely call it. Rides and drives, too, to various places of interest in the neighbourhood, which no one has sufficient energy to visit during the hot weather. Then, of course, there are two or three large balls given in turn by Cantonments and Civil Lines, and a series of subscription dances, perhaps, every fortnight at the Club; and theatricals are got up by the rival regiments, each with unprecedented success, and disclosing mines of hitherto undiscovered histrionic talent amongst the actors.

Thus pleasantly and all too quickly glides away the cold weather—every day of which is grudged, as week by week the sunbeams grow stronger and ever stronger.

March at length has arrived. The air is no longer fresh and cool, but glows with a latent heat suggestive of the neighbourhood of a furnace. Church services are held earlier in the mornings and later in the evenings, early parades have begun, doors are closed throughout the day, and people begin to talk about punkahs and therm-antidotes. The moon has lost the crystalline effulgence that glorified the cold-weather nights, and now shines down with a hot, sickly glare. Very soon will be heard the sweet notes of the golden oriole and the screech of the koel, and the mango and "nim" trees will burst forth into fragrant blossoms. By the time the end of March has come, the hot winds are whistling about the house, punkahs are in full swing, and people have resigned themselves to the trials awaiting them. But each and all, without exception, must look back with mingled pleasure and regret, and look forward with hopefulness, to that most delightful period, the Winter of India.

E. D. C.

RAILWAY COMPANIES AND THEIR SERVANTS.—The announcement that some of the Railway Companies already contemplate defeating the intentions of the Legislature by compelling their employees to sign a contract abandoning the advantages conferred upon them by the Employers' Liability Act, is neither unlooked for nor surprising. Some such action was anticipated while the Bill was under discussion in the House of Lords, and the question was more than once asked whether such contracts could be made. No reply was, however, then given, nor was any vouchsafed by Mr. Dodson to the deputation from the Amalgamated Railway Servants' Association, which last week thanked him in the name of the general body of men for his services in connection with the passing of the Act. He contented himself with the remark that if such cases should arise it would be then time for the Government and the Legislature to consider the matter and decide whether any legislative interference was necessary. In the absence of any positive assurance or distinct declaration regarding the possibility of thus completely evading the Act his congratulatory prophecy that "its principle would never be erased from the Statute Book, however its application might be modified or amended," strikes us as rather cold comfort. Opinions differ with regard to the justice and fairness of the Act, and we are by no means sure that it would be productive of unalloyed benefit to the men, even supposing that the idea of "special contracts" should be abandoned. Nothing can be more certain than that the Companies will find some way of protecting their own interests; in all probability it will lead to a general reduction of wages, and the withdrawal of much, if not all, of the extensive support which many of the Companies now render to the benefit clubs, upon which the men largely depend in time of sickness and domestic misfortune. Then too the practical application of the Act must inevitably involve a large amount of irritating litigation arising out of the vexed question of "contributory negligence," and it seems to us a thousand pities that this new element of contention should be introduced between employer and employed, especially upon railways, where the comfort and safety of so many thousands are daily and hourly dependent on the smooth working of the whole system. The Act may, however, be indirectly productive of great good, by leading the Railway Companies to set about reforms which have too long been delayed. It cannot be denied that there is ample room for improvement in the working of our railways. The dangers of railway traffic both to passengers and employees might be considerably lessened by the more general adoption of certain mechanical contrivances of acknowledged efficiency. Platforms might be lengthened and made of a uniform height with the footboards of the cars; sidings in which many fatal accidents occur in the process of shunting might after nightfall be better lighted than they now are; and, above all, the Directors might have courage enough to abandon, once and for ever, the short-sighted, penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy of making men work eighteen and twenty hours at a stretch. The exaction of such an excessive amount of labour would be unfair and cruel to the workers in almost any kind of employment, but on railways, where hundreds of lives are often dependent on the nerve, attention, and readiness of a single man, it becomes positively criminal.

Mlle. LOUISE MICHEL, the ex-Pétroleuse, about whose return from New Caledonia Paris made so much stir last week, has been ruralising with her family in a quiet little village a short distance from the capital. There a reporter from the *Figaro* found the Communist heroine busy with two sympathising "citizenesses" drawing up addresses to various Socialist societies, and occupying a bare, shabby room, furnished solely with a table and a few chairs, and two glaring chromos on the whitewashed walls. Mlle. Michel has a long thin face, with prominent cheek-bones, a large masculine brow, surrounded by rough curly hair, and a very ugly nose, but she is jovial and frank in her manners, and as ready to talk freely to staunch Conservatives as to her own sympathisers. She intends, after a short holiday, to take up her abode at Montmartre in order to further the spread of Socialist opinions, and to promote the admission of women to equal rights with men.

FATHER DIDON, the well-known Parisian preacher, whose sermons were suddenly cut short last Lent, in consequence of their advanced Liberal ideas, will shortly publish a work, "Le Christ," which he has been writing during his enforced retirement in Corsica.



ALLIGATOR OIL is an excellent preventive of grey hairs—at least so says the Brussels *National*.

THE REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT THEATRE OF NAPLES are believed to have been found in a palace garden, near the Church of San Paolo.

THE INTENDED PRODUCTION OF THE PASSION PLAY in New York has already aroused considerable opposition. When brought out last year in California, the play was fairly forced off the stage by the weight of public opinion, and there seems every prospect that Eastern audiences will be equally condemnatory.

RED-TAPEISM IN BOMBAY sometimes leads to ridiculous incidents. Thus the *Times of India* tells us that the Commissary-General, who controls the expenditure of lakhs of rupees, had to ask the Government for authority to allow the Executive Commissariat officer of the Presidency to purchase a copy of a railway monthly timetable at a cost of one anna.

A "VEGETABLE COMPASS" grows wild on the prairies of Oregon and Texas, U.S.A. It is a dwarf variety of the osier, called *Silphium laciniatum*, and its leaves invariably point due north and south, thus forming an invaluable guide to travellers lost on the plains. These leaves display an equal receptivity for light on both surfaces, and accordingly assume a vertical position.

NERO'S GOLDEN HOUSE is reproduced on a small scale by a building in the city of Cheyenne, Wyoming. The owner noticed lately that the bricks of the house contained shining yellow particles, and, taking down a piece of the wall, he sent it to an assayer, who found that each brick contained gold to the value of from 1s. to 2s. The bricks, it appears, were made in a yard bordering on a deserted gold-field.

MR. GILBERT'S LIVELY "BAB BALLADS" relate the history of a timid couple who were too bashful to be married in the same church, so "the service was conducted by the electric telegraph," and their example has been exactly followed by a pair of Transatlantic lovers. The bride stood by the officiating minister's side in Portland, while the ceremony was transmitted to the bridegroom at Albany, and the service occupied thirty-six minutes.

THE "FIFTEEN PUZZLE," which has perplexed so many British brains since its importation across the Atlantic, is declared by the New York *Hour* to be only the revival of a game popular centuries ago. In one of Albert Dürer's engravings, known as "Melancholia," there is a window containing fifteen panes, on which are engraved the figures of the puzzle, and by this window sits a maiden with as dismal an expression of countenance as that worn by many unsuccessful solvers.

EASTERN NATIONS are proverbial for their love of finery, and Indian women and children are often weighed down by strings of beads. As many Hindoos, however, cannot afford real ornaments, they deck their children with glass beads made to resemble gold by a yellowish coating of arsenic, and three poor little mites have lately died at Ahmedabad from sucking their necklaces. Strings of cheap so-called "amber" beads are now much sold in London, so it might be as well to inquire into their composition.

PRIZE ESSAYS.—The title of the essay to which the "Howard Medal" of the Statistical Society will be awarded in November, 1881, is "On the Jail Fever, from the earliest Black Assize to the last recorded outbreak in recent times." The essays should be sent in on or before June 30, 1881.—The National Thrift Building Society also have offered prizes of 20l., 10l., and 5l., for the three best essays on "National Thrift," by young persons under twenty years of age. The papers must be sent in by February 13, 1881.

THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM FRANCE has reminded Gallic gourmets that, amongst other benefits they have conferred on the country, the Society introduced the turkey, now so profitable a source of income to farmers. First acclimatised about the end of the sixteenth century, the turkey came into favour so rapidly, that a Société des Dindonophiles was formed to promote the rearing of the birds, and Louis XVI. kept some of the finest specimens in a "Royal menagerie." At the present time Paris alone consumes some 43,000 turkeys between November and February.

DRAWING is now taught in all London Board Schools, and next month a selection of the best works done by the scholars from the different metropolitan divisions will be shown at the Saffron Hill Schoolroom. There have already been some local displays in different parts of London, and the drawings show considerable progress, although as yet the copies are solely from the flat, not from the round. If this branch of study is to be of real use in any branch of trade, however, the pupils, as they advance, must copy from models, as in the Art Schools of both England and other countries.

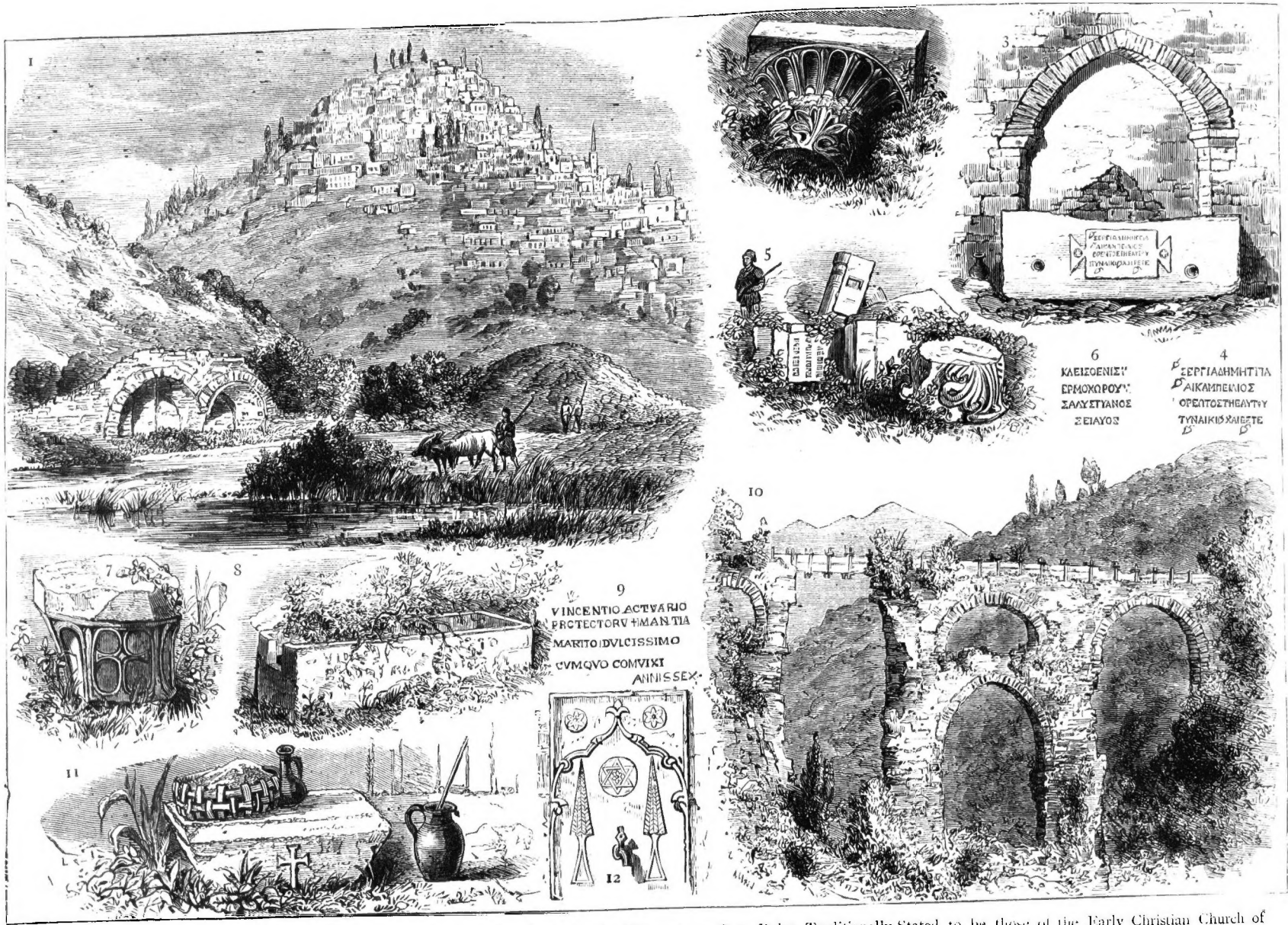
LADIES WHO POWDER THEIR FACES should carefully avoid mineral watering-places. A Transatlantic belle recently joined a picnic to some sulphur springs, and was sipping the waters with the rest of the party, when her friends suddenly noticed a remarkable change in her features. Her face gradually assumed a mottled appearance, black and white, and at last grew so discoloured that her alarmed companions sent for a doctor. The physician speedily found out that his patient used a face-powder containing some chemical which was affected by the sulphureous vapour of the spring.

A MEXICAN POMPEII has been unearthed by M. Charnay, who is exploring Mexico and Central America. Close to the present town of Tulla, which occupies the site of the former capital of the Toltec Empire, Tollan, he has found the ruins of a large palace, and has besides completely excavated a villa containing twenty-five rooms, fifteen staircases, and twelve corridors. Remains of porcelain, coarse clay vessels, and glass were buried in the ruins, which are more distinctly Asiatic in style than any Toltec remains yet known. Bones of some huge ruminating animals have also come to light, of which the *tibia* is nearly fourteen inches long and four inches thick.

THEATRE-GOING IN NEW YORK is not altogether a safe recreation, for, notwithstanding the terrible warnings the Americans have received within the last few years, the Fire Commissioners report that hardly a theatre in the city contains adequate exits. In one building "nothing but a special Providence will enable any one to escape," another is "a trap," a third "is not safe for anybody," and in yet another, "within six or eight minutes every one inside would be suffocated." Much has been done of late to provide additional outlets to British places of amusement, but we fear in many cases this Transatlantic criticism would apply only too well.

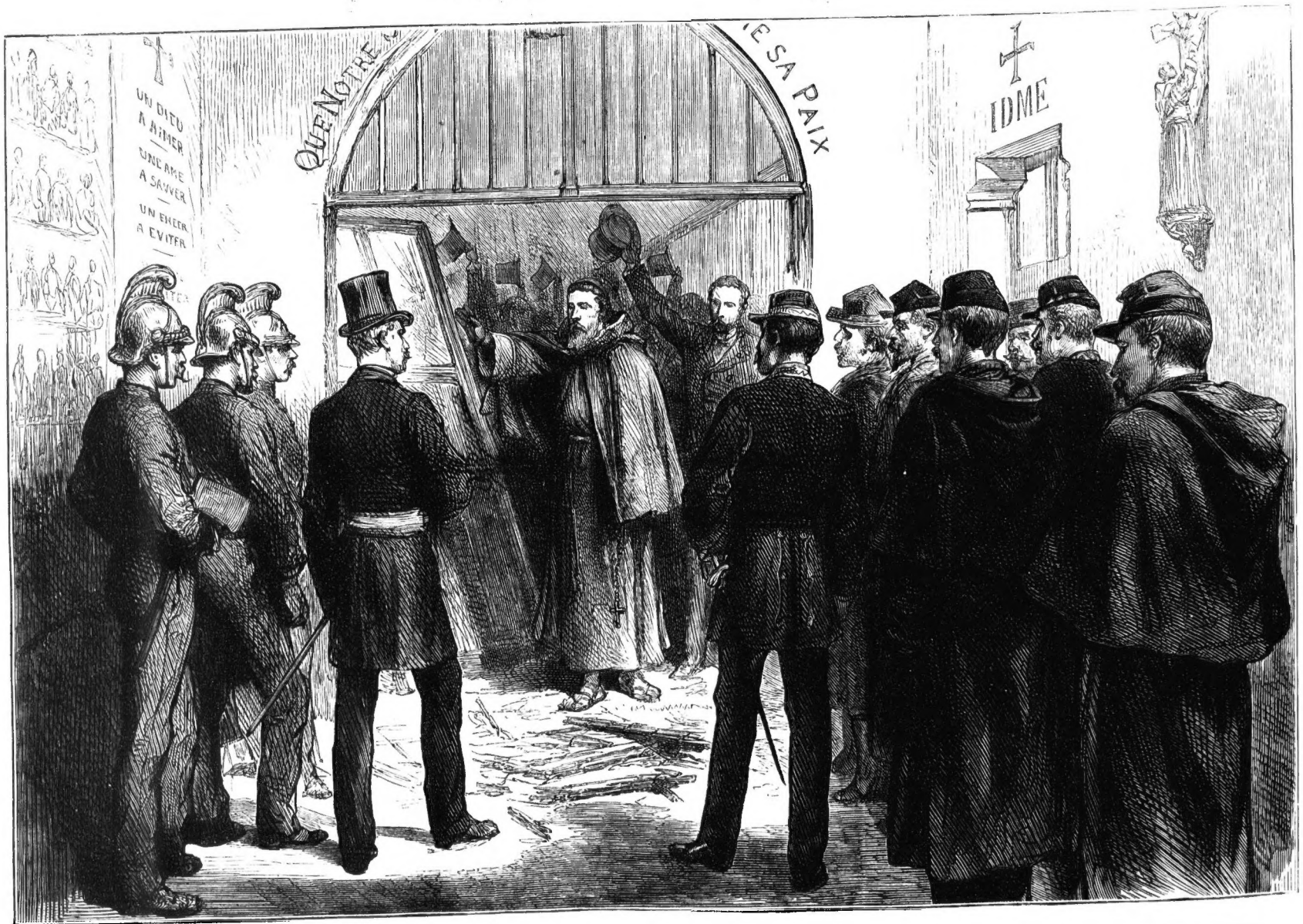
HIPPOPHAGY IN FRANCE is steadily increasing both in the capital and the provinces. Horseflesh now varies in price from 2½d. to 3d. per lb., and each horse furnishes about 4 cwt. of meat. When the Society for Promoting the Consumption of Horse, Mule, and Ass's Flesh was formed in 1866, Paris only consumed 171,300lbs., whereas last year the quantity sold amounted to 1,982,620lbs. Marseilles also ate 1,533 horses in 1878, against 599 in 1879, and Nancy in the same year consumed 705. Considerable opposition, however, is shown by the Municipal authorities in some towns, such as Lyons and Rheims, while at Chalons-sur-Marne the Mayor recently fixed the price of horseflesh higher than that of beef.





1. Ruins Assigned by Tradition to the Christian Church of Nicomedia : Ismid in the Distance.—2 & 5. Ruins Traditionally Stated to be those of the Early Christian Church of Nicomedia.—3. Old Fountain and Sarcophagus.—4. Inscription on No. 3 Enlarged.—6. Inscription on No. 5 Enlarged.—7 & 11. Supposed Early Christian Remains at Ismid.—8. Old Sarcophagus of an Actuary of the Guard in the Time of Diocletian—Now used as a Drinking Trough.—9. Inscription on No. 8 Enlarged.—10. Remains of a Roman Aqueduct, Ismid.—12. Carving on an Old Fountain.

ANTIQUITIES AT ISMID, ANCIENT NICOMEDIA

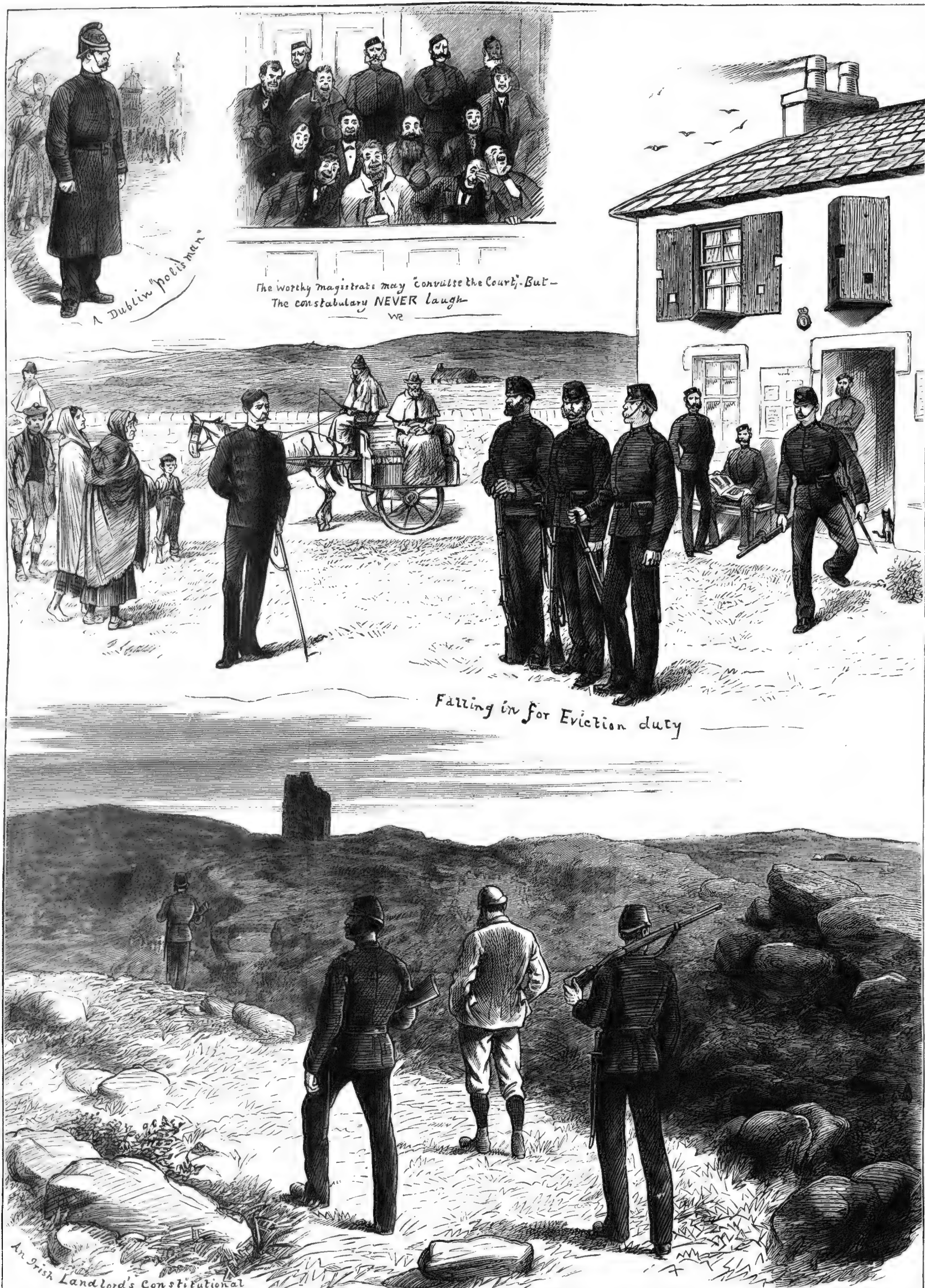


THE EXPULSION OF THE UNAUTHORISED RELIGIOUS ORDERS FROM FRANCE—THE POLICE BREAKING OPEN THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT, PARIS

“In the name of the Pope, you are excommunicated!”



# THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND





# THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND

## INTRODUCTORY

ALTHOUGH the history of Ireland has been for many centuries intimately bound up with that of our own country, and the condition of the Emerald Isle in modern times has been a perpetual thorn in the flesh to the British Government whatever party may happen to have been in power, it is doubtful whether "every schoolboy" is very familiar with its incidents, and whether the generality of grown-up folk know more—or even so much—about it as they do about South Africa or Afghanistan. The events of very early days up to and beyond the time of St. Patrick are, to a great extent, shrouded in semi-mythical traditions, and perhaps the earliest authentic records date from about the fifth century, when the inhabitants were called Scots, and some of them going over to North Britain founded a colony which ultimately grew into the kingdom of Scotland. Ireland was early converted to Christianity, and the extensive monasteries which were there founded became famous seats of piety, learning, and missionary zeal; but the Celtic church dwindled as rapidly as it grew, and by the twelfth century its spiritual influence was lost, its bishops were without dioceses, and its head—the Coarb or Archbishop of Armagh—had become merely the hereditary chief of a clan. The petty states of the country—Ulster, Munster, Connaught, Leinster, and Meath—were originally subject to the central authority of the Ard-ri or over-king of Leinster, who usually resided at Tara. His supremacy, however, and that of the subject Princes gradually waned, leaving as the only recognised institution the primitive sept, tribe, or clan, whose chieftainship passed not from father to son, but to the eldest member of each ruling family. The incursions of the Danes commencing about the end of the eighth century, led to a series of destructive struggles, which lasted some three hundred years, when they were effectively checked by Brian Boromhe. In 1155 Henry II. of England obtained the sanction of Pope Hadrian IV. to an invasion of Ireland, which was then carrying on a slave traffic in defiance of his royal prohibition and the menaces of the English Church. His object was "to subject the people to laws, extirpate vicious customs, and enforce the payment of Peter's Pence," but the project was abandoned on account of the opposition of the English Barons. Fourteen years later, however, Dermot Mac-Murragh, King of Leinster, who had been driven from his dominions by a tribal war, sought assistance from Henry, and returning with a small force of knights and soldiers, was soon reinstated, Dublin and some other towns being added to his kingdom. On the death of Dermot, Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, who had married his daughter Eva, became King of Leinster, but he and most of the other Irish princes submitted to Henry when in 1171 he landed at the head of a powerful force. From that time the Kings of England were the nominal rulers of Ireland, but the English settlers in the island were hemmed up in what was called the English Pale, and were harried by the Irish Septs and the Baron Protectors, who were constantly in revolt. Again and again were they reduced to subjection by overwhelming forces, which were no sooner withdrawn than the country fell back into anarchy and confusion, until at last, in the time of James I., a deathblow was given to the old tribal system by the settlement of the Province of Ulster. The chiefs were deprived of their tribal authority, and reduced simply to nobles or landowners, the clansmen rose from subjects into tenants, rendering to their lords only fixed dues and services, and the English system of trial by jury was substituted for the old Brehon law. Two-thirds of the north of Ireland were confiscated to the Crown, cleared of Irish, and allotted to Scotch and English colonists, and the foundation was thus laid for the subsequent industrial prosperity of Ulster. Strafford, by his system of "Thorough," weakened and cowed Ireland for a time; but in playing off the religious parties against each other he roused passions which found vent in the massacre of some 40,000 Protestants in 1641, and in the revolt which immediately followed, which was crushed by the vengeful campaign of Cromwell, who took Drogheda and Wexford by storm, and put each garrison to the sword—a severity which struck terror into the rest of the island. On the accession of William Prince of Orange another revolutionary war broke out in Ireland, the natives siding with the dethroned James, who had lost his crown through his devotion to the Roman Catholic religion. William's most brilliant success was at the battle of the Boyne (1690), after which James returned to France; but his adherents still kept the field for some months until they were again defeated at Aughrim and fled to Limerick, where, after a siege of six weeks, they capitulated, 12,000 Irish troops being allowed to withdraw to France. For the next hundred years Ireland remained passive, and then came the terrible Rebellion of 1798, which was suppressed at Vinegar Hill, a fortified position from which the rebels were driven with merciless slaughter. This was almost immediately followed by the passing of the Act of Union by which the Irish Parliament in Dublin was abolished, and its members admitted to seats in the British Legislature. O'Connell, the "great agitator" and "Champion of the Church," soon afterwards appeared upon the scene, energetically working both in and out of Parliament for Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Union. This agitation was political rather than social, and O'Connell always set his face against murder and outrage, nevertheless he and some other leaders were tried for sedition, and condemned to a year's imprisonment and a heavy fine, a sentence which was, however, set aside by the House of Lords on a technical point relating to the loss or theft of some of the jury slips. The Catholic Emancipation Act (passed in 1829) admitted Catholics to all municipal rights and made them eligible to hold offices, except, of course, those in connection with the Church of England, the form of oath being modified to one of general allegiance. Neither this measure nor the Disestablishment of the Irish Church seems, however, to have had much effect upon the minds of many of the Irish, who have ever remained in a state of chronic discontent and incipient rebellion. Secret organisations, such as the Whiteboys, the Ribbonmen, and Fenians, have in recent times worked upon the passions and prejudices of the people, and made the country a hotbed of sedition,

murder, outrage, and intimidation. Ameliorative measures and merciful leniency towards political offenders have been tried in vain, and the sternest measures of repression have been equally futile, the condition of the country to-day being, as every one is aware, one of the most perplexing problems with which the Government have to deal.

Last year the Home Rule party lost a leader of great ability and moderation in the person of Mr. Butt, whose career closed sadly amid much dissension and wrangling. After his death the Home Rulers seem to have split up into several sections, the most moderate of which adopted Mr. Shaw as their leader, whilst the irreconcilables flocked to the standard of the Land League raised by Mr. Parnell after he had failed to reorganise the whole party by means of a Convention.

## THE FAMINE OF LAST WINTER

It will be remembered that, by the failure of the harvest of last year, the people in many parts of Ireland, especially in the Western districts, were reduced to the utmost extremity and privation, to relieve which every possible endeavour was made. Relief-funds were established by the Duchess of Marlborough and by the Lord Mayors of Dublin and London, and thousands of pounds were collected and distributed among the suffering peasantry, in the shape of food, clothing, and good seed for the coming year. The Duchess of Marlborough's committee and its fifty-nine local branches laboured indefatigably, and the other relief associations were no less active in the good work; and the Duke of Edinburgh was for some time personally engaged in the distribution of the relief stores, the relief squadron being under his orders. The result was that much of the misery which would otherwise have prevailed was happily averted. Liberal subscriptions to the Relief Funds were sent from all parts of England and Europe, as well as from America, though Mr. Parnell's visit to that country to collect funds was not so successful as he had anticipated. This, however, was the result of the great tactical mistake which he made in alleging that the Duchess of Marlborough's fund was not applied to the relief of tenants who did not pay their rent, and that the Queen was the only European sovereign who had contributed nothing to the relief of Irish distress in 1847—falsehoods which were promptly denied by cable despatches from Lord Randolph Churchill, and the repetition of which by Mr. Parnell had only the effect of drawing down upon himself the universal censure of the American press.

## THE POLICY OF THE LAND LEAGUE

THE demands of the Land Leaguers, and the means by which they propose to enforce them, have been again and again set forth with wearisome iteration by Mr. Parnell and his followers. Only on Sunday last, at a meeting at Thurles, in Tipperary county, Mr. Dillon declared that no development of the Land Bill of 1870, as promised by Mr. Gladstone, would suffice, and that the whole system which it was passed to protect must be swept away; and he went on to say that if the Ministry meant to protect rack-renting landlords they had better prepare ten more expeditions like that which had been sent to Lough Mask. The hirings and hangers-on of a few Ulster landlords were sent into Mayo with the deliberate and malicious intent of stirring up sectarian animosity, but the irritative scheme would fail, and the Protestants of Ulster would see those men go home without a hair of their heads being touched. If, however, the Government entered on a policy of coercion, the duty of the League would be to visit the punishment on the landlords of Ireland. The order issued by the Dublin Executive of the League to strike at the pockets of the landlords would be obeyed universally and immediately throughout the country; so organised that it would be in their power, at a notice of a week or three or four days, to have a body of 5,000 or 10,000 men marching in order under their leaders; and that disciplined body would have more effect as a demonstration of force than the shooting of 30,000 men. At the same meeting Mr. M. F. Boyton, of the Land League, declared that he was proud of the name of conspirator in such a cause, and called on every honest Irishman present, in the sight of God and of his priests, to pledge himself solemnly never to pay more than a just and equitable rent, which he defined to be Griffiths' valuation, never to look for, never to take, never to bid for, and never to occupy land from which his neighbour had been unfairly evicted, never to purchase crops or cattle seized for rent; never to bid for grass land put up to auction by the landlords; and on the labourers, who were not less identified in interest in the struggle, never to work upon the land.

As there is much contention as to what Griffiths's valuation really means, it may be well to note that Mrs. E. Brandon Smith, the daughter of the late Sir Richard Griffith, has written to *The Times* saying that her father always spoke of the valuation made under his direction as relative only to the taxation of Ireland, and said that it was fixed from 25 to 30 per cent. below the letting value.

The American professional agitator, Redpath, whose wild harangues have contributed so much to stir up the people, and who, we are glad to see, started on Sunday last to return home, speaking lately at Claremorris, described the scheme as "an organisation of all Ireland into land leagues, so that the poorest tenant in Donegal would feel that he had the power of the Irish nation to protect him in his rights." After advocating the "social excommunication" of any man who should enter into possession of a farm from which a tenant had been evicted for non-payment of rent, he added the suggestion that, "as soon as the organisation was thorough, no man should work as a labourer, or herd, or gamekeeper, for any landlord. This, with a universal strike against rent, would bring the landlords to their knees, and compel the needed legislation." It was this person who, at a recent meeting of the League, spoke of the Queen as "a woman for whom he had very little respect," a declaration which was in no way rebuked by those present, and which evoked from Mr. F. H. O'Donnell a manly and sensible letter, withdrawing his application for admission to membership, on the ground that only injury to the cause could result from such vulgar attacks upon Her Majesty, whose sovereignty has been recognised by all founders of Irish Constitutionalism, from Grattan and O'Connell to

the present day, and who is nowhere more highly respected than in that Republic of the United States of which Mr. Redpath claims to be a citizen. A new phase of the agitation has just been initiated, the object of which is "to put down excessive house rents in towns."

## THE RECENT ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN

IF the late Premier's object in putting forth his celebrated manifesto on the "dismemberment of the Empire," in the shape of a letter to the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was, as has been thought, to create dissension between the Liberals and Home Rulers, the move was completely foiled by the action of the Home Rule Confederation, who immediately issued a circular calling upon their friends to "vote against Benjamin Disraeli, as the mortal enemy of their country and race," and as "the common enemy of peace and concord between Ireland and Great Britain." The Home Rule executive sat daily, and sent out agents to organise the Irish vote in English cities as well as in Ireland itself. Mr. Parnell, too, although arriving late from America, effected some truly startling results, being himself returned for three constituencies, and carrying eight out of the ten nominees whom he put forward. The elections were firmly contested throughout Ireland, and the net result was that, whereas in the old Parliament the island had been represented by thirty-seven Conservatives, sixteen Liberals, and fifty Home Rulers, in the new one the numbers were twenty-six Conservatives, sixteen Liberals, and sixty-one Home Rulers; almost a clean sweep being made of those lukewarm Home Rulers who were supposed to be Whig-Liberals, as well as of those who were avowed Conservatives. Amongst the former were the O'Connor Don and Mr. Dease, and amongst the latter Colonel King-Harman, Lord Robert Montagu, and Sir G. Bowyer.

## THE LAND COMMISSION

FINISHED its labours last week as far as the provinces are concerned, and the report will be prepared after a fortnight's sitting in Dublin for the collection of outstanding evidence. More than four hundred witnesses have been examined, and, so far as the evidence has gone, it appears to have tended very much in favour of what are called the three F's—fixity of tenure, free sale, and fair rents. Throughout the whole inquiry the landlord classes have shown every disposition to meet the case fairly. Very few cases of capricious eviction were brought under notice, but everywhere a tendency to rent-raising was evidenced except on the old estates. In the north it was found that the Ulster system was completely evaded by the system of rent-raising. In the south the Ulster tenant-right was strongly opposed. There was by no means a concurrence of opinion as regards peasant proprietorship except in a gradual and tentative form, and with this view an extension of the Bright clauses was frequently suggested.

## THE CROWN PROSECUTIONS

AMONGST the persons against whom the Government has commenced proceedings are five members of Parliament—namely, Messrs. Parnell, John Dillon, J. G. Biggar, T. D. Sullivan, and T. Sexton. The other traversers are: Patrick Egan, Hon. Treasurer of the Land League, merchant, Clontarf; Thomas Brennan, Secretary of the Land League, mercantile clerk, Dublin; Michael O'Sullivan, Assistant Secretary of the Land League, Dublin, curiously misnamed Malachy in the indictment, which has, however, been since amended; Michael Boyton, paid agent of the Land League, Kildare; Patrick Joseph Gordon, of Claremorris, shoemaker; Matthew Harris, of Galway, road contractor; John W. Nally, Mayo; John W. Walsh, Balla, shopkeeper; and P. J. Sheridan, of Tubbercurry, publican. The informations are exceedingly voluminous, and cover over one hundred closely-printed pages. There are nineteen counts in the indictments, and the charges are generally of conspiracy to defeat payment of rents, to prevent letting of farms from which tenants have been evicted, and to excite ill-will amongst Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland. The writs were duly served, and last week a motion was made in the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench for full particulars as to the alleged "overt acts" upon which the informations are based. This was granted, and the documents were delivered to the defendants' solicitors on Monday last, ten days being allowed from that time for the traversers to plead.

Of all the defendants included in the indictments the only man of any social standing in Ireland is Mr. Parnell himself. He is the son of the late Mr. J. H. Parnell, J.P., D.L., of Avondale; by Helen, daughter of Admiral Charles Stewart, of the United States Navy. He was born in 1846, and educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge. In 1874 he was High Sheriff of Wicklow, of which county he is a magistrate. In April, 1875, he was elected for county Meath as a Home Ruler, and sat for that constituency till the general election, when he was simultaneously returned for Cork, Meath, and Mayo, and decided to sit for Cork.

Mr. Biggar, M.P., who is generally recognised as Mr. Parnell's henchman, both in and out of Parliament, may be said to have leaped into fame by occupying some five hours of one sitting of the House of Commons by a speech consisting chiefly of extracts read from an enormous pile of Blue Books with which he had provided himself. He was born in 1828, educated at Belfast, and after an unsuccessful attempt at Londonderry in 1852, was returned to Parliament for Cavan County in 1874, and was re-elected at the general election this year. He is "in favour of Home Rule, denominational education, fixity of land tenure, and cultivators' proprietary." He was a Protestant, but a year or two ago it was stated that he had been received into the Roman Church.

Mr. John Dillon was born in 1851, and was educated at the Catholic University of Dublin. He is a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. He is the son of the late Mr. J. B. Dillon, who represented county Tipperary in 1865-6, and was himself elected by the same constituency at the late general election. He accompanied Mr. Parnell in his journey through the United States in advocacy of the objects of the Land League, and he was the orator who was denounced by Mr. Forster last Session for using at a Land League meeting "wicked and cowardly" expressions,



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which, while carefully framed to keep the speaker beyond the clutches of the law, were calculated to incite the ignorant peasantry to commit outrage, and perhaps murder.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. for Westmeath, is the elder brother of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the Member for Meath. He is in business in Dublin as a printer, bookseller, and publisher, and is editor and proprietor of the *Nation*, the *Weekly News*, and *Young Ireland* newspapers. He was born in 1827, and married in 1856 Miss Healy, of Bantry; and is uncle by marriage of Mr. Healy, who, though not included in the Crown indictments, has been committed for trial, with the defendant Walsh, on a separate charge of intimidating Farmer Manning.

Mr. Thomas Sexton is another of the Irish members who were returned to the House of Commons at the last election under the auspices of Mr. Parnell. He was born in 1848, and has been on the staff of the *Nation*.

The prosecution will be conducted by Mr. Lane Joynt, Crown Treasurer and Solicitor, in conjunction with Mr. S. L. Anderson, the counsel engaged being Mr. Law, Attorney-General, and Mr. Johnson, Solicitor-General, Mr. John Naish, Q.C., Mr. A. M. Porter, Q.C., Mr. Constantine Molloy, and Mr. David Ross, Counsel to the Attorney-General.

#### THE DEFENCE OF THE LAND LEAGUERS

It is stated, will be undertaken by their solicitor, Mr. V. B. Dillon, Esq., who, acting on their behalf, has engaged several eminent counsel, amongst whom are Messrs. M'Laughlin, Q.C., Mr. W. D. Andrews, Q.C., and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P. It is natural to suppose that every technical plea will be urged, and it is said that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Forster will be subpoenaed for the defence, and examined on their writings and speeches, both in and out of Parliament, with the view of thoroughly ventilating the Land Question. A special appeal for funds has been made by the Land League, and the subscriptions already paid in amount to over 500*l*. Efforts to aid the Defence Fund are also being made by the Irishmen resident in England, while an Anti-Coercion League composed of English Democrats has been formed.

#### THE LAND LEAGUE MANIFESTO

WHICH has been issued since the indictment of the leaders is addressed "to the Irish people at home and abroad," and says that "although the movement is directed against a code of laws so oppressive as to paralyse the one national industry of Ireland, and although we have been assailed with the most venomous malignity and pursued with the most unscrupulous falsehood, yet can we solemnly declare in the face of the civilised world that all our objects are in keeping with perfect justice to all men, and that all the means we have recommended for the attainment of these objects are reasonable, peaceful, and thoroughly legal, offending in no degree against natural right, moral obligation, or intelligent human law." On the other hand

#### THE ORANGE MANIFESTO

ISSUED last week by the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland says that "craft and cunning would disguise the real objects of this lawless conspiracy, which are the confiscation of every kind of property, and undue interference with legitimate trading, but with the ulterior purpose of uprooting and extinguishing Protestantism, and with it civil and religious liberty in Ireland, and, as an inevitable consequence, the severance of Ireland from England," in proof whereof it cites Mr. Parnell's own words to the Americans:—"None of us will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England." The manifesto goes on to call upon all Orangemen to range themselves on the side of law and order, and to defeat the efforts of foreign anarchists and domestic traitors.

#### THE INTENTIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT

As to the immediate future are the subject of much anxiety and varied conjecture. The ultra-Conservatives insist that the condition of the country calls aloud for immediate repressive measures of the most stern character, some even advocating the immediate suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The Radicals, on the other hand, profess to think that such a policy would but fan the flame of sedition, and drive the people of Ireland into open revolt, whilst moderate people are content to wait the issue of events, satisfied that if the ordinary powers of the law should unfortunately prove inadequate, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues will not shrink from their duty. To our minds one of the most sensible contributions to the controversy is Lord Dunsany's letter, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday last. His lordship points out that most of the would-be doctors write as though the condition of Mayo and Connemara was typical of that of the whole island, and remarks that to confer the land upon Leinster tenants because Connaught tenants are in want of food would be as absurd as to take up the quarrel in Belgravia in order to stamp out a fever in St. Giles's. He goes on to say that "in the greater part of Ireland there is no other Land Question than how far the Government will reward an agitation, which, whether under the banner of Repeal, of Young Ireland, Fenianism, or Home Rule, is only the same old trial of Irish astuteness against English credulity. The Land League has by far the best city yet adopted for Irish agitation, for it appeals forcibly to the greed of men not over-scrupulous by nature. Yet, were it known in Ireland that the Government were determined to stand by their own law of 1870, we should soon hear as little of the Land League as we do of Repeal. For the part of Ireland where a Land Question really exists the only remedy is emigration, and no 'magic of property' will save the over-peopled districts of Mayo and Connemara from periodical famine."

#### AGRARIAN OUTRAGES

The recently-published criminal statistics of Ireland show that during the past three years there has been a decrease in the number of cases of murder and manslaughter, and an increase of such minor offences as intimidations and malicious injuries to cattle and other property. In 1877 the number of threatening notices and letters was but 78, in the following year they rose to 130, while last year they reached to 750. The statistics of the present year will, we fear, show a still further increase, which no one can avoid attributing in a great measure to the inflammatory speeches of some of the Land League agitators. As lately as Saturday last, at a meeting at Knockanrose, it was resolved to "Boycott" thirteen

landlords and agents residing in the neighbourhood, and one of the speakers, an Irish American, named O'Brien, said that if "Boycotting" them had not the effect of reforming them, the people would resort to stronger measures, "and try if leaden pills would suit their digestion. The first duty of every Irishman was to provide himself with a rifle, and his second duty was to use it." It is true that Mr. Parnell and some others of his party are cautious enough to avoid such plain language as this, but their orations are full of veiled suggestions, and no rebuke falls from their lips when their excited hearers interject such remarks as "shoot him," "more lead," and other phrases indicative of bloodthirstiness.

The assassination of Lord Mountmorres, followed by the cruel persecution of his widow and the murder of Mr. Hutchins' car-driver, will be fresh in the memory of our readers, and to these must now be added the shooting of Mr. Wheeler on Friday last at Oola, Limerick County, and the attempted murder of a land steward at Dalystown, near Mullingar, together with a number of other outrages of a more or less violent and brutal character. At one place a man who had worked on a farm from which a former tenant had been evicted, was branded with a red-hot iron, and at another a woman is said to have had her flesh torn with an instrument used for carding wool, while at a third the house occupied by a man who had taken a farm from which the former tenant was evicted, was broken into by armed men, who turned his wife and children into the road in a naked condition. Threatening letters and notices are being scattered broadcast; armed and mounted men with blackened faces, or otherwise disguised, are frequently met with in parties of three or four, and numbers of landlords, agents, and other gentlemen are compelled to go about under special police protection, so great is the terrorism exercised in many parts of the country.

#### THE BOYCOTT EXPEDITION

LOUGH MASK FARM, which is likely to become a famous place in the history of Ireland, is situated in the county of Connaught, almost in the centre of the district known as the "nursery of the Land League," the first meeting of that organisation having been held at Balla, a village near Castlebar. Captain Boycott, besides managing his own farm, has been for some years agent to Lord Erne, who, it is said, bears an excellent reputation as a landlord. Captain Boycott himself is spoken of by some as a kindly hearted man, who not only never did any one any harm, but has done all he possibly could for the benefit of the tenants; on the other hand, it is alleged that he is eccentric and domineering, and that he has subjected the tenants and labourers to a series of petty deprivations and humiliations which have exasperated them without enriching the landlord. Be that as it may, the attempt to serve a number of ejectments in September last led the tenants to appeal to Lord Erne to dismiss him. His lordship refused, and from that day Captain Boycott became a marked man. No labourer dared to work for him, no tradesman to serve him with goods. He was isolated by order of the Land Leaguers, and was compelled to accept the services of constabulary to protect the lives of himself and family. His case is a typical one, and for some time attracted little attention, although he and his wife and daughters were left to get in the crops as best they could. Mr. Manning's letter to the *Daily Express* under the signature of "Combination," first started the idea of going to Captain Boycott's assistance. He was soon flooded with correspondence offering every kind of co-operation, and one person alone promised to get together 30,000 volunteers. Mr. Forster, however, at once vetoed the project of an armed invasion, at the same time offering to afford military protection to whatever number of men were required for the *bond fide* purpose of saving the crops. It was accordingly decided to pick out some fifty or sixty from the great number of Cavan and Monaghan men who were anxious to go, and these, under the leadership of Mr. Manning and Captain Somerset Maxwell, are now busily engaged in getting in the crops on Lough Mask Farm, a work which, Captain Boycott thinks, will occupy from ten to fourteen days. Before starting by rail the two contingents were addressed by their respective leaders, who told them that they were going merely as labourers, and not for party display or terrorism, and they were only to use their revolvers in self-defence in case of the military failing to protect them. The train which conveyed the expedition was preceded by a pilot engine, and there were large bodies of police at all the stations; but there was not the slightest disturbance, and though curiosity was displayed it was of a perfectly good-humoured character. At Claremorris the excitement was intense, but though the crowd hooted and groaned, the display of military force prevented any actual violence being attempted. The authorities issued strict orders to the troops on no account to fire upon the people unless they themselves resorted to the use of arms. While the troops were preparing for the march Major Coghlin, one of the officers in command, was thrown from his horse, which fell upon him and broke the small bone of his leg, but he is now rapidly recovering. The expedition, guarded by double files of troops, marched to Ballinrobe, hooted along the whole line of route, a distance of thirteen miles, by people who had come from all parts of the country. Thursday night was spent at Ballinrobe, the expedition men being lodged in the barracks, into which it is stated some shots were fired during the night. Most of the soldiers were all night in the open air, exposed to a drenching rain, their tents being rendered useless through the tent-pegs having been forgotten. At eleven next morning

#### THE MARCH TO LOUGH MASK FARM,

SIX English miles distant, was commenced. The force in front consisted of about a hundred policemen carrying loaded rifles; then came the 19th Hussars, followed by 200 men of the 84th Regiment, who formed the protectors of the Ulster men. The infantry, in two files, marched with fixed bayonets, the labourers walking between them. The military rear was brought up by two companies of the 84th Regiment, guarding provisions and fuel wagons, and last of all came the resident magistrates, Colonel Bruce, Deputy Inspector-General of Constabulary, and County Inspector Owen, and the representatives of the press. Two or three members of the Land League, riding on cars, and a crowd of bareheaded and barefooted creatures followed in the wake, the latter groaning for the "Red Coats" and for Captain Boycott, and some shouting that he would be shot like a rabbit, in spite of the protection of a "hungry army," this being an unpleasant allusion to the failure of the commissariat, and the fact that the men of the 84th had fasted for twenty-four hours previous to their arrival at Ballinrobe. On the way to Lough Mask the few men that were to

be seen were at work in their fields, and their demeanour was one of cold indifference. On arriving

#### AT CAPTAIN BOYCOTT'S FARM,

WHERE it was anticipated a crowd of hostile peasantry would be met, no one was to be seen but Captain Boycott and his family, the police who guarded the place, and a few peasant girls, who jeered and laughed at the procession as it passed through the gates. The Ulster men were sworn standing in line by themselves, the military piled arms previous to dismissal, the Hussars dismounted, and the policemen, though grumbling that no provision had been made for them in the shape of dinner, stood at ease, and seemed to enjoy the general sense of relief. Everybody looked as if he had taken part in some great military achievement, and yet to the cynical there was much that was ridiculous in the whole business. The military had already erected tents, and their dinners were being cooked behind a stone fence on fires made of young fir trees cut down by the Hussars. The workmen are either small farmers or the sons of farmers. Monaghan and Cavan contributed about twenty-seven men each, and three men came from Dublin. They brought their own provisions with them, including a waggon load of turf, and they slept in military tents, set apart for their use. They ask nothing for their services, their personal expenses being paid out of a fund started at Dublin. By seven A.M. on Saturday the camp was all astir. The Hussars went down to Lough Mask to water their horses, the poor animals had been standing all night in a continuous downpour of rain, sheltered by dripping trees and covered with thoroughly soaked horse-cloths. It was interesting to see the labourers turn out for breakfast. This was the first trial of the commissariat, which had been brought down from Dublin. The stores were ranged in one of the outhouses, at which the cook of the party, who is one of the Monaghan expeditionists, made coffee and dealt it out to the men with slices of preserved beef. The men seemed thoroughly to enjoy the novelty of the situation, in spite of the rain, which fell heavily. At about ten the men set to work to dig mangolds and to plough and dig potatoes. Those who worked in the fields were guarded by constabulary, while Lieutenant Wright patrolled the roads with Hussars. The soldiers are well provided with blankets and beer, and their duties are light and pleasant compared with those of the constabulary, who are kept constantly moving or patrolling about with but few short intervals of rest. Mr. Manning, the originator of the expedition, Captain Maxwell, and Mr. Goddard, who have taken personal charge of the Ulster men, are accommodated with shelter in an out-house, where they sleep upon a carpeted floor. A guard of constabulary is kept all night about it. Captain Boycott's house is fully occupied, Mr. Hamilton, R.M., who is on duty in the district, the constabulary officers, and other strangers being quartered in it along with his own family. The officers in command of the military find a snug berth in a covered cart. Only the representatives of the Press are allowed to enter the camp, which at six o'clock P.M. is closed even against them, sentries being posted all around in shelters constructed of green branches. On Wednesday the correspondents of the London, Dublin, and New York papers, were denied admission by order of Col. Twentyman, the Camp officer; but Col. Bedingfield, who is chief in command, has promised that they shall be again admitted. Captain Boycott has expressed great surprise at the havoc the military are making in the plantations, cutting down valuable ash and fir trees for fuel, and it is said that he will apply to the Government for compensation. He and his family bear up bravely, but it is thought that he must leave the country when the military protection is withdrawn. On Sunday Divine Service for the labourers and soldiers was celebrated in a barn upon the estate.

#### COUNTER DEMONSTRATIONS

AN extraordinary scene has just been enacted at Loughrea, county Galway. Some time ago a widow and five children were evicted from a farm, and her house demolished. At midnight on Sunday about 500 men assembled to rebuild the house. The work was finished at six in the morning, and subsequently a meeting was held, attended by some thousands of persons. During the proceedings the man who had taken the land since the widow's eviction made his way to the platform, and said he came there in response to the request of the Land League and gave up the farm. Mr. O'Sullivan, of the Land League, made a speech, in which he said that that was one of the greatest victories gained by the League. It was then announced, amid much enthusiasm, that the widow had taken possession of her new house. In the evening the victory was celebrated in Loughrea, bands playing through the streets, followed by several hundred people cheering for Mr. Parnell and the Land League.—An expedition, undertaken by some fifty of the tenants on Lord Erne's estate, led by their parish priest, Father O'Malley, who is president of the local branch of the Land League, was to have started on Thursday for Lord Erne's residence in Fermanagh, to offer their full rent, state their grievances to his lordship, and repeat their demand for the dismissal of Captain Boycott, who, they say, has "made it the business of his life to torment them with the worst forms of feudalism." The intention was, however, abandoned on receipt of a telegram from the Dublin executive of the League, expressing disapproval of the plan. Lord Erne has written to *The Times*, stating that had the faintest rumour of tyrannous conduct on the part of Captain Boycott reached his ears before instead of after the "policy of isolation" had been entered upon, he should have been quite ready to inquire into the matter, but for the present he must decline to do so. On Sunday night a herdsman employed by Captain Boycott on a neighbouring farm received a threatening letter, which was left by a party of armed men, who fired several shots outside his cottage, and subsequently drove away the sheep and cattle, but these were on Tuesday recovered by Captain Boycott himself, who went out to seek them, guarded by an escort of Hussars.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

ARE sufficiently described in the foregoing narrative. We may, however, say that the double-page picture, entitled "A Daily Farewell," does not represent Captain Boycott at Lough Mask, but is merely a general sketch of the conditions under which many Irish landlords and agents are now living.—All our engravings are from sketches by our special artist, except those of the portraits, which are from photographs. Messrs. Parnell, Sullivan, Sexton, O'Sullivan, and Healy are by W. C. Mills, 4, Nassau Street, Dublin; Mr. Brennan by Chancellor, Sackville Street, Dublin; Mr. Egan by Samuels, Dublin; and Mr. Biggar by Le Sage, Dublin.





J. G. BIGGAR, M.P. FOR COUNTY CAVAN



T. M. HEALY, AGENT OF THE LAND LEAGUE



THOMAS BRENNAN, SECRETARY OF THE LAND LEAGUE



T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P. FOR WESTMEATH



CHARLES STUART PARNELL, M.P. FOR CORK



PATRICK EGAN, HONORARY TREASURER OF THE LAND LEAGUE



T. SEXTON, M.P. FOR SLIGO



MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE LAND LEAGUE



JOHN DILLON, M.P. FOR TIPPERARY





THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND — CAPTAIN BOYCOTT AND HIS FAMILY GETTING IN THEIR HARVEST BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS



## Topics of the Week

**GOVERNMENT POLICY TOWARDS IRELAND.**—It has been notorious for some time past that serious divergences exist among the members of the Government as to the proper attitude to be adopted in view of the extraordinary state of affairs which now exists on the other side of St. George's Channel. The Radical element, as represented by Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain, is averse to arming the Executive with any additional powers, and would trust entirely to remedial measures for the pacification of Ireland. The Whigs, including such men as Lords Granville and Selborne, and a more important man than either of these, Mr. Gladstone himself (as evinced by his speech at the Guildhall), are inclined, since lawlessness spreads more widely, and becomes more daring every day, to resort to the coercive measures which have so often been adopted by former Governments, and which proved so signally successful in suppressing the Reign of Terror which developed itself in Westmeath in 1871. As we write, the air is full of rumours which may or may not be fulfilled ere these lines appear in print, but as Parliament seems likely to be summoned a month earlier than usual, it would appear that thus far the Radical element in the Ministry, though numerically in a minority, has gained the day, and that loyal and peaceable Irishmen will have to put up with the inadequate protection afforded by the existing laws, at least till the New Year begins. The perplexity of the Whigs, who in this instance, as observed above, number Mr. Gladstone in their ranks—the consciousness of vast responsibility having apparently overcome his Radical sympathies—arises, of course, from political difficulties, and forcibly illustrates the beauties of our system of government by party. If the Whigs felt sure that in this ordeal they could afford to stand alone, aided as they would certainly be by the Tories, they would not hesitate to throw Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain overboard, since, individually, the places of those gentlemen could easily be filled. But Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain are the vanguard of a Democratic army, and, what Mr. Gladstone and some of his colleagues would like very much to know, is the strength of that army, and whether, with respect to Ireland, it is prepared to follow the bidding of two of its foremost men. There can be no doubt it was the Radical rather than the Whig element in the electorate which last spring drove Lord Beaconsfield from office, and Mr. Gladstone not unnaturally fears that, if he gave mortal offence to his Radical allies, he himself might be dismissed once more to the cold shades of Opposition.

**M. DE FREYCINET'S DEFENCE.**—The most interesting part of the debate in the French Senate this week was M. de Freycinet's defence of the policy which brought about his fall. It cannot be said that he fully explained the circumstances connected with that event. Up to a certain date his colleagues, it seems, were cordially with him; then they suddenly broke away, and his resignation became inevitable. The obvious inference, although M. de Freycinet did not suggest it, is that M. Gambetta intervened, and for some reason of his own compelled those members of the Cabinet who were subservient to him to abandon their nominal chief. However this may be, M. de Freycinet proved in his speech on Monday that when in office he had a distinct policy, and that there was a fair chance of its being successful. He had represented to the Vatican that the declaration signed by the non-authorized Congregations was inadequate, and a promise was made that a perfectly satisfactory document would be submitted to him. It was M. de Freycinet's intention, having obtained this fuller declaration, to propose a law regulating corporations of all kinds; and he had no reason to doubt that it would be accepted by the Religious Orders. Had this statesmanlike scheme been executed, there need not have been any dispute between Church and State; and all sections of the clergy would have felt that their interests were not likely to be violated by the Republican authorities. All the world knows how different have been the consequences of M. Gambetta's policy. By the expulsion of the Congregations not a single friend has been secured for the Republic; and enemies have been made of large and powerful classes who might in the end have become its friends. Existing institutions, in short, have been endangered for no better purpose than to gratify the spite of politicians who, in regard to religion, are quite as fanatical as the monks whom they loathe.

**ON CAPTAIN BOYCOTT'S FARM.**—Regarding the matter from the vulgar pounds-shillings-and-pence point of view, it would have been cheaper to have paid Captain Boycott the value of his potatoes, and let them rot in the ground. By the time they are dug they will have cost a pretty penny, and it is to be hoped that the expenditure will be of money only, not of blood also. The most discouraging part of the business is that the measures adopted by the Government for the preservation of the peace must be continuous in order to be efficacious, for directly they are withdrawn lawlessness will supervene. A party of strangers from an adjacent province agree to gather in Captain Boycott's crops, but a little army is needed for their protection, and when the army goes, it will scarcely be safe for the captain to stay, indeed, it seems that he purposes at least a temporary departure. Such

an ending (and it is the most probable ending) to this tragedy can scarcely be described as the re-establishment of the reign of law. The Land League have shown a glimmer of common sense and prudence in discountenancing the counter-expedition into Fermanagh, recommended by that "jovial priest" (as he is styled), Father O'Malley. The Land League are doubtless afraid lest some untoward incident should occur, some rupture of the *entente cordiale* which is presumed to exist between the Protestant farmers of the North and the Roman Catholic farmers of the West. They are quite right, for in the present excited condition of the public mind in those regions a very slight accident, such as the chance discharge of a gun, might precipitate a bloody conflict. Meanwhile lawlessness goes on increasing, and is sometimes at its worst when it exhibits no outward symptoms, for the simple reason that under the influence of terror the usual relations between landlord and tenant are completely paralysed. There is no need to shoot landlords and their agents, or to enter farmers' houses at dead of night in disguise, if the behests of the agitators can be obtained without such unpleasant preliminaries. In conclusion, we can but repeat what we have already said several times, that the Government have not gone the right way to work to stop the prevailing lawlessness. Nothing has conduced more to this lawlessness than the inflammatory language addressed at the Land League meetings to easily-excited audiences, and the Government should show as much determination as their predecessors in 1843, who not only prosecuted O'Connell, but prohibited the "monster meetings," although in the production of evil deeds these meetings were, compared with the Land League gatherings, perfectly innocuous. We fully agree with Mr. Bright that "force is not a remedy" against mischievous laws and hurtful usages, supposing that such exist, but it is usually a very effective remedy against personal insecurity and outrage, else why do we have prisons, and policemen, and judges?

**LORD BEACONSFIELD'S NEW NOVEL.**—Most people must have been pleased when they heard that Lord Beaconsfield was about to publish another novel. Whatever may be said by those earnest Radicals who look upon him as a sort of incarnation of all that is evil in politics, he has never been personally unpopular among the mass of the English nation. They like his dash, his good humour, his courage, his resource, and a fair proportion of them believe that in his treatment of foreign matters, and even of some domestic questions, he has proved himself decidedly superior to his great rival. A new novel by him, therefore, will be an agreeable "sensation," especially when we consider the circumstances in which most of it has probably been written. It is difficult to say whether, if Lord Beaconsfield had never played a leading part as a statesman, his novels would have been likely to secure a permanent place in English literature. That they have excellent literary qualities everybody recognises; but, on the other hand, they are full of eccentricity, and there is a certain hardness in most of the characters which prevents them from stirring a strong human interest. They have, however, one most interesting quality, and that is that they all reveal the sympathies, beliefs, and hopes of the author. Every one of his novels might almost be regarded as a chapter in an autobiography. We seem to see the young, dandified Disraeli, with his vehement ambitions, in "Vivian Grey," and new aspects of the same personality present themselves in "Tancred," "Sybil," and "Coningsby." All the governing ideas which he has since attempted to realise are in these books. "Lothair" is, perhaps, less autobiographic than any of its predecessors; but even there he gives his judgment on some of the most perplexing problems of modern times. We are justified in looking forward to an interest of the same kind in "Endymion." A familiar figure, in some respects, is that which confronts us in all his works; yet there is something in Lord Beaconsfield's character which always eludes his critics; something which makes it impossible to classify him, and which prevents even self-satisfied observers from supposing that they altogether understand either him or his career. But, whatever may be our opinion about other matters, we must, at any rate, agree in thinking that the figure is a great and historic one—a figure which will, perhaps, attract future generations quite as much as it attracts the public of our own day.

**THE THREE F.'S.**—Last winter's distress in Ireland produced a genuine feeling of compassion in Great Britain, and there probably never was a moment when the people of this country were more sincerely desirous to try and remedy the grievances of the sister-island. But these aspirations have been seriously checked by the conduct of those persons who profess to be the exponents of the feelings and wishes of the Irish peasantry. Those of them who have seats in Parliament have aroused the dislike of all persons who wish to see the legislative business of the country advanced, by their wilful and reckless waste of the country's time. Then out of Parliament they have conducted, in a thoroughly unlawful manner, an agitation which in itself might have been pursued as lawfully as the aims of the Anti-Corn-Law League. And if it be asked whether it was chronic discontent or the Land League meetings which produced the subsequent outrages, we may answer with Macaulay that it is "as idle as the inquiry whether fire or gunpowder blew up the mills on Hounslow Heath." We think, therefore, that the Irish peasantry have not much reason to be grateful to the men who have undertaken to speak in their behalf,

because they have contrived to spoil a good case by the violence of their language. We say "a good case," because, what with past misgovernment, the absence of minerals and manufactures, and the peculiar temperament of the people, most statesmen agree that Irish tenants need a protection without which English and Scotch tenants manage to get on fairly well. Indeed, this principle is admitted in the Land Act of 1870. With regard to the favourite watch-word of the Land Leaguers, "The Three F.'s," that is to say, Fixity of Tenure, Fair Rents, and Free Sale, there is nothing which is necessarily mischievous in these proposals, with which, indeed, as Mr. Hunter has shown, Anglo-Indian statesmen are perfectly familiar. It is absurd to suppose that one remedy would cure all Irish ills, but there is little doubt that a vast amount of discontent would vanish if the average tenant-farmer could feel sure of remaining on his holding so long as he paid his rent, and that the valuation of his farm could only be increased at stated intervals and by public authority. The dogma of Free Sale ought, we think, to undergo some modification, for it would be manifestly unfair that the landlord should be bound to accept as a tenant any one to whom the outgoing occupier might make over the goodwill of his farm. Then we hope the Government will embody the "Bright clauses" in their Land Bill, thereby enabling the tenant to become the proprietor of his farm by the payment of a series of instalments. In this country we buy sewing-machines and pianofortes in this way, but not land for farming purposes, land being an unprofitable investment for a poor man. In this matter, however, we must remember that Ireland is not England. Nor would it be altogether a bad thing for our own countrymen if they had a greater share of this Irish "earth-hunger"—if more of them were content to till the land, instead of crowding into cities.

**EXPULSION OF SOCIALISTS.**—Prince Bismarck may be preparing, as the German newspapers say, some wonderful scheme by which he hopes to win the working classes from Socialism, but in the mean time he is dealing with the evil in a very old-fashioned style. Within the last few weeks scores of Socialists have been banished from Hamburg, and it is understood that the list of exiles from that town is not by any means complete yet. His own estates of Lauenburg have been proclaimed in a state of siege, and Leipzig and other large cities are threatened with similar treatment. At the time of the passing of the exceptional laws against Socialism a good many people were persuaded that the leaders of the party would not be able to hold out very long, and the Chancellor himself was apparently of this opinion. He must now have formed a higher idea of their power, and there can be very little doubt that he will make his measures more and more harsh as he proceeds. It is not for foreign observers to say with confidence whether he is right or wrong in this policy. The German Socialists differ from many dreamers in past times in this, that they not only advocate the complete reorganisation of the relations of capital and labour, but maintain that this reorganisation must be accomplished by means of political revolution. If Prince Bismarck has information that they are working steadily towards this end, and that if let alone their success would become possible or even probable, he has a perfect right to defend the State in its existing form by the methods which seem to him to be most effective. The majority of prudent Germans, however, think that if he really has this information he ought to let the fact be known; for at present the driving forth of these poor people from their homes, the breaking up of families which expected no such hardship, has the appearance of mere wanton persecution. Thus the sympathies of kind-hearted persons are enlisted on behalf of men whose conduct, perhaps, if they knew all, they would heartily condemn.

**BODY-SNATCHING.**—This is not a nice topic of discourse, and might have been thought to have been finally disposed of nearly fifty years ago, when, in consequence of the Burke and Hare atrocities, the Anatomy Bill was passed. In America, it is said, the ghastly trade is still in vogue. Rich men's bodies like that of the late Mr. Stewart, the millionaire, are taken from their graves, in hopes of getting a reward from their heirs and assigns upon restitution being effected. But the chief object of the American body-snatchers is to get "subjects" for surgical dissection, no legal provision, as far as we are aware, existing for such a purpose in the United States. It is sincerely to be hoped that there is no danger in this country of the resurrection-man undergoing a resurrection, yet such a contingency might easily recur if the ordinary method of obtaining "subjects" ceased to operate. Under the Anatomy Act, as is well-known, the directors of hospitals and workhouses are authorised to permit the use, for anatomical purposes, of bodies unclaimed by friends. Now we observe that the Shoreditch Board of Guardians have declined (except in the case of unclaimed suicides) to grant this privilege to the Medical Schools. Medical students and their teachers would be placed in a serious difficulty if all Boards of Guardians were to act thus. Yet there is something to be said in favour of the Shoreditch scruples. In the opinion of most people, especially of the humbler classes, it is bad enough to die poor and friendless in the workhouse: it is an additional sting to anticipate that one's wretched carcass will be cut to pieces after death. Why should we lay this burden on the poor only? If, as everybody admits, we cannot have skilful surgeons unless they are allowed the opportunity of practising upon dead human bodies, why should not the well-to-do as much as the very



poor contribute to this absolute scientific want? For ourselves, we should like to see dissection made the invariable penalty of suicide, as we believe it would lessen the number of such tragedies—anatomisation being peculiarly objectionable to the morbid self-consciousness of suicidal persons—but failing this source of supply, why should not the required number of subjects be obtained by the drawing of lots? Every now and then the corpse of some celebrated or wealthy person would get "a bad number," and, if the rule were inexorably carried out, and no substitutes allowed to these Conscripts in the Anatomical Brigade, the idea that dissection is ignominious would soon die out.

**POPULAR SENTIMENT IN GREECE.**—It is impossible to make out from the reported speeches of the Greek Prime Minister whether he intends to order an advance into Thessaly and Epirus. At one time we hear of him uttering sanguine anticipations and preparing for immediate action; at another we are assured that he does not think Greece can be ready till March, and that even then she may not find it convenient to risk anything. These reports probably reflect a real feeling of doubt and hesitancy. The "cause" is unquestionably a fine one; but then the Turks might be formidable enemies, and France, Germany, and Austria show no inclination to make the slightest genuine sacrifice on behalf of Greece. Much will doubtless depend on the temper of the Greek people. If all their talk is mere bluster, M. Comoundouros will probably be content to wait; but if they are in earnest, it may not be possible for him or any other statesman to control their fervour. Most of the evidence which is accessible to us certainly tends to show that they are very much in earnest. Volunteers are flocking to Athens; University professors are inflaming their students with violent harangues; the newspapers of the country are continually dwelling on the sufferings and wrongs of the Greeks in the two "enslaved" provinces. Should all this lead to war, and if Greece is in the first instance left alone by the Powers, the little kingdom would probably have before it a period of disaster; but it is incredible that it would be left alone permanently. England, at any rate, would be morally bound to intervene; and, indeed, in his speech the other evening, Mr. Chamberlain almost directly stated that Mr. Gladstone's Government would not in this instance permit the Turk to have his way.

**BICYCLES.**—We note that Mr. Paget, the police magistrate, has, what is vulgarly called, a "down" upon bicycles. In fining an unlucky tailor forty shillings for omitting to carry a lamp, he said a bicycle was "a most dangerous thing." In another case, where a bicyclist applied for a summons against a coachman for deliberately trying to drive over him (a most cruel and brutal thing, if true), Mr. Paget declined to grant it, so that the case had no chance of being investigated, and observed that bicycles were "abominable and dangerous nuisances." We neither agree with nor approve of Mr. Paget's prejudices. Bicycles afford a vast amount of wholesome amusement, especially to a class of young men who have neither the money nor the leisure for the usual out-door pastimes of the rich. Judging by our own experience, to pedestrians using ordinary care bicycles are not nearly such dangerous nuisances as the empty railway vans, often driven by beery blackguards, who go along neck-or-nothing, or as the hansom, which speed swiftly over the asphalt. As for horses, nearly all horses shy at strange objects, but if a horse, when he first sees a bicycle and starts at it, is considerably treated, instead of being beaten, as is the custom with some silly folks, he will soon learn to regard these at first mysterious vehicles with entire complacency.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A NEW STORY,  
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN,  
ENTITLED,  
"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET,"  
BY MESSRS. BESANT AND RICE,  
AUTHORS OF  
"Ready Money Mortiboy," &c.,  
WILL BE COMMENCED IN  
THE GRAPHIC, DEC. 4, 1880



**LYCEUM.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—  
THE CORSIAN BROTHERS Every Night at 8.30. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. Irving. At 7.30 BYGONES, by A. W. Pinero. Doors open at 7. Special Morning Performances of THE CORSIAN BROTHERS, Saturdays, Nov. 20 and 27, at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open to 10.5. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

**THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.**  
The THIRTY-SECOND GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, DOMESTIC POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and Implements will be held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on MONDAY, November 29, Admission 5s.; TUESDAY, November 30, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, December 1 and 2, 1s. For Excursion Trains and other special Railway arrangements, see the advertisements and bills of the various Companies.

**GREAT AND UNMISTAKEABLE SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME.**  
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
THE NEW PROGRAMME PRESENTED BY THE  
**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS** on the 1st inst.,  
having been received with the warmest marks of approbation  
BY CROWDED AUDIENCES.  
EVERY NIGHT DURING THE PAST WEEK,  
will be repeated  
EVERY NIGHT at 8,  
and on  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY,  
at 3 and 8.  
The enormously successful Musical and Terschichorean Sketch of  
THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME  
will be given at every performance until Christmas.  
The inimitable MOORE,  
Together with the powerful phalanx of Comedians, Charles Sutton, Walter Howard,  
John Kemble, Sully, Cheevers, Ernest Linden, all take part in the  
NEW PROGRAMME.

## THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER WILL BE READY DECEMBER 6.

#### LIST OF COLOURED PICTURES.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS AT THE SQUIRE'S. By E. K. JOHNSON.  
HOME ONCE MORE. By W. SMALL.  
OUR FROZEN-OUT PETS. By S. E. WALLER.  
AN IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT WILL OBLIGE. By J. W. NICOL.  
THE FIRST PARTY—THE INTRODUCTION. By W. L. THOMAS.  
ON AN ERRAND OF CHARITY—CHRISTMAS MORNING. By J. CHARLTON.  
IN THE LAP OF LUXURY. By HEYWOOD HARDY.  
TOIL AND PLEASURE. By YEEND KING.

#### LIST OF TINTED PICTURES.

CUPID TOBAGGANY. By A. HOPKINS, from a sketch by SYDNEY P. HALL.  
A GOOD SAMARITAN. By MRS. STAPLES (M. ELLEN EDWARDS).  
THE LITTLE MOTHER. By R. BARNES.  
OUR CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS. By J. C. DOLLMAN.  
MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY—STILL MOOSE HUNTING. By SYDNEY P. HALL.  
THE WYCHDALE STEEPLECHASE. By R. CALDECOTT.  
GRANDPAPA'S RECOLLECTIONS. By MISS CASELLA.

NOTICE.—Mr. MILLAIS, having undertaken a commission to paint a picture expressly for this Number, has paid THE GRAPHIC the high compliment of producing

### "CHERRY RIPE,"

which is thought by competent judges to be his finest work, and a worthy companion to Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous "Penelope Boothby." The greatest possible pains have been taken to produce a fac-simile of this remarkable work. The plate will measure 33 in. by 22 in., and is printed in

#### FOURTEEN COLOURS.

The letterpress will consist of the following stories:—

THE INDIAN GOLD MINE. By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. E. WEST.—THE BABES IN THE WOOD. By ARTHUR LOCKER.—A NURSERY LAMIA. By F. ANSTEV.—JUDY MCGRANN. By MISS C. J. HAMILTON.—LORD DOWE'S COXCOMBERY. By E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY. &c., &c., &c.

The Postage of this Number to any part of Great Britain, Europe, United States, and Canada, is 3d.; to China and India, 6d.; and Australia, 1s.

It may be interesting at the present time to furnish a few statistics concerning the forthcoming CHRISTMAS NUMBER, as they show that (thanks to the public appreciation) the Proprietors are able to produce something unexampled in the annals of publishing. The following are some of the chief items of expenditure in its production:—Artists, Engravers, and Authors, £3,000; Paper, £5,000; Printing and Electrotyping, £6,000.

These figures also deserve attention:—Number of persons employed (many of them for six months in the year), 450; Gross Weight of Paper used for the Number, upwards of 120 tons; Number of Copies printed, 400,000.

NOTE.—As the Plate will be much damaged in transit by post, in single copies, intending purchasers are recommended to order the Number of their regular Newsagent.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
ON the NIGHT of ST. ANDREW'S DAY, TUESDAY,  
November 30th,  
A SPECIAL GRAND PERFORMANCE  
of  
SCOTTISH NATIONAL MUSIC  
will be given by the  
MAGNIFICENT CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA  
of the  
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.  
The full programme  
will be published in the course of a few days.

**SATURDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.**—The SECOND CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on Saturday evening next, November 27th, at 8. Vocalists—Madame Patey and Signor Foli. Solo Pianoforte, Madame Fienhaus. Orchestra of 60 performers. Leader, Mr. V. Nicholson. Conductor, Mr. Frederic H. Cowen. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 1s. at the usual agents, and at Austin's, St. James's Hall. The remaining concerts will take place on Saturday evenings, Dec. 4th and 18th.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**  
THE TURQUOISE RING, Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, THE HAUNTED ROOM, and A FLYING VISIT. Evening Performances, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 4. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s.

**SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS** by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

**DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO"** ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRATORUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

**FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.**—The Twenty-eighth Annual Exhibition of PICTURES by British and Foreign Artists, including Luminous celebrated picture, "Les Enervés de Jumilleg," is NOW OPEN. Admission One Shilling.

**THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS** is now OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket, next the Theatre. Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

**ARTHUR TOOTH AND SON'S ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION** of High-class Pictures by British and Foreign Artists is NOW OPEN at 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

**ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS,**  
7, ELM TREE ROAD, N.W.  
Drawing from the Life and Antique Painting from Model and Still Life.  
Students specially prepared for Royal Academy.  
(Two successful at last competition.)  
Apply to A. A. CALDERON, Esq., Principal.

#### THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.  
Also Trains in connection with Kensington and Liverpool Street.  
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.  
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets.  
Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.  
Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton,  
Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge,  
Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.  
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday,  
From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m.  
Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton  
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations  
On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.  
A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants,  
From Victoria to Brighton, at 11.15 a.m. every Weekday.

#### GRAND AQUARIUM AND PAVILION.

Military and other Concerts every Saturday Afternoon.  
For which the above Saturday Cheap Tickets are available.

#### NEW ROUTE TO WEST BRIGHTON.

By the Direct Line Preston Park to Cliftonville  
A Morning Up and Evening Down Fast Train  
Every Weekday between London Bridge and West Brighton

#### PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.  
Cheap Express Service every Week night, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class  
From Victoria 7.50 p.m. and London Bridge 8 p.m.  
Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s.  
Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c.  
Traips run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.  
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.  
HAYRE. Passengers booked through by this route every Week-day from Victoria and London Bridge as above.

**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's  
West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and No. 8, Grand Hotel  
Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.  
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—THE GRAPHIC this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which contains SKETCHES, by our SPECIAL ARTIST, of SCENES in IRELAND during the present LAND AGITATION; with descriptive LETTERPRESS. For binding, the order of pagination must be followed.

#### THE HANOVER GALLERY

AMONG the Winter Exhibitions already open, none contains more interesting matter than the collection of oil pictures by British Artists at the recently-erected Hanover Gallery in New Bond Street. Several of our most famous painters are represented by small but characteristic examples, and among the works of younger and less known men there are many that display artistic capacity of a high order. Of these the most prominent is a picture of very large size by Mr. R. B. Browning, called "The Secular Arm," representing an incident during the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands. A young girl, accused of heresy, stands before the officers of the Inquisition awaiting her sentence. The story is clearly told, but the figures want vitality, and the heads have neither the variety nor the intensity of expression for which the subject affords ample scope. But, though it fails in dramatic force of realisation, the picture is entitled to high praise for its technical qualities; the figures are skilfully grouped, and for the most part correctly drawn, the colour is appropriately sombre and harmonious, and the handling broad and firm. Another very rising artist, Mr. T. Collier, in "The Tired Model," has chosen a subject that in less competent hands would be open to the charge of vulgarity, but he has treated it with refined taste as well as with great artistic skill. The attitude of the girl, who is seated before a fire, is thoroughly natural and spontaneous, and the folds of the loose flowing robe which entirely covers her figure, but does not conceal its graceful contour, are disposed with singular ability. The picture is remarkable, moreover, for its pure and luminous colour and its finished workmanship. Mr. G. Clausen is also seen to great advantage in his "Schoolgirls." The bevy of fair maidens who, under the watchful eye of a spectacled governess, are here seen walking along a suburban road, present a very attractive appearance. Their animated heads display many types of English beauty, and their movements are distinguished by cultivated grace.

It is long since Mr. M. Whiter has produced anything so suggestive of nature, or so artistically complete, as "A Calm." The large masses of moving cloud illumined by the midday sun are full of the most delicate modulations of colour, and their reflections in the placid sea are equally beautiful and true. Mr. H. Moore's "Summer Sea" is less luminous in tone, but it displays his well-known skill in conveying the effect of movement in the waves. Mr. E. J. Gregory exhibits a study, painted apparently directly from nature, of "Farnham Bridge," sober and harmonious in tone, and executed with surprising breadth and vigour. Mr. Mark Fisher sends a good example of his style, "A Normandy Orchard," and Mr. Colin Hunter a vigorous sea-coast study, "Breakers." Attention should also be called to a very clever sketch of "Dieppe" by Mr. W. Meredith, an artist whose name we have not met with before.

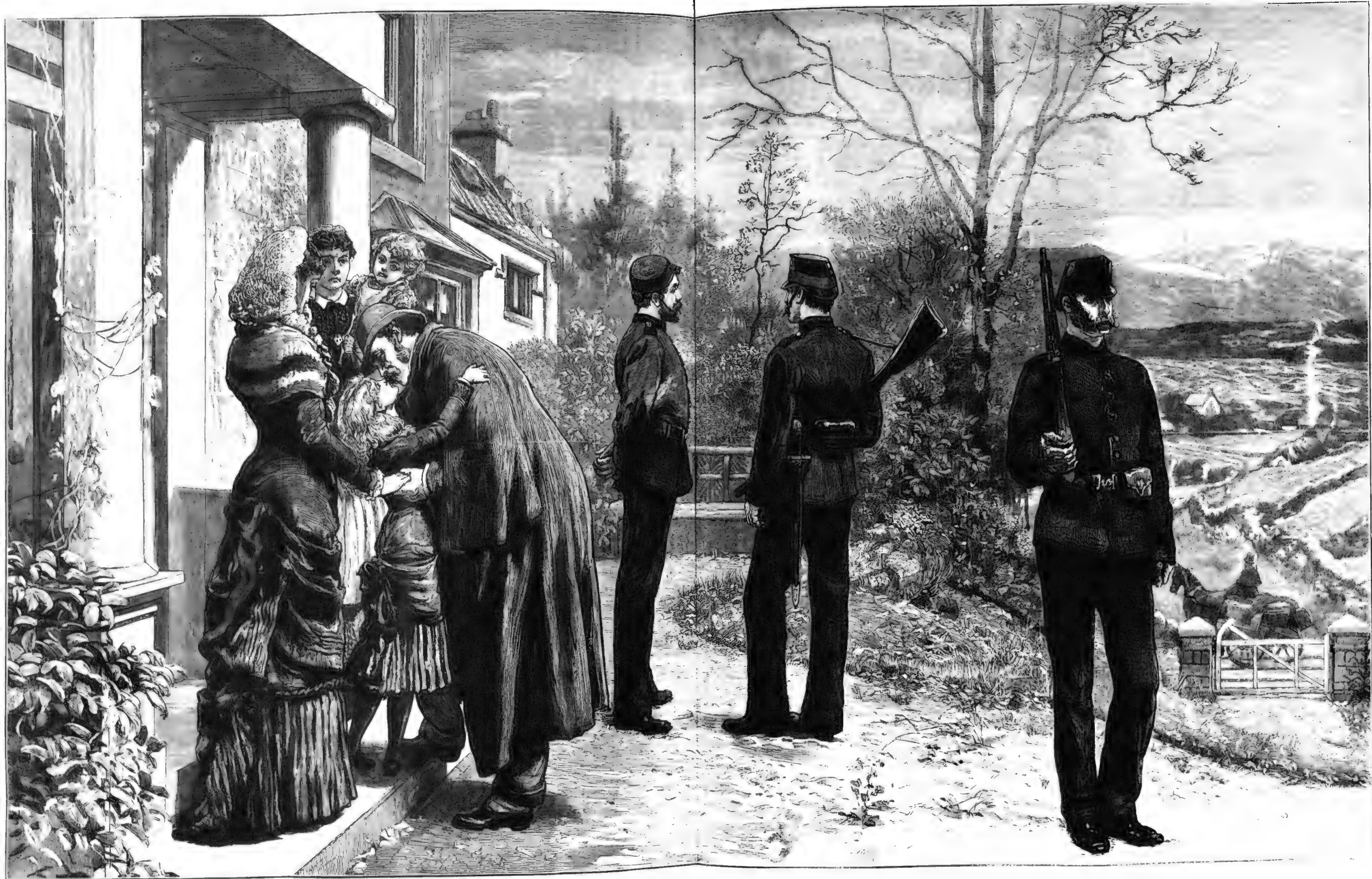
Sir Frederick Leighton's "Study" of an Italian girl, though very small, is an admirable example of style. The varying contours of the girl's head and neck are drawn and modelled with supreme skill. The half-length portrait of a lady dressed in white, "The Bridesmaid," by Mr. Millais, which hangs near it, is, on the contrary, one of his least estimable works.

Mr. Val. Prinsep's picture of a laundry maid trying to read her fortune in the cards, "The Fortune Teller," is bright in tint and painted with realistic force. Its merit, however, chiefly lies in the beauty of the head and the admirable manner in which the hands and arms are modelled. By the same artist there is a delicately-painted female head, "Autumn," and the life-size portrait of a moon-faced Indian lady, "Martaba," which appeared last year at the Academy. Among other works that have been exhibited before, the admirable half-length of "Robert Browning," by Mr. Watts, and his greatly inferior portrait of "The Duke of Argyll," Carl Schloesser's picturesque scene of modern Italian life, "The Accident," Mr. J. Pettie's small "Courtier," and Mr. F. Brown's full-length portrait of a lady, "Going Out," are the best.

In addition to the oil pictures, the Exhibition contains a series of more than three hundred original drawings by Messrs. J. Tenniel, Du Maurier, C. Keene, and Linley Sambourne, for illustrations which have appeared in *Punch*.

**BATS AND "VAMPIRES."**—A Hampshire newspaper gives currency to a story, which, but for a timely discovery, might have gone far towards reviving hobgoblin belief amongst the simple-minded country folks concerned. One afternoon during the late cold weather a cottager's wife placed her child, a baby a few months old, to sleep in its cradle, which stood in a room adjoining that in which the family lived. There was an old-fashioned fireplace in the chamber but no fire, so for the sake of a little warmth the woman placed on the hob a lighted paraffin lamp. Peeping into the apartment at dusk to see if baby was still sleeping comfortably, judge of her dismay when she beheld a black and winged creature uttering moaning sounds as it slowly flapped round and round the room, and finally alighted on the coverlet of the cradle, close to the child's face! With a shriek the affrighted mother flung the door wide open, on which the imp-like creature, squeaking its displeasure at being disturbed, rose heavily from the child's bed, and after one turn round the chamber dashed at the lamp in the chimney, which was extinguished with a crash, and then it vanished. The terror-stricken parent caught up her infant, and hurried with it to a neighbour's house. It was found to be quite uninjured excepting that on its throat there was a slight puncture, from which a tiny drop of blood had issued. The verdict was prompt and unanimous—the babe had been attacked by a vampire! Nor could that blood-curdling conclusion have been easily disturbed had not the child's father, on his return home, be thought him of examining the chimney, where he discovered the monster in a hole near the top. It was a harmless bat of the long-eared species that had probably been lured down into the room by the light and heat of the lamp, while as for the sanguinary evidence which bespoke the vampire, it was found that the child's nightgown was fastened at the neck with a pin, the point of which had pricked the skin when the mother so hastily caught it up. It is not all countries, however, that are so favoured that when in such a case as that above quoted the unwelcome intruder is discovered to be "only a bat" all alarms on the score of vampires are at once dispelled. There are inhabited parts of the earth where the bat is by nature a blood-sucker. On the banks of the River Amazon for example, and in Brazil, Mr. Bates, the well-known naturalist and explorer, on one occasion made the acquaintance of a large number of the unpleasant creatures alluded to, and who took the liberty of introducing themselves as bedfellows. It was on his arrival at Caripi. At midnight the intrepid traveller was awake by the noise of countless bats sweeping round him. They had extinguished his lamp, and when he relit it the place was alive with their flapping wings. Having a stick at hand he endeavoured to disperse them, but they extinguished the light again and defied him. On this—and up to this time having no experience of bats but such as fed on insects—Mr. Bates covered his head with his blanket, and composed himself for sleep. In the morning he discovered that his confidence had been abused. He found several bats in his hammock, and a punctured wound on his hip, which had bled very considerably. Next night Mr. Bates lodged somewhere else.





THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—A RESIDENT LANDLORD: THE DAILY FAREWELL





**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—The Sultan continues to assure the Ambassadors that the surrender of Dulcigno will "speedily" take place, and Dervish Pasha to announce that he has surrounded Dulcigno with a close cordon of troops, but at the time we are writing there seems but little chance of any immediate surrender. Dervish Pasha is succeeding in his negotiations with the Albanians no better than his predecessor, Riza Pasha, but is certainly taking up a firmer attitude, and has absolutely refused to grant the delay of a month which was requested by the leaders of the League. As usual in such cases, the agitation which the Porte has been fomenting among the Albanians for some months past has gone further than had been intended, and once inspired with the idea of maintaining their neutrality they do not care to relinquish it at the Porte's bidding. In the mean time we hear from Dulcigno that 3,000 inhabitants, mainly Christians, have left the town, owing, it is stated, to a "dearth of means of subsistence." The town at present is held by a force of 3,000 Albanians who, notwithstanding the submission of other Albanian chiefs, resolutely decline to allow the Turks to enter the city, despite Dervish Pasha's threat to maintain the district in a state of siege. Whether or no Dervish Pasha will ultimately employ force against the Albanians is doubtful. He has asked and obtained authority to do so from the Sultan, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam has signed a *fatwa* to the same purpose, while reinforcements are being sent up to him. His present troops, however, have so long fraternised with the Albanians that it will be difficult to lead them against their former friends, and moreover, there is a manifest wish on the part of the Porte to avoid bloodshed if possible.

At Constantinople the Sultan has been holding his Bairam receptions, and has given audience to a number of Englishmen, including Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., Mr. John Pender, M.P., and Mr. Edward Fitzpatrick. The financial situation appears to be growing worse and worse, and the Porte has had considerable difficulty in raising a loan of 100,000*l.* from the Galata bankers, and then were only able to pay half a month's salary in several departments. Thus, as the Bairam festivities have taken place this week, this has caused no little dissatisfaction. Many of the bankers now complain that they are being treated as cavalierly as the bondholders; revenues which were accorded to them as security being seized by the authorities, while their complaints remain unanswered.

The Greek frontier question continues to excite the apprehensions of the Powers, who are now most anxious to avoid fresh complications of the Eastern crisis, and one and all have been impressing upon Greece the necessity for keeping the peace at the present time. In the event of hostilities no Power would support her, and the only result would be a long and desultory conflict, which would seriously cripple her resources without inflicting commensurate damage upon those of her opponent, whose financial situation is already so hopeless that another war more or less would make but little difference to her.

**ROUMANIA, SERBIA, and BULGARIA** are discussing the various railway schemes by which they are to be brought into commercial contact with the rest of the world. Their great bugbear now is not the unspeakable Turk, but a somewhat more civilised neighbour—Austria, of whose supremacy all the Principalities are terribly afraid. Nor are their apprehensions lessened by the proposed new Danube Commission. The powers of the Old Commission, instituted after the Crimean War, are about to expire, and a sub-committee appointed under the Berlin Treaty, to consider the matter has drawn up a project for a permanent fixed Commission, with Austria, as Chairman, endowed with a casting vote.

**FRANCE.**—The Cabinet has, in obedience to M. Grévy, withdrawn its resignation, and M. Ferry having made a tame speech explaining the reasons for remaining in office, has obtained a vote of confidence. The chief political interest, however, has centred upon the Senate, where M. Buffet on Monday raised a discussion on the recent Ministerial crisis, when M. Freycinet was suddenly replaced by M. Ferry. He accordingly began by demanding details as to the causes of the former's retirement, insinuating that it was brought about by M. Gambetta, and lashed M. Ferry severely for forcibly expelling the Religious Orders. To this M. Ferry replied by declining to give the asked-for details, and to "gratify the lovers of anecdote;" indignantly denied that there was any divergence on matters of foreign policy; and declared that M. de Freycinet would have been compelled to carry out the Decrees later on. As for the Decrees themselves, the Government put them in force because it "wished to protect the State clergy against the unrecognised clergy, into whose hands the entire direction of consciences would soon have passed;" and he stigmatised the resistance of the Orders as "rebellious." M. Freycinet then thought it time to jump up and himself explain the cause of his resigning. He remarked that the Decrees were divided into two parts—those against the Jesuits, which were to be executed at a fixed date; and those respecting the other Orders, the date of execution of which was left to the discretion of the Cabinet. Of the latter it was the submission rather than the expulsion which was desired; and consequently M. de Freycinet, considering the Concordat "a Treaty of Peace," thought it only right to enter into negotiations with the Vatican, which, had he remained in office a few weeks longer, would have succeeded. He reminded the Senate that he was not a Catholic, and far less a Clerical; but "had regards to the interests of the country," and concluded, almost in the words of St. Paul, that the coercive measures subsequently adopted were "legal, but not politic." This frank and open speech made a great impression, and told heavily against the Cabinet, and M. de Freycinet was warmly complimented upon it by M. Jules Simon, who followed with a spirited protest against the Decrees. A speech from M. Ferry closed the debate. In this he very aptly avowed that it was easy to take refuge on the heights of Liberal and Platonic Republicanism; but the present Government had avoided falling into the snares which had brought about the Conservative reaction of May 16. This point told so well that the Government carried its Order of the Day by a majority of six votes.

The position of the Cabinet, notwithstanding the Vote of Confidence, is most unstable, and it is manifest that in spite of M. Ferry's "submission" to the Chamber he cannot now remain in office for any length of time. He possesses no authority whatever, and having excited what M. Chesnelong wittily called a "feminine hatred" amongst the Conservatives, is now arousing a feeling somewhat akin to contempt amongst his friends. The cry for Gambetta is still on the increase.

In Paris the chief topic has been the action of M. Baudry d'Asson, a Legitimist Deputy who, having called the Cabinet "a Government of picklocks," was sentenced to a fortnight's exclusion. M. d'Asson, however, next day slipped into the Chamber, and declined to leave when ordered. M. Gambetta accordingly adjourned the sitting, and ordered the soldiers to remove the disobedient Deputy by force. Surrounded by his friends, he resisted to the last, but ultimately was overcome and incarcerated in the Parliamentary prison, being released next day on his promise not to attempt an entry of the Chamber for a fortnight. The incident has been glorified by the Conservative papers as a heroic protest against tyranny, and equally condemned by the Republican organs as an act

of rebellion. To turn to lighter matters, Madame Adolphe Adam has abandoned political *soirées*, and now devotes her "At Homes" to literature and art. This week has been devoted to an account of the Japanese stage, by M. Gaston Bérardi, which was admirably illustrated by sketches by M. Felix Régamy, and listened to by the chief *littérateurs* of Paris. There have been more than the usual crop of theatrical novelties, amongst which we may chronicle a five-act drama at the Château d'Eau, *Bug Jargal*, founded on Victor Hugo's novel by MM. Pierre Elzéar and Richard Lesclap; a three-act comedy, *L'Article 7*, at the Athénée Comique, by MM. Bataille and Fugère; and a *révue* at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, entitled *Bastille-Madeleine*, by M. Henry Bugnet. Prince Ronald Bonaparte, son of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who shot Victor Noir, was married on Wednesday, with considerable pomp, at St. Roch, to Mdlle. Blanc, the youngest daughter of the late lessee of the Monaco gaming-tables. Her sister was recently married to Prince Radziwill.

**GERMANY.**—The Anti-Jewish movement is causing considerable excitement in Germany, and is being warmly condemned by most right-thinking people. Herr Forckenbeck, Gneist, Virchow, and Mommsen have issued protests against any such policy of intolerance, while the Crown Princess, the *Standard* correspondent tells us, in a letter to a "distinguished personage," censures the agitation as devoid of all self-respect and respect for others, and contrasts the vulgarity manifested with the dignified silence preserved by the parties affected. The Princess also refers to the painful impression produced abroad, and hopes for a speedy subsidence of the feeling aroused. The Crown Prince also stated some time since that a persecution of the Jews would be a disgrace to the German nation. The question will shortly be brought before Parliament.—General von Goeben, one of the best strategists of the German Army, has died at the age of 64.

**AUSTRIA.**—There have been further shocks of earthquake at Agram, four having occurred early on Monday morning. The inhabitants, who had begun to recover from their panic, have been inspired with fresh terror, and large numbers have again left the city, the others camping out in the streets. The scene is said to have been fearful, the men losing their nerve, and the women screaming from fright at each shock, while a sinister rolling noise like thunder burst forth now and then from the neighbouring mountains.

There has been a great German demonstration at Vienna. The Austrian Germans of the Constitutional party, alarmed at the dangers with which the policy of the present Cabinet, according to their idea, threatened the unity of the Empire and the German element, held a grand meeting and banquet on Monday, and declared their firm determination to "gather round the banner of Austrian States with the German nationality, and to persevere with unshaken faith and energetic devotion in opposition to the present policy of the Government." The "German Nationality," however, are not unanimous in this respect, and the German Conservatives are going to hold a great counter-meeting at Linz on the 22nd inst., at which the separatist doctrine will be warmly disavowed, and autonomist principles as energetically upheld.

**INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.**—The Viceroy, who has returned from his sporting trip with a bag of two tigers, has been visiting Lahore, and has held a grand review of the troops encamped there, including the 92nd Highlanders and other regiments recently returned from Afghanistan. After the review he made them a short address, highly eulogising their conduct during the campaign, and particularly the "discipline, moderation, and justice displayed towards the people of the country, which in this respect had done as much for the fame, reputation, and honour of England from a political as their victories had in a military point of view." He thanked the troops in the Queen's name, and announced that Her Majesty, in addition to the Afghan medal, had granted six clasps for Ali Musjid, Peiwar Khotal, Charasiab, Cabul, Ahmed Khel, and Candahar, and also a bronze star for those who had taken part in General Roberts's march to Candahar. On Monday the Viceroy held a Chapter of the Order of the Bath. General Stewart was invested with the Grand Cross. A Grand Durbar followed, which was attended by the Punjab chiefs and a large and brilliant gathering.

At Candahar all is tranquil, and traders continue to arrive in small parties from Herat and Cabul. Cabul also is perfectly calm. The story of the Ameer's murder arose from his having stayed too long at the house of his betrothed, whence a report of his murder spread through the bazaar, and gained such ground that he had to ride through the streets in order to demonstrate its groundlessness. He, however, has caused no little offence by marrying two of Sher Ali's widows, who were Duranis, to a Wardak and a Kohanisti General respectively. This marriage to members of an inferior race is considered to be a terrible insult.

As the rainfall has been deficient in North-Western India, a scarcity which although not amounting to a famine, but necessitating Government aid, is expected during the coming winter. Fodder is said to be especially scarce, and people are feeding their animals on leaves and withered rice.

**UNITED STATES.**—There is a calm in political circles after the stirring campaign of the past few months, and the Democrats have accepted their defeat with as much philosophy as our Transatlantic brethren are capable of. There is only one political incident to chronicle—an earnest appeal from General Sherman, the Commander-in-Chief, in his annual report, for the impartial treatment of coloured officers and privates in the service.

A terrible fire has occurred at St. Peter, Minnesota, where the Insane Asylum was partially burnt down. Ten or fifteen of the inmates were burnt to death. The 656 patients who were in the building were all let loose when the fire broke out.—The New York foreign trade returns still continue to show a large increase.

**SOUTH AFRICA.**—The situation grows more and more serious, and the Basuto revolt has now been complicated by an active resistance on the part of the Transvaal Boers to the British authorities. At Potchefstroom some 400 Boers assaulted the Sheriff, and seized a wagon about to be sold in execution for arrears of taxes. Troops have been ordered to the spot.

In Basutoland matters remain much the same save that General Clarke sustained a reverse on the 31st ult. He has now gone to King William's Land to superintend the operations generally, Colonel Carrington being left in command of troops in action. According to the official telegram dated 11th inst. no further extension of the rebellion is reported, and the Colonial forces on the frontier will shortly number 9,000 Europeans. There have been several encounters, in one of which Umhlonzo has been defeated by a colonial force under Mr. Hawthorn, who captured 600 head of cattle.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Nihilist trial in Russia has resulted in five of the prisoners being sentenced to be hanged, and the remaining eleven to terms of hard labour in the mines. Of the former three were reprieved, but two—Kviatkovsky and Presniakoff—were hanged on Tuesday. Some of the terms of hard labour were reduced.—In DENMARK an "oath" difficulty has arisen. Dr. Edward Brandes, a newly-elected Member of Parliament, who had previously declared his unbelief in a Deity, signed the usual oath on his entry. This, however, was objected to by another member, and a pretty little discussion is pending.—A colliery accident has occurred at Stellarton, NOVA SCOTIA, where some fifty men have been killed. The mine being on fire has been flooded.—In AUSTRALIA we hear from Melbourne that the noted bushranger, Ned Kelly, has been executed.



THE Queen will not return to Windsor till Wednesday next. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice are experiencing bitterly cold and snowy weather at Balmoral, and lately have been unable to make any lengthened excursions, but have driven in a sleigh round the immediate neighbourhood of the Castle. Several visitors have been entertained by the Queen, while on Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess were present at Divine Service, which was performed at Balmoral by the Rev. D. Strong, and in the evening Mr. Childers joined the Royal party at dinner. Immediately on her return to Windsor the Queen will hold a Council in order to prorogue Parliament from the 24th inst. to a later date.—It is asserted that the Queen will be present at the wedding of Prince William of Germany at Berlin next January, as the Prince will be the first grandson of Her Majesty to be married.

The Prince and Princess gave a large county ball at Sandringham at the end of last week, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Princess Louise, however, leaving before the ball. Fresh visitors arrived on Saturday, when the Prince and Princess drove over to Congham House, Mrs. Elwes' residence, and hunted with the West Norfolk Hounds. On Sunday the Prince and Princess with their children and guests attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, and next day the party broke up, the Prince going on Tuesday to stay with Mr. E. Birkbeck at Horstead Hall. On Thursday he would visit the Norfolk and Norwich Cattle Show, luncheon afterwards with Mr. Colman. Next week the Prince will stay with Lord Aveland at Oakham.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been on a tour of inspection in the North. On Tuesday he visited Newcastle-on-Tyne, making his brief stay as private as possible, and went down the river to Shields, where he went over the *Wellesley* and *Castor* training-ships, and afterwards drove to Tynemouth, to review the Coast-guard and Volunteer Life Brigade. Subsequently he returned to Whitburn Hall, to stay with Sir Hedworth Williamson, and in the evening the Whitburn fishermen went through rocket-drill by torchlight. On Wednesday the Duke visited Seaham and Hartlepool.—The Duchess of Edinburgh has inherited from the Empress of Russia the jewels given to his wife by the Czar, while the late Empress's State jewels have been presented to the Czarevna.—Prince and Princess Christian still have their two nieces staying with them, but Prince William was to leave for Germany yesterday (Friday). Princess Christian and Princess Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein spent Saturday in London, and on their journey home a slight accident occurred to the train, owing to a mistake at the time of slipping the Windsor carriages at Langley from the Plymouth express. No one was hurt, however. On Sunday Princess Christian, with her nieces and Prince William, attended the afternoon service at St. George's Chapel, and next evening Prince and Princess Christian and Prince William went to the Lyceum Theatre.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck and their family have returned to London, after spending two months in Scotland with the Countess of Hopetoun.—Princess Christian has consented to open a bazaar, to be held in the spring, on behalf of Mrs. Hilton's Crèche and Orphan Home, in Stepney Causeway.—After Crown Prince Rudolph's marriage the Empress of Austria will pay her usual hunting visit to Ireland, where she has taken Ormonde Castle, Kilkenny.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark will shortly come to England on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales; at present they are in Paris, where they have dined with President Grévy.—The second daughter of the Duc de Nemours, the Princess Blanche, will shortly marry Prince Louis de Ligne, grandson of the late well-known Belgian statesman.



**SPECIAL PRAYER FOR IRELAND.**—The Council of the Evangelical Alliance have issued a circular stating that the Irish Branch have appointed to-morrow (Sunday) as a day of special prayer on behalf of Ireland; and inviting members and friends in England to unite with them in supplication that the difficulties and sufferings now experienced in the sister island may be removed; and that the blessing of God may follow the afflictions and accompany the works of faith and love carried on for the welfare of the people. Prayer is also earnestly asked for the Government and all persons invested with authority and influence, that their endeavours may speedily lead to the restoration of good order and peace, with a spirit of loyalty—to the advancement of true religion and liberty.

**THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION and THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS ORDERS.**—Mr. C. L. Wood, the President of the English Church Union, has sent to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris a letter, signed by twelve Bishops, 2,500 clergymen, and 15,800 laymen, expressing their warm sympathy with "the victims of the persecutions to which the Religious Orders are now subjected in France," their indignation at "the violation of convents, and the profanation of chapels;" and assuring them that "whatever may be the differences which unfortunately exist between us on many points, and however grave they may be, in this respect we are heart and soul with you and the noble cause you are maintaining for the sacred cause of freedom and religion."

**A GREAT BELL FOR ST. PAUL'S.**—Canon Gregory, who is Treasurer to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, has made an appeal in *The Times* for subscriptions towards the provision of "a really great bell" for the Cathedral—one weighing about twelve tons, which would cost about 2,500*l.*, half of which sum has already been collected.

**MUSIC AT ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.**—A correspondent of the *Tablet* complains that there are only two or three churches in London where the music at High Mass is not of so execrating a character as to be a positive hindrance to devotion.

**THE LACK OF RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM in the Church of England** was strongly reprehended by the Bishop of Manchester, in his speech at Accrington on Monday. He remarked that a vast number of people attended Divine Service only to criticise the singing and preaching as they would a concert; and, pointing to the devotion of worshippers in the Church of Rome, said that, while he would not introduce any superstitious practices, he did wish to see congregations a little more devout.

**DULL SUNDAYS.**—Sir T. Chambers, Q.C., M.P., the Recorder of London, presiding on Monday at a conference held at the offices of the Sunday School Union, said that when travelling abroad it gave him intense pain to see the ordinary occupations of life carried on on Sundays in a manner unknown in London, where all the external indications of Sabbath observance were satisfactory; the very dullness of the metropolis being a great comfort to a Christian man. In Parliament there were many different opinions on the



subject; but he thought that the House of Commons had made up its mind to leave things as they stood.

THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY opened its fiftieth session on Monday, Sir H. Rawlinson, president and director, occupying the chair. Professor Monier Williams read a paper on "Indian Theistic Reforms," pointing out that Theism was really the original form of religion in India, and had never been wholly lost sight of by the people, however gross might have been the idolatry preached in some times or places; and giving a detailed account of the modern revivals and revivalists.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY have just received news of an attempt to murder Messrs. Comber and Hartland, two of their missionaries, who lately left England for Central Africa. They were entrapped by an urgent invitation to visit the Makuta towns, and savagely attacked. Both were injured, and one somewhat seriously by a bullet wound received while escaping.



CABINET COUNCILS were held on Wednesday and Friday last week and on Monday and Wednesday. Ireland is, of course, supposed to have been the subject of the deliberations, the immediate question being whether or no Parliament should be called together for a special Winter Session. Some lynx-eyed critics imagine that they have discovered a wide divergence of opinion in the speeches of the Premier and Lord Selborne, at the Guildhall, and those of Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain at Birmingham, and humour speaks of the "probable resignation of two Ministers." It is announced that to-day (Saturday) Her Majesty will hold a Council at Windsor.

THE COLSTON BANQUETS AT BRISTOL, in annual commemoration of Edward Colston, a great local benefactor, were held on Saturday. The chief speakers at that of the "Anchor" (Liberal) Society were Mr. Osborne Morgan, who said that Ireland had many enemies, but perhaps none had inflicted on her so much injury as those misguided men who were trying to force the hand of a friendly Government by inaugurating a reign of terror; and the Earl of Cork, who condemned the agitation which had openly declared that it was the separation of the two countries which was aimed at. At the Dolphin (Conservative) the principal guest was Sir Stafford Northcote, who compared the condition of the Irish farmers to that of the Jews under Nehemiah when they worked at the walls of Jerusalem with one hand, and held a weapon in the other. He admitted the great painfulness, difficulty, and responsibility of the position in which the Government were placed, and declared that the Conservative party were ready to take part in supporting the cause of law and order.

MANY OTHER POLITICAL ADDRESSES bearing upon the Irish crisis have been made during the week, but we have only space for very brief allusion to a few. Mr. Gibson, the late Attorney-General for Ireland, speaking at Bristol on Monday, blamed the Government for allowing the Peace Preservation Act to drop, though they had been warned against it by the Duke of Marlborough. The idea that the rejection of the Disturbances Bill by the House of Lords was the cause of the present condition of affairs was so absurd that he would not argue against it. The agitation was half disloyal and half communistic. A knowledge of the difficulties, anxieties, and responsibilities of the Government had made the country patient; but the time had now come for strong action for the restoration of peace and order.—On Tuesday, Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain were present at the opening of a new Liberal Club in Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain, who presided, spoke, *The Times* says, "as an automaton might be constructed to speak," referring first to local matters, then to foreign affairs, and finally to the Irish difficulty, declaring that the state of affairs had been greatly exaggerated, and that nothing could be more unconstitutional than to suspend all the safeguards of liberty at the first outbreak of disorder. Mr. Bright's speech related almost entirely to Ireland, and was mainly retrospective; but towards the end he said that to employ force as a remedy for a state of anarchy and confusion he did not believe would result in anything but disaster, but he believed that it was possible to frame a measure of legislation which would satisfy the great bulk of the Irish tenant farmers, and give them the security which they desired.

GENERAL SIR F. ROBERTS has returned from Afghanistan. On Tuesday, after a rough passage across the Channel, he landed at Dover, where he had a most enthusiastic reception, a large crowd accompanying him to the Town Hall, where he received a congratulatory address from the Mayor and Corporation, to which he replied with the modesty of a true soldier, accepting the welcome less as a personal compliment than as one intended for all the officers and men of the grand army, British and Indian, with whom he had been associated in the campaign. Sir Frederick Roberts came on to London the same evening.

MR. BRIGHT has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, getting a majority in all the four "Nations," and distancing Mr. Ruskin, who was the nominee of both Conservatives and Independents, by a total of 1,128 votes to 814. Whether Mr. Ruskin's recent letter to the students had anything to do with the result can, of course, only be conjectured.

MR. RUSKIN has been the victim of an "impudent hoax," some one having written in his name to the Secretary of the Art Classes at Chesterfield a long letter so cleverly imitating his polite style of epistolary correspondence that it was quoted as genuine by almost all the London daily newspapers. Mr. Ruskin in his letter of repudiation says that when he has any work in hand that he cares for, he does not read his letters as they arrive, but carries them about in his portmanteau, and looks at them as Ulysses at the bags of Æolus. He is sorry for the Chesterfield students, but for himself he is glad, "the howl of all the newspapers being magnificent." So, then, it seems that he does sometimes read the newspapers.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.—Dr. S. O. Habershon and Mr. J. Cooper Forster, the senior members of the acting medical staff, have at last resigned their appointments at Guy's Hospital, with which they have been connected for something like forty years. In their letters to the Governors, which have been published, both express their regret at being compelled to take such a step, in consequence of no change having been made in the mischievous nursing system about which they had complained, and Mr. Forster adds that recent events in the struggle have convinced him that the chances of wise and enlightened government for the Hospital are very remote. Perhaps now that the scandal has reached this stage, the general body of Governors will bestir themselves, and insist upon a thorough inquiry and a reform in the management of the institution.

SINGULAR LEGACIES.—The *Edinburgh Daily Review* says that the late Mr. Ellice, who was M.P. for St. Andrew's Burghs for upwards of forty years, has bequeathed 10*l.* each to a number of gentlemen to buy a mourning ring in token of his grateful remembrance of disinterested friendship and support during the long period of his political connections with their burghs, and also 5*l.* each to those who voted for him at his first election in 1837.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE CITY.—Further extensive experiments in street-lighting by electricity for a period of twelve

months have been decided on by the City Commissioners of Sewers. The total cost will be over 8,000*l.*, and the streets are divided into three districts, for each of which separate tenders by different companies have been accepted. The difference in the estimates is rather striking, one firm undertaking to provide 32 lamps, replacing about 150 gaslights, for 1,410*l.*, while another charges 3,720*l.* for the same number, which will replace only 138 gaslights.

THE COMING CENSUS.—More than fifty-seven tons weight of paper will be required for the Census in England and Wales. There will be 7,527,500 householders' schedules, 110,000 forms for vessels in the different ports, and 79,350 numerating books.

MR. MARK FIRTH, the founder of the Firth College at Sheffield, and the donor of a public park to the same town, was on Tuesday last seized with an attack of apoplexy, and has since been lying in a very critical condition.

GALES AND FLOODS have prevailed during the past week in the Midland counties and some of the Northern districts, and much damage has been done both inland and on the coast.

A CABDRIVERS' CLUB, to be called the "Centaur," has just been opened near Oxford-street. It is a large building, containing refreshment, billiard, smoking rooms, and lavatories, and it will be open day and night, every member of the Amalgamated Cabdrivers' Society being entitled to membership. One of the rules forbids intoxication, swearing, and bad language, on pain of expulsion.



POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the first Saturday afternoon concert Schumann's quartet in A major, last of the three dedicated—"in inniger Verehrung"—to Mendelssohn, was admirably played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. The second movement of this, an air with variations in the free style, and the quaint *finale*, in which monotony is avoided by repeated changes of key, would of themselves suffice to declare the hand of their composer. The pianist was Mdlle. Janotha, who, with her accustomed mechanical precision, gave Beethoven's (so-called by every one but Beethoven) second sonata (D major) for pianoforte and violoncello. Herr Straus introduced a *Saltarella* for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Mr. Zerbini), by the late regretted Molique, which he executed with a *brio* and facility that would have satisfied Molique himself. The vocalist was Mdlle. Antoinette Sterling, whose deep-toned, penetrating contralto and earnest expression had full scope in Schubert's *Lied*, "The Monk and the Crusaders," and Arthur Sullivan's "Thou art Weary"—in which we are reminded by Adelaide Proctor, at the end of each successive verse, that "life is dreary." The hall was crowded. On Monday evening, when, despite the weather, there was a large attendance, the capital piece was Mendelssohn's quartet in F minor, composed at Interlachen, some months before his death, and in all probability the last thing that came in a complete shape from his ever active pen. This great work, irreproachably rendered by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini and Piatti, created a profound impression, and, seeing the favour with which it was greeted, one could not but feel surprised that the present should only have been its third performance since the birth of the Monday Popular Concerts. Nevertheless, it cannot be heard too often. Signor Piatti, to whom we are indebted for the revival of so many examples of the old Italian school, played a sonata by Giuseppe Valentini, a violinist of renown during the first half of the 18th century. Many of his sonatas are written so as to suit either violin or violoncello, and the one to which we now refer belongs to them. Signor Piatti, a learned musician no less than an incomparable virtuoso, has constructed a pianoforte accompaniment upon the original "thorough bass;" and this materially enhances the effect of the sonata, which was played in absolute perfection. Mdlle. Janotha, again the pianist, chose for solo Chopin's laboured *Polonaise* in F sharp minor, joining Herr Straus and Signor Piatti in Mozart's sixth Trio (E major), a work all melody, after playing which on one occasion, Mendelssohn turned round to the company and said—"Ah! then, indeed, music was young." Young it was, and healthy too, as the vigorous existence of this trio, composed in 1788, affords ample proof. The singer on Monday night was Miss Annie Marriott, who contributed an air from *Allensandro*, seventeenth of Handel's thirty-nine Italian operas, besides *Lieder* by Schumann and Schubert.

MR. F. H. COWEN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The first of these newly-projected entertainments, the aim and plan of which have been already described, was held on Saturday night, at St. James's Hall, and may be recorded in certain respects as a legitimate success. That Mr. Cowen knows how to conduct an orchestra was shown conclusively at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and that for his own unaided venture he would provide a band strong at all points might have been taken for granted. An excellent company of musicians, too, he has engaged, exceeding in number Beethoven's ideal of "60." Their strength was put to the test by the 8th symphony of Beethoven (F), the overtures to *Anacreon* (Cherubini), and *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn) all most effectively given. About the remaining instrumental selections we can hardly speak in terms of unqualified approval. There were two quasi-concertos, with orchestral accompaniments, one by Mr. Oscar Beringer, another by M. Benjamin Godard. The work of Mr. Beringer, who was his own able exponent, had already been heard at the Crystal Palace. On closer acquaintance it makes much the same impression as before—an impression resulting from unquestionably clever mediocrity. How this composition in two movements (*Andante* and *Presto agitato* in E) found a place in the first programme exemplifying the scheme set forth by Mr. Cowen, in his preliminary announcement, it is hard to guess. Still harder is it to imagine any pretext for the introduction of such a piece as the so-called "Concerto Romantique" of M. Benjamin Godard, a second-rate French composer with Wagnerian proclivities, which, skilfully as it was rendered by M. Musin, few, we think, will care greatly to hear again. Side by side with these a selection of four numbers from the second set of "Hungarian Dances," by Brahms, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, and brilliantly executed by Messrs. Cowen and Beringer, was a relief. The specimen of English orchestral workmanship contained in this programme—an overture in C major, to *Corinne*, by Mr. Julian Edwards—cannot be accepted as an instance of progress in the right direction. It is vague and shadowy throughout, exhibiting slight faculty for development and slighter for contrapuntal treatment. Some will style it "independent;" but independence of thought in a young musician does not mean flying over the heads of Haydn and Mozart. Beethoven did nothing of the kind; nor did Mendelssohn; why then should Mr. Julian Edwards? What his overture has to do with Madame de Staël's celebrated novel Mr. Edwards himself can only explain; and he having failed to do so we are only left to conjecture. The vocalists at this concert were Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Santley, both singing their best, the lady selecting an air from Gounod's *Reine de Saba* and a charming song ("The rain is over") from Mr. Cowen's *Deluge*, the gentleman confining himself to "Si les filles des Arabes," the characteristic song of Ourrias the bull-tamer, in *Mireille*, second best, if

not indeed best, of Gounod's operas. Mr. Cowen met with a cordial reception, and the sooner he gives us his new Symphony in C minor (No. 3), the better.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madame Giovanni Zacchi has made a decided advance in public opinion by her performance of the heroine of *Lucrezia Borgia*, which, if by no means perfect, has very much to commend it. Signor Runcio was a more than acceptable Gennaro, and Signor Ordinas a not unacceptable Duke of Ferrara. At the second representation of *Lucrezia*, the part of Maffeo Orsini, owing to the absence of Madame Trebelli, was assigned to a new comer, Madame Amadi, who made a highly favourable impression, especially in the *brindisi*, "Il segreto per esser felice," which she sang with great spirit, winning, by general consent, an encore. Madame Amadi has a mezzo-soprano voice of agreeable quality and at easy command. Her singing is natural and unforced, and her manner prepossessing. She promises to be an acquisition to Mr. Armit's company. The recent performance of Rossini's *Barbiere* was chiefly remarkable for Signor Aldigheri's vivacious impersonation of Figaro; although the Bartolo of Signor Zoboli, a practised old "stager," was full of quiet humour, and Madame Bauermeister was an irreproachable Berta. The production of Signor Tito Mattei's new opera is postponed.

AN ORGAN RECITAL was given by Master J. F. Brewer on Monday last week at Lancaster Hall, Notting Hill. The performance of this rising and clever young artist was as a whole highly to be commended. He must, however, correct one grave fault, a tendency to hurry the *tempo*, which was perceptible in more than one of the pieces played by him. The programme included Mendelssohn's Organ Sonata No. 4, with which the player was overweighted; "Gavotte and Rondo" (E. Major), Bach; Prelude and Fugue (A minor) Bach; a Theme and Variations from a Septett by Beethoven, which was the best performance of the evening; and the overture to *William Tell*, which is thoroughly unsuitable for the organ, and but rarely well-played on that instrument. The organ, built by Westlake, "with all the modern improvements," is not yet in working order, and its vagaries would have unnerved many an older player than Master Brewer, who may be congratulated on his strength of nerve under difficulties.

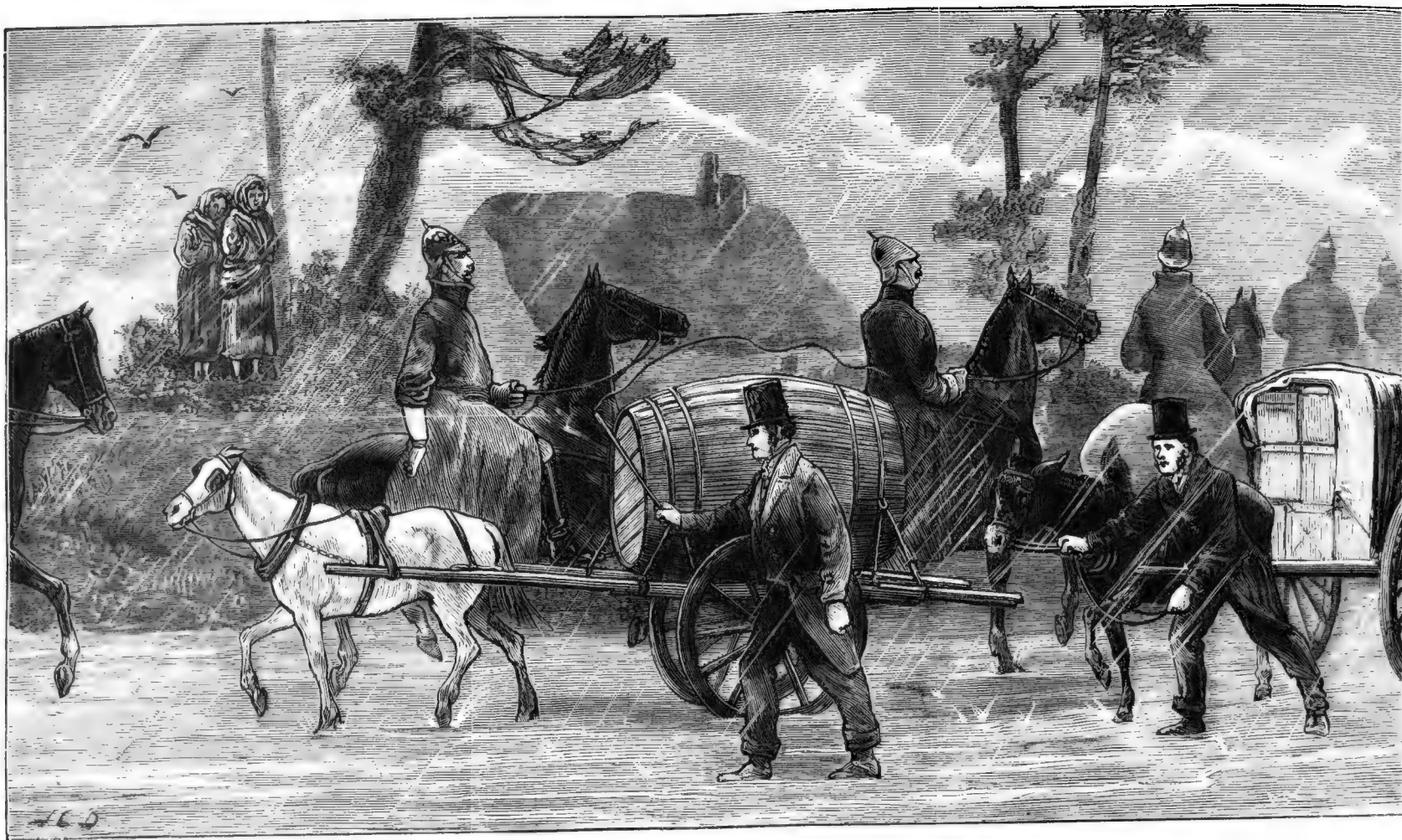
WAIFS.—At the last Crystal Palace Concert Mr. Charles Hallé played a pianoforte concerto (with orchestral accompaniments) by the late Hermann Goetz. Both concerto and performance, about which we shall have more to say next week, were eminently successful.—At the next concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (December 2) *Elijah* is to be given, with Madame Albani as leading soprano.—M. Lamoureux, late conductor at the Paris Grand Opera, and zealous promulgator of Handel's music in the French capital, has been in London for the last ten days. M. Lamoureux contemplates a series of choral and orchestral concerts here during the month of March, at which he will bring forward several works of interest from the pens of ancient and modern French composers, unknown on this side the Channel to any but musical bibliophiles.—The unveiling of the statue of Verdi, at Milan, is to be inaugurated next April at the Scala, with a special performance of his *Ernani*.—A musical society has been instituted at Bologna, under the suggestive nomenclature, *Silenzio!*



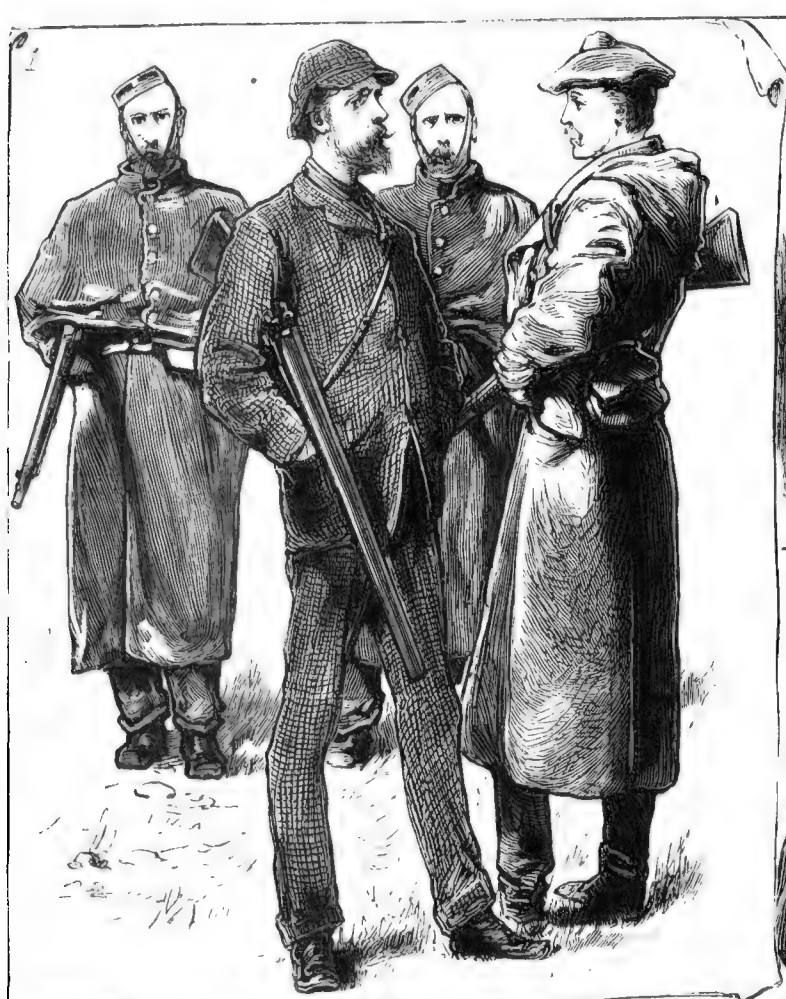
THE TURF.—The Liverpool Autumn Handicap has managed to accumulate some malodorous traditions round it, and the recent anniversary will be long remembered as by no means the least unpleasant. Mr. Gretton had two animals in it, Fernandez, the second in the Cambridgeshire, and Prestonpans, with either of which he could have won. Both were left in the day before the race, and in the afternoon Fernandez, who had been extensively backed by the public as avowedly the better of the two, came to a short price, and, indeed, was made first favourite of all the presumed starters. The pen, however, was ruthlessly put through his name in the evening, to the intense disgust of thousands who had laid out their money on him. Of course the whole defence for this eleventh-hour scratching, to the effect that "an owner may do as he likes with his own," was put forward, but to this we must respectfully, but strongly, beg to demur, except as a strictly legal statement. Without the public, who mainly find the funds, there would be hardly any stakes worth racing for, or bookmakers to enable owners to win large sums by backing their horses. When a horse is sent with his jockey to the place where the race for which he is entered is to be run, it is surely tantamount to a declaration that it is intended to run him. Fernandez was so sent, galloped on the course to the satisfaction of all beholders, and was left in the race till the evening before. This we hold was a moral promise on the part of his owner to start him, and the fact that Mr. Gretton won the race with his second string, Prestonpans, does not alter the case, and we are not the only ones who will consider this episode a big blot in the history of the Turf for 1880. The winner's performance was an excellent one, 8 st. 2 lb. being the highest weight a three-year-old has ever carried to victory in this race. Mr. Gretton, in stakes and bets, has thus got back the best part of, if not all, the 6,000 guineas which he gave for Prestonpans early in the year—a bargain which up till last week he seemed to have had far the worst of. Philammon, the Irish horse, kept up his reputation by running second; but the favourite, Toastmaster, could not get in the first three. In the Great Lancashire Handicap, on the following day, Valour, who was not in the hunt for the Cup, scored a victory, and Toastmaster improved on his running by getting second. The Irish division scored twice with Turco, winning a hurdle race and a steeple chase; and Athol Lad, who once used to fly at high game, earned three winning brackets in the Selling Plate line. This humbly victorious career he continued by winning the Abbey Stakes at Shrewsbury, which has been the chief meeting of the week. The Groby Nursery on the same day fell to Thunderstruck, Gladstone, the favourite, only getting fourth; and another comparative outsider in Skilleygollee secured the Cleveland Welter. On the second day the *pièce de resistance* was the Great Shropshire Handicap, in which the backers were sadly at fault in the limited field of nine, as Misenus, who won it, and Sidonia, who ran third, started at forlorn prices; while Speculation, the second, had four others before him in the betting. Prestonpans, who on the strength of his Liverpool Cup victory was made a hot favourite at 6 to 4, notwithstanding his 10 lb. extra, could only get fourth; while the two next favourites were beaten out of a place. Verily a caution to backers.

AQUATICS.—This week has been a memorable one for sculling on the Thames, but, as the International Regatta will not conclude till the last day of it, we must confine our brief remarks to the Championship of the World, contended between Hanlan the Canadian and Trickett the Australian. The latter in his own country had pretty well carried all before him, and in 1876, by beating J. Sadler on the Thames, won the proud title of Champion of the World. Hanlan has long been among the first of Transatlantic scullers, and by beating Elliott in June of last year became Champion of England. A contest between two such men was bound to be highly interesting, at least in anticipation, as Hanlan, a comparatively short and light man, represented the very perfection of style, and Trickett, a tall and heavy man, represented Herculean strength, though of course combined with science. But, as a matter of fact,





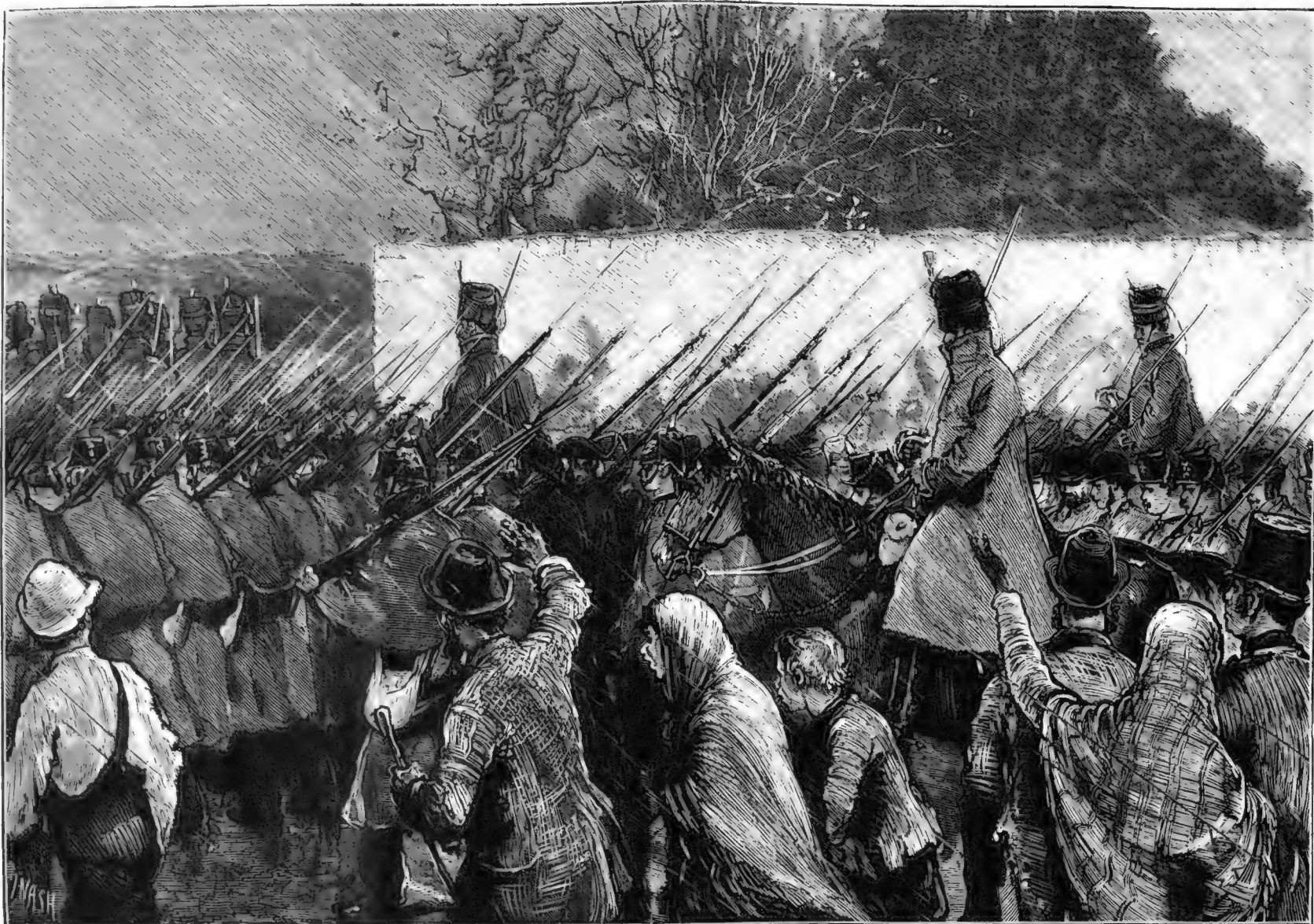
PROVISIONS FOR THE MILITARY



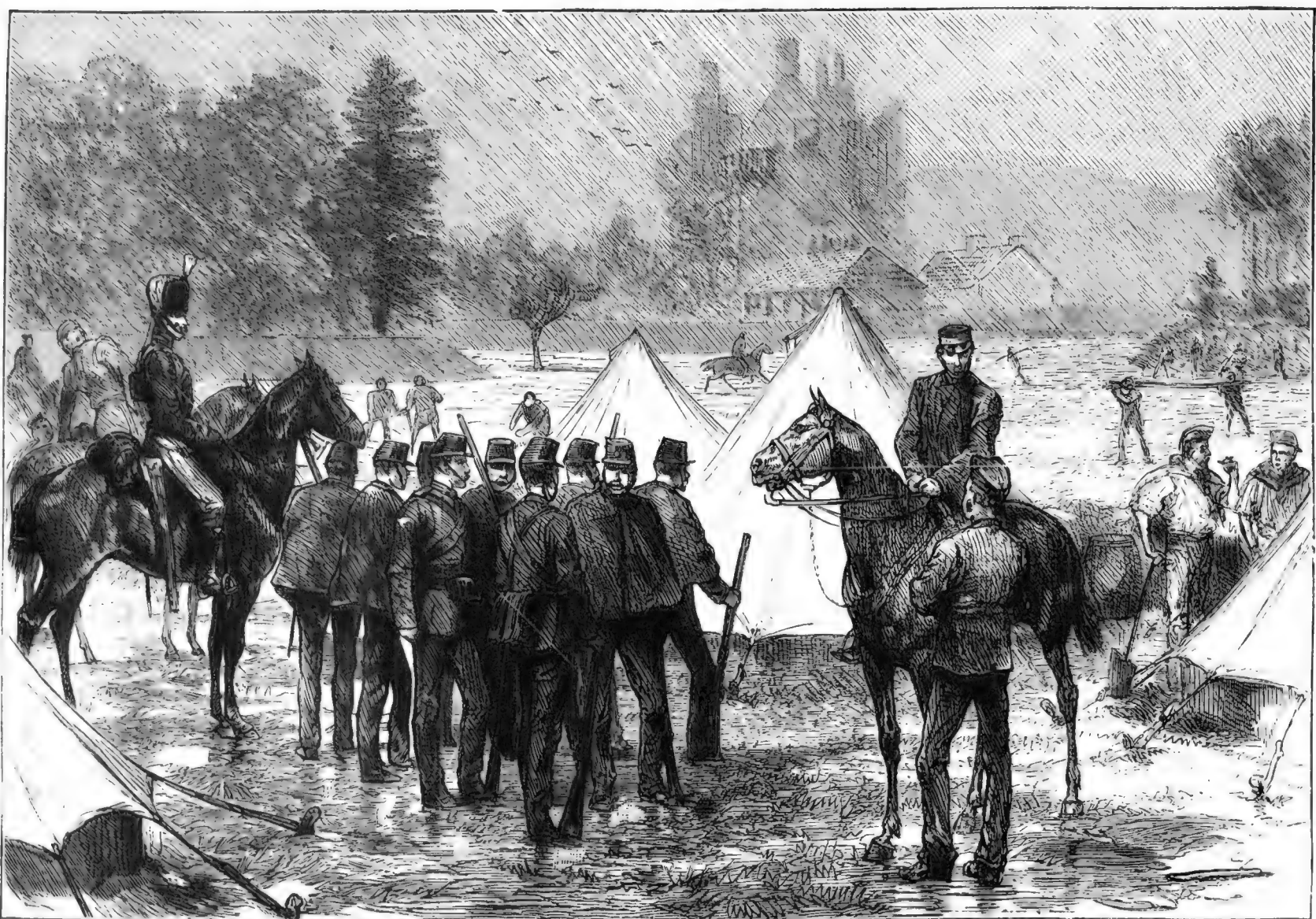
1. Captain Boycott and his Escort.—2. A Roadside Idyll.—3. Young Politicians.—4. Well Guarded.  
SKETCHES ON THE ROAD TO LOUGH MASK

THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND





THE TROOPS ESCORTING THE RELIEF LABOURERS FROM CLAREMORRIS TO BALLINROBE



CONSTABULARY AND LINE ENCAMPMENT IN THE GROUNDS OF LOUGH MASK HOUSE

THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND



there was little interest in the actual race itself, so little, indeed, that even brief details are hardly worth giving. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the Canadian had it all his own way from the first, literally playing with his man as he liked, and eventually winning by three or four lengths, though had he so minded he might have made it thirty or forty. The wagering showed that Hanlan was most fancied, but his absurdly easy victory was certainly of the nature of a surprise, and the Australian party must have pretty well lost all their winnings on Laycock's victories. Trickett was perhaps somewhat overtrained, and his style certainly did not show to advantage, while that of Hanlan was perfection itself, especially in his use of the sliding seat.

**FOOTBALL.**—There have been some busy doings in connection with the Association Challenge Cup: the Remnants and Royal Fencers played a drawn game; Darwen has beaten Brigg; and Maidenhead and the Old Harrovians have played an undecided game.



THE revivals of once popular but now forgotten pieces which were commenced by the management of the Gaiety Theatre during the summer months have been resumed, after a considerable interval, and two Wednesday afternoons have been devoted to representations of Henry Carey's *Chrononhotonthologos*, a burlesque tragedy originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre in the year 1734. With this has been associated Douglas Jerrold's *Black Eyed Susan*, which can hardly be classed among forgotten pieces, though it may fairly be said to belong to the days to which Mr. Hollingshead in his derisive way delights to apply the old proud epithet of "palmy." As regards Carey's burlesque it may at least be said to rank among the curiosities of the stage; but after all the most curious thing about it is that it should have attained, as it undoubtedly did, a long and enduring popularity. Rigidum-fundidos and Aldiborontiphosphorhio, not to speak of the king whose formidable name gives the title to the play, furnish many an allusion in the works of English authors from the days of Fielding to those of Sir Walter Scott and even later; and one passage has even become a stock example of the mock heroic style:—

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called,  
And let the man that calls it be the caller,  
And in his calling let him nothing call,  
But coach! coach! coach! Oh for a coach, ye gods!

It is to be feared that the satirist on this occasion had in view no less sacred an object than King Richard III.'s frenzied call for "a horse," for in the days of King George II. Shakespeare, though in some degree of favour both with readers and playgoers, was yet regarded as a wild irregular genius, who with all his merits was given to extravagances not to be patiently endured by the admirers of Mr. Addison's *Cato*. This burlesque tragedy was generally an attempt to turn into ridicule both the inflated style of verse and the bombastic style of acting then very much in vogue; but it was inferior to its model, Fielding's *Tom Thumb*. The tyrant king raves very absurdly, and kills his cook because he has given him hashed pork for dinner, and saucily defended his conduct; he then fights with the commander-in-chief of his forces, and is himself slain; the commander then kills the Court doctor because he is unable to bring the king to life again, and afterwards commits suicide; whereupon the queen marries both her late husband's Ministers, and the curtain falls. The fun of all this is now not very apparent, but as originally acted it consisted of course in parody of something familiar to the eyes and ears of playgoers. In these days acting tends rather to the tame imitation of commonplace everyday life than to stilted exaggeration. The smaller size of our theatres has encouraged a more delicate and less obtrusive style, and it is only in provincial towns or in one or two of the vast theatres of suburban London that anything approaching to the old mouthing and ranting style can easily be found. This, perhaps, more than the oblivion that has overtaken those old contemporary tragedies which furnished for the most part the basis of Carey's satire, will perhaps explain why *Chrononhotonthologos*, which continued to be occasionally revived down to fifty or sixty years ago, is now finally relegated to the category of the unacted and unactable drama. To tell the truth the Gaiety company make no effort, and seem even to be unaware of the necessity for making an effort, to deliver the lines in the high-sounding, ranting fashion which is appropriate to such mock-heroic productions. The traditions, in fact, appear to be almost entirely lost, though any one who has ever seen *Bombastes Furioso*, the latest and one of the best of pieces of this kind, tolerably well performed as it has been at a not very remote period, must have a pretty correct notion of the true vein. The performance fell rather flat, though the management have, without much regard to the rule of congruity, introduced into this production of the early part of the eighteenth century the essentially latter day absurdities of the "Rajade Troupe," who nightly appear in Mr. Burnand's and Mr. Stephens's amusing parody of *The Corsican Brothers*.

Possibly the revival of *Black Eyed Susan*—the unmutated version, as we are publicly reminded—is considered to be justified by the circumstance that the old piece has recently been rewritten by Mr. Wills, because, as he has explained, the original is considered to have become hopelessly old-fashioned. Undoubtedly the dialogue does strike one as extremely artificial, and the incidents of the earlier scenes are, it must be confessed, introduced in a rather primitive way. But there are certain dramatic qualities in the piece, after all, which secure it a respectful and even a cordial welcome. It is by no means ill-played by the hastily recruited company who sustain its leading characters. Miss Wills is an intelligent actress who does not fail to endow Susan with the attributes of honest affection and genuine feeling; and Mr. Redmond is a bold and dashing William, who refrains from swagger, and conducts himself with manly resignation under his severe trials. Something, too, has been done to give a picturesque air to the revival. The dances outside the Deal ale-house are spiritedly managed. Moreover, the services of Mr. Newcombe have been engaged for the efficient rendering of the ballad written by Gay, and set to music by Dibdin; while that accomplished dancer, Mr. D'Auban, attired as a man-o'-war's man for the occasion, dances a hornpipe with a spirit and ease that would have rejoiced the heart of Mr. T. P. Cooke. This incident, we may nevertheless observe, tends to throw the hornpipe of William somewhat in the shade—a thing which, in the days of that famous impersonator of gallant sailors—the original representative, by the way, of William—would certainly not have been tolerated.

The next revival of *Masks and Faces* at the HAYMARKET Theatre will be distinguished by even greater attention to scenery and costumes than has yet been bestowed upon that excellent comedy. Some picturesque interiors have been painted with this view, and designs for costumes of the period of King George II. have been prepared by Mr. Lewis Wingfield. The theatre will, however, reopen on the 27th instant, not with this play, but with a revival of *School*, which was attracting good audiences when the Haymarket, according to standing arrangement, was let by Mr. and Mrs. Dancroft to Mr. J. S. Clarke for the autumn season. A new comedy by Mr. Burnand is also in preparation.

The production of the new farcical comedy at the CRITERION

with the strange title of *Where's the Cat?* announced for Wednesday last, has been postponed till this evening. According to the *Daily News* it is an adaptation of a German piece with a similar name which was performing in Berlin about a year ago.

The long-contemplated appearance of the company of the "Hof-theatre" at Meiningen is now definitely arranged to take place at DRURY LANE Theatre in May next. They will open with *Julius Caesar*, and will play other plays of Shakespeare, together with plays of Schiller, Molière, Lessing, and some modern German dramatists.—At SADLER'S WELLS *The Road to Ruin* has been revived, with Mr. Charles Warner in the part of Young Dornton, which is one of the finest performances of that actor.—The great popularity of the new burlesque of *The Corsican Brothers* has induced Mr. Hollingshead to give two representations daily by the same performers—a very unusual, probably, indeed, an unprecedented event. The day performance is at the IMPERIAL Theatre, the evening performance at the GAIETY Theatre.

In our last week's issue, commenting upon the slovenly way in which even performers of high position are accustomed to deliver poetical lines, we took occasion to refer to Mrs. Arthur Stirling—till lately known as Mrs. Charles Vyner—as a lady conspicuous on the contrary for her beautiful elocution; but unfortunately by the accidental omission of the Christian name, we appeared to refer to another lady. Mrs. Stirling, who is now delighting audiences at the Haymarket with her impersonation of Mrs. Malaprop, we all know as an actress unrivalled in her way, but not an actress whom we associate with the delivery of verse in poetical plays. We make this correction in simple justice to the lady to whom our remarks were intended to apply.

**THE EGYPTIAN HALL.**—Mr. Maskelyne, who has so long and so often succeeded in making our eyes "the fools of the other senses," and whose marvellous inventive powers seem to be perfectly inexhaustible, has now produced an optical illusion which is, if possible, even more puzzling than any which this prince of modern miracle-workers has ever before placed before an astounded public. It is entitled *Cleopatra's Needle*, and is introduced by means of an amusing pantomimic sketch, illustrative of "The Temptations of Good St. Anthony," as described in the well-known old song. The living men who personate Mephisto and his attendant imps come upon the stage in rapid succession from the interior of a lath-and-canvas model of Cleopatra's Needle, which is only seven feet in height and eighteen inches in width; and which is previously shown to be empty by being lifted from the low stool on which it stands, and to which there is apparently no possible means of access from above, below, or around. Mr. Maskelyne claims that the illusion is effected by the application of an entirely novel principle, the use of mirrored-tables and other old-fashioned accessories being entirely superseded. Certain it is that during the sketch the performers are constantly moving about the full extent of the stage in all directions, evidently for the express purpose of showing that the scenery, &c., is real and not merely a reflection, and the effect produced is of the most bewildering character. Psycho, after a successful run of more than four thousand performances, has been withdrawn; but amongst the puzzling items which still make up Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's programme are the performances of Zoe, the sketching automaton; Fanfare and Labial, the musical automata; the new apparatus by which a cornet is played upon while it is being actually handed about amongst the audience; Mr. Maskelyne's plate-spinning feats; and the decapitation extravaganza, entitled *Scrivens in Two Pieces*. In most of these some notable modifications have been made, the effects being thereby rendered, if possible, more inexplicable than before.

The present programme at the WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM is one of considerable interest, the chief attraction being the Grand Cirque. Perhaps the most remarkable part of the entertainment is the marvellous somersault throwing by the Arab Troupe, and the sensational riding on bare-backed horses by Mr. Alfred Clarke; but there are several other interesting features, notably the sagacity shown by the cleverly trained elephants "Jemimah" and "Abdella," and the leaping over several horses by the vaulters of the company, headed by Mr. James Madigan, who concludes the act by executing a double somersault. The Beckwith Family and Farini's Zulus are included in the other attractions.

**HENGLEY'S CIRCUS.**—Mr. Charles Hengler and his equestrian company began their winter season at the circus in Argyll Street on Saturday. The programme, which was admirably carried out, contained all the usual items common to entertainments of this nature, such as leaping on bare-backed steeds, and the exhibition of trick horses as highly trained as a cultured French poodle. Foremost amongst the latter is the leaping mare "Brunette," put through her paces by Mr. C. Hengler himself, while a novelty is introduced in the form of a performing bull "Toro." This animal—which, by the way, in appearance is far more like an English shorthorn than the fiery Spaniard of the Madrid arena—goes through a number of tricks, and jumps a hurdle or puts his feet on a tub with all the docility and obedience that could be wished for. The clowns, Le Quips, and Willie Templeton the "Lyrical Momus," are as comical as ever, while the whimsicalities of the gymnasts Nicola, Gustavo, and Carlo Fratellini, and the bicyclist feats of the Telbini and Villion Troupe contribute greatly to the amusement of the evening.



THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY have been taught that, although the law itself moves with a stately deliberation which is extremely irritating to suitors, it will not overlook any breach of promptitude on the part of would-be litigants. The action brought by them against an Oxford Street silversmith, claiming penalties amounting to over 6,000*l.* for having sold some silver plate bearing a forged imitation of their mark, has fallen through because it was not brought on in time. Justices Field and Manisty heard the case last week, and on Wednesday gave judgment for the defendant on the above ground.

A "PURELY SCOTCH QUARREL."—In the Common Pleas Division on Tuesday, Dr. Charles Rogers, a Scotch minister, brought an action for alleged libel which had appeared in the *Scotsman* reflecting on his conduct in connection with the movement for erecting the Wallace Memorial; but the jury stopped the case and returned a verdict for the defendant. Lord Coleridge said that there was no shadow of pretence for the action, and complained that the time of the Court should be occupied with a purely Scotch quarrel because the plaintiff wished to advertise himself and his virtues to a special jury.

**IMPRISONMENT FOR LIBEL.**—Mr. Finley, the late editor of the *Hull Packet*, has been fined 50*l.* and sent to prison for a month for publishing a libel on Lieutenant-Colonel Sauer, of the East York Artillery Volunteers, the article complained of having reference to a quarrel between the officers of the corps. The defendant read an affidavit, stating that he regretted having been carried away by his feelings to write what he now felt was an unwarrantable libel.

**TRAMCAR CONDUCTORS.**—We are glad to see that the directors of the London Tramways Company have rescinded the regulation which made the manager of the Company the sole arbiter in all disputes between the Company and its conductors, thus giving him power to confiscate the 5*l.* deposit which each man pays in on entering the service. The manifest unfairness of the clause had been

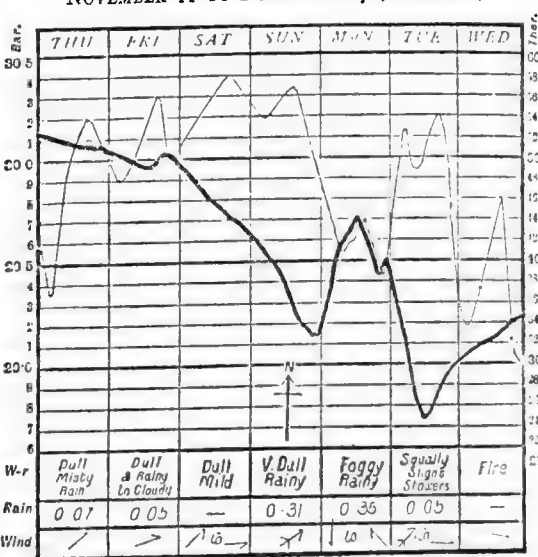
commented upon by two or three police magistrates, and, if we remember rightly, by the judge of a Superior Court also.

THE THREE CARD TRICK may be practised in railway carriages with impunity, that is, if a certain Liverpool magistrate be right in his interpretation of the law, refusing to entertain a charge of gambling, on the ground that he had no jurisdiction, because a railway carriage was not "a place to which the public had access."

A FATAL MUTINY OF CONVICTS took place at Dartmoor on Friday last. A gang employed in a quarry outside the prison suddenly turned upon the warders who were on guard over them, one of whom, named Westlake, after being knocked down with a crowbar, jumped up and fired his rifle at the escaping mutineers, one of whom was killed and another wounded. The rest were cowed into submission, and all were then got safely into the prison. The convict Bevan, who was killed, was undergoing a sentence of twenty-five years for a murderous assault on an old lady at Bristol. The coroner, in opening the inquest, told the jury that they would have to consider whether Westlake had exceeded his duty.

**CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.**—Hartley, the Manchester chemist, has been convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. Bardsley and Smithson, the two men who were charged as accessories after the fact, pleaded not guilty, and were acquitted.—At Hull, on Tuesday, a policeman murdered his wife by cutting her throat, and afterwards committed suicide by hanging himself.—A reprieve has, we are glad to see, been granted to Alice Maud Pickering, the wretched girl-wife to whose case we last week referred in a note headed "Murder and Manslaughter." Elizabeth Stacey, another woman recently sentenced to death for the murder of her child, has also been reprieved.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK NOVEMBER 11 TO NOVEMBER 17 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of this period has been extremely dull and unsettled. Barometrical pressure was tolerably steady during the first two days, the weather at the same time being very mild, dull, and damp, but on Saturday (13th inst.) the mercury began to be affected by some deep depressions which were appearing on our western coasts, and a very brisk fall took place until Sunday evening (14th inst.), by which time a serious area of low pressure was found south-westward to the westward of the British Isles, but its motion across our islands was very rapid, and by Monday morning (15th inst.) it had apparently reached Norway. The barometer rose quickly in its rear, and the weather improved somewhat, but these favourable changes did not continue long, for on Monday morning (15th inst.) a new disturbance was already appearing in the west. In the afternoon a small shallow system was found over St. George's Channel, and, as it passed over us in the evening, it caused heavy rain, and a renewal of the westerly gale. This little system was, however, but the precursor of a much more serious one, which, by Tuesday morning (16th inst.), had advanced to Wales, the readings in the centre of which were as low as 28.50 inches. Serious gales again blew in the south, and heavy showers fell in most places, although in London the weather remained tolerably fine. The disturbance passed quickly, easterly in the course of the day, and the barometer has since risen steadily, while the weather has remained fair and dry. Temperature is much lower than it was at the commencement of the week, and there was a sharp frost on Wednesday night (17th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.13 inches) on Thursday (17th inst.); lowest (28.75 inches) on Tuesday (16th inst.); range, 1.38 inches. Temperature was highest (58°) on Saturday (13th inst.); lowest (30°) on Wednesday (17th inst.); range, 28°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.85 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.35 inches, on Monday (15th inst.).

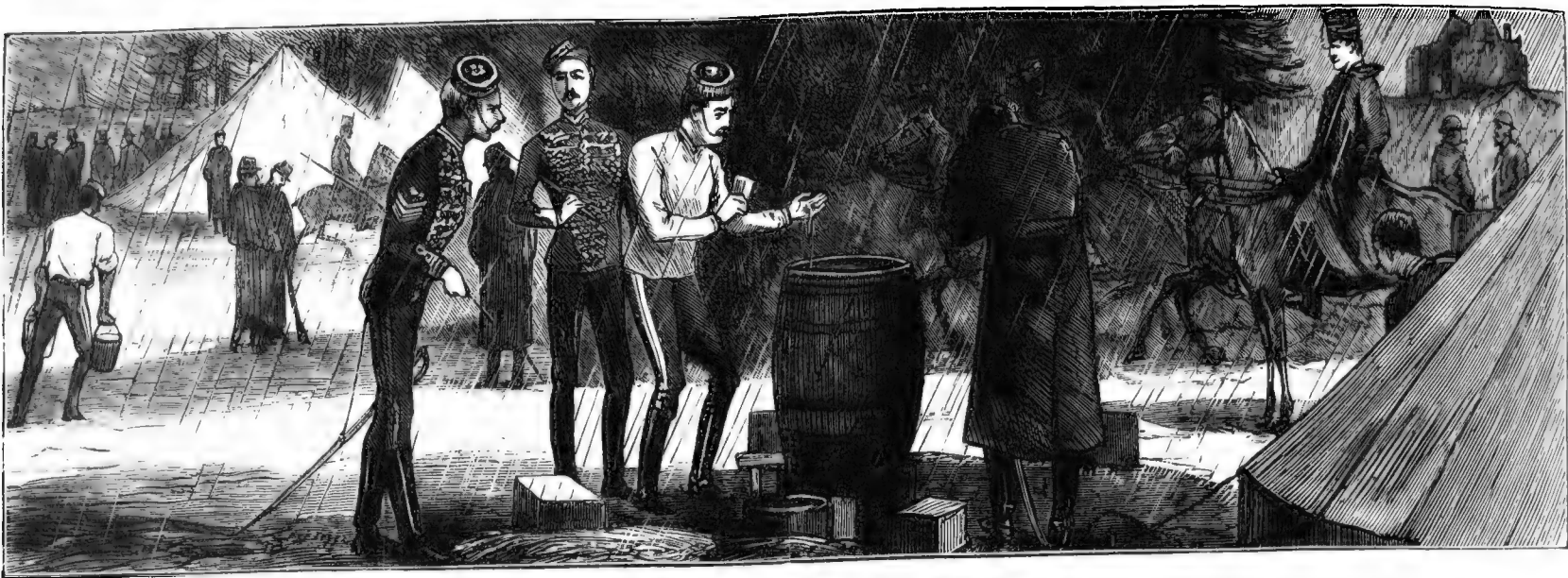
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,636 deaths were registered, against 1,513 during the previous seven days, an increase of 123, being 17 above the average, and at the rate of 23.3 per 1,000. Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 421 from 355 the previous week (exceeding the average by 9), of which 271 were attributed to bronchitis and 99 to pneumonia. There were 17 from small-pox (an increase of 10), 47 from measles (an increase of 20), 84 from scarlet fever (an increase of 14), 16 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 17 from whooping cough (an increase of 7), 22 from different forms of fever, and 21 from diarrhoea (a decline of 14). There were 2,538 births registered against 2,706 during the previous week, being 80 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46.3 deg., 2.9 deg. above the average. There were 7.8 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being 63.5 hours above the horizon.

A NATIONAL ART GALLERY has been inaugurated at Sydney, New South Wales. The Gallery owes its existence to the "New South Wales Academy of Art," which was established in 1871. After frequent efforts had been made to obtain some recognition from the Government, a vote of 500*l.* was accorded to the Society in 1874, and next year a proposal that a sum of 1,000*l.* should be put upon the estimates in aid of the Academy was carried in Parliament. In the commencement of 1876, accordingly, the Governor in Council appointed the Hon. Sir Alfred Stephen and Messrs. E. L. Montefiore, E. Du Faur, J. R. Fairfax, and J. H. Thomas to be the trustees for administering the "votes of Parliament towards the formation of a Gallery of Art and in aid of the New South Wales Academy of Arts." From that time various votes have been accorded by Parliament for this purpose, until at the present time New South Wales possesses a very fair nucleus for a National Gallery. The collection includes, amongst others, pictures by H. S. Marks, R.A., Alfred Elmore, R.A., W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., J. E. Hodgson, R.A., A. Gow, Keeley Halswelle, A.R.S.A., J. R. Dicksee, Carl Bauerle, B. Colles Watkins, R.I.A., J. F. Portals, and some fifty other well-known artists, in addition to a collection of *Graphic* sketches, being the original drawings from which several of our best engravings have been taken. The Academy also contains a few statues, of which one, "Retaliation," by C. B. Birch, A.R.A., was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1878, and various miscellaneous articles of *verre*. The collection has now been formally named "The Art Gallery of New South Wales," and has been for the first time suitably lodged in the Gallery which was erected as an annexe to the Sydney International Exhibition. A site, however, has been chosen, and the money voted for the erection of a permanent National Gallery Building.

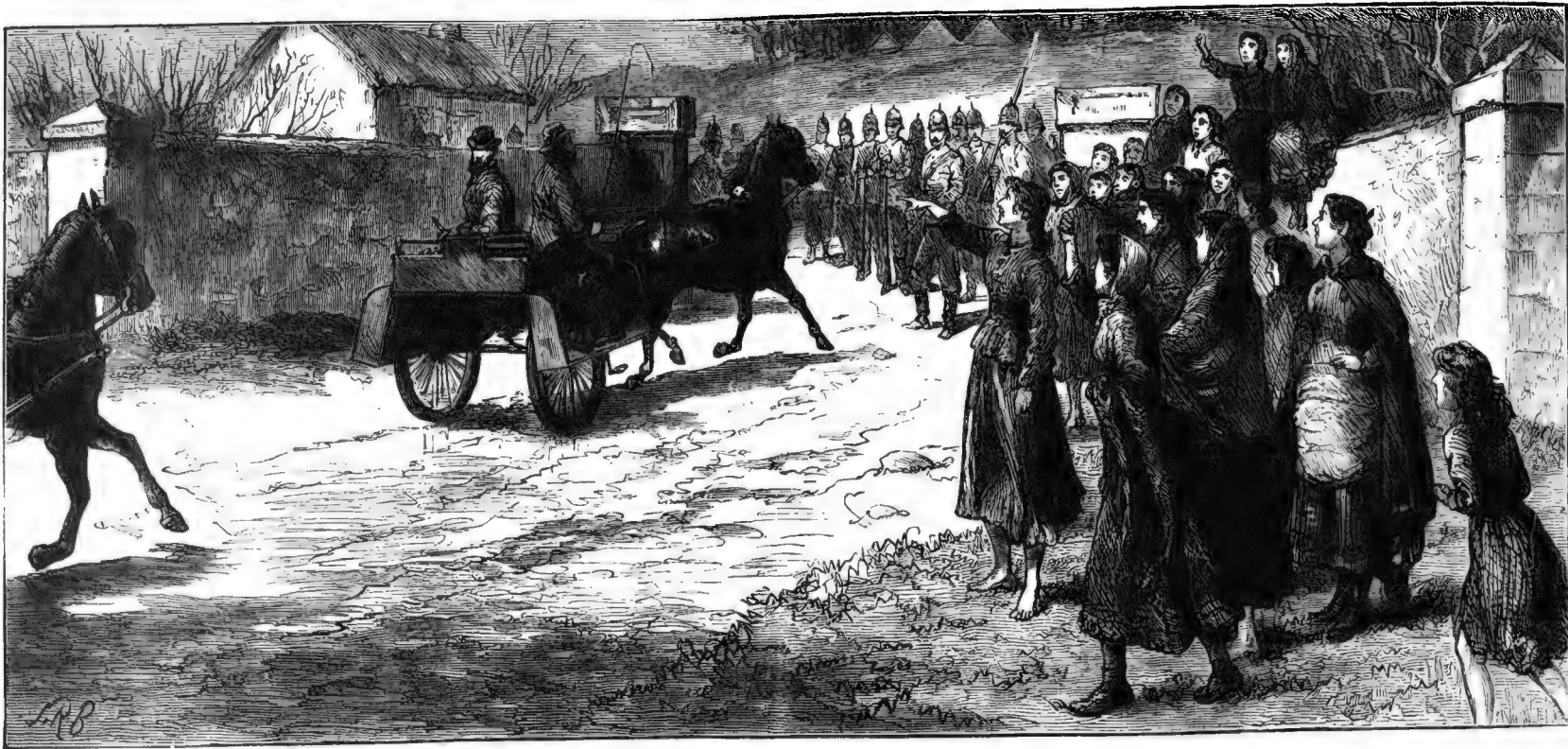




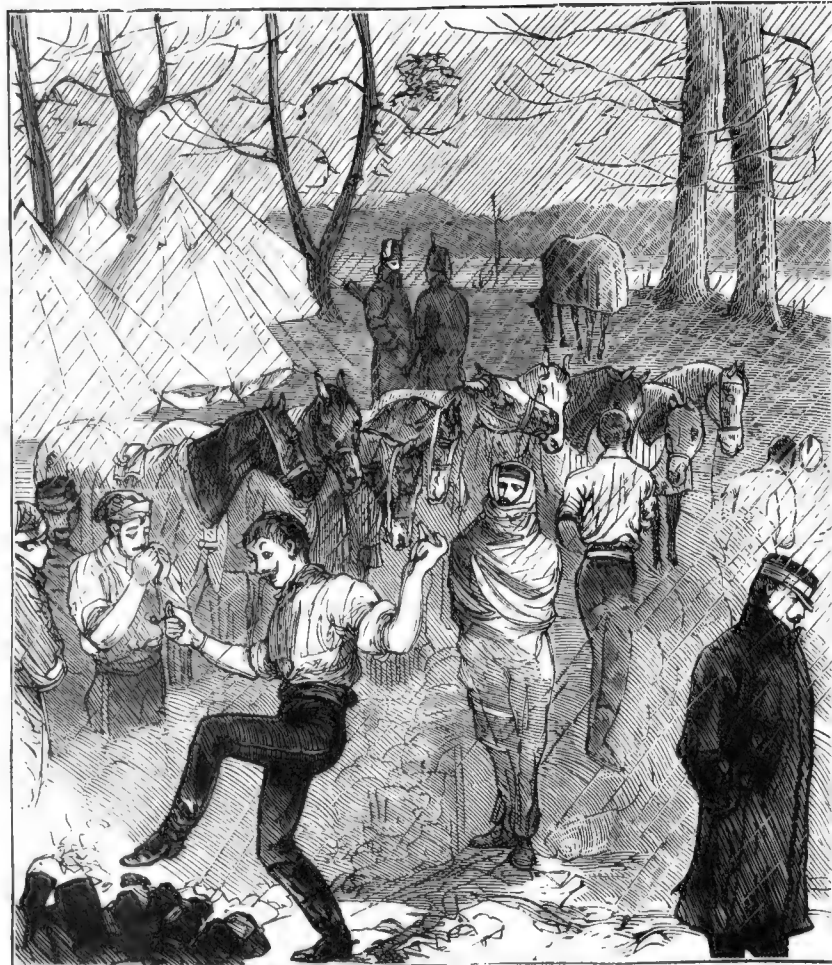




IN CAMP AT LOUGH MASK—TASTING THE BEER



RECEPTION OF OUR ARTIST AT THE LODGE GATES OF CAPT. BOYCOTT'S HOUSE



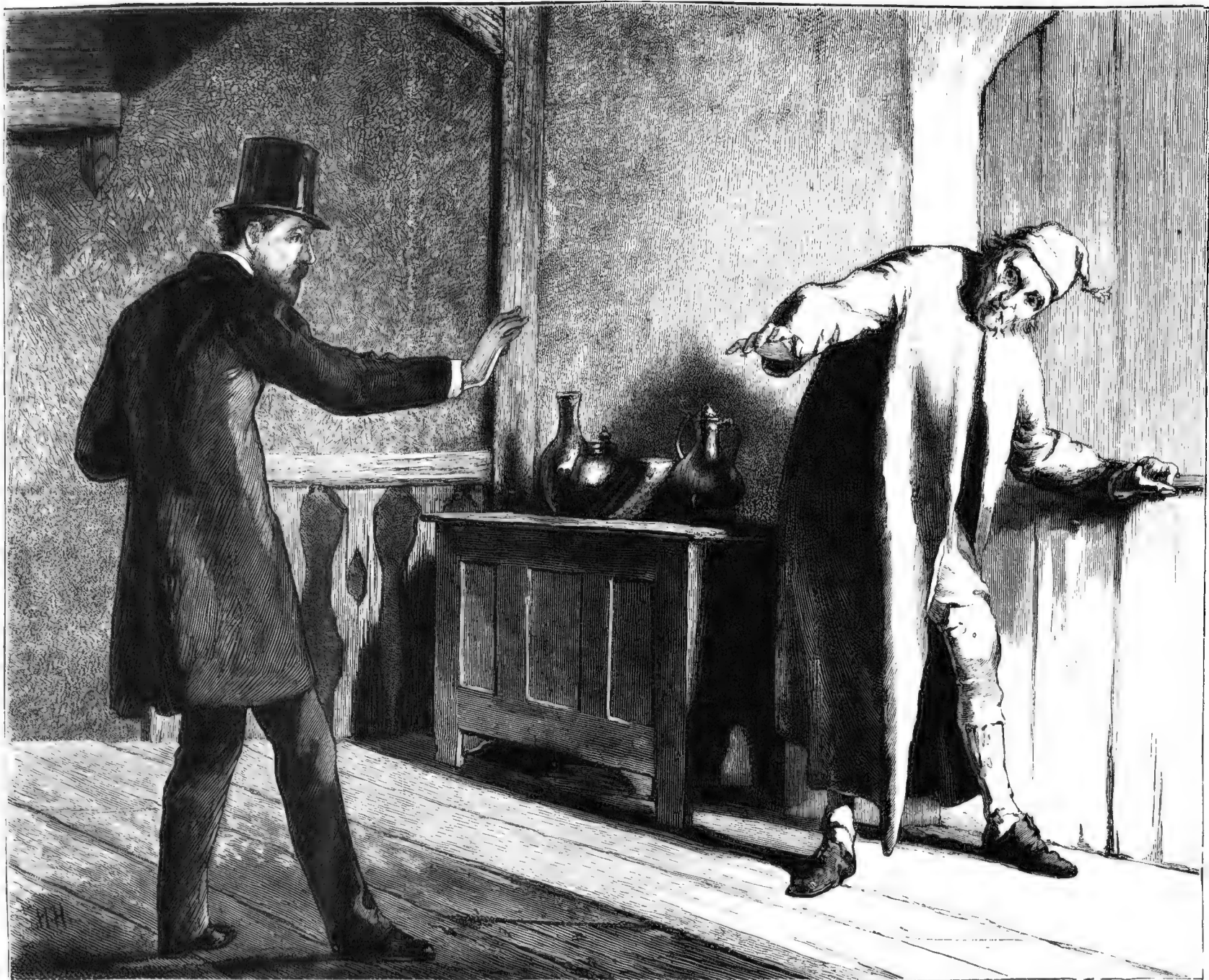
THE GAY HUSSAR—EVERYTHING DAMPED BUT HIS SPIRITS



AT BALLINROBE—THE CAR DRIVER REFUSES TO GO ON : "POLICE TO GET DOWN"

THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND





Herr Zschokke started at the sound, and shot a guilty glance at me from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

## A DOOR WITH TWO LOCKS

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

V.

"SHE got up as if she had been galvanised, and hurried to the window with the blundering step of those whose thoughts have left their bodies behind. With hands the trembling of which was perceptible, she raised the sash and peered out.

"Is that you, daughter? Connie, is that you?"

"It is I, Mrs. Cambryn. Constance is not here, then?"

"Mr. Blount? What is the matter—tell me at once! She went out quite four hours ago. Have you met them?"

"I know nothing about her. Who was with her?—Fellowes?"

"Yes; but do come in, Mr. Blount; you have startled me dreadfully, and I have been feeling nervous for some time." I put my knee on the sill, and stepped into the room. "They went out just for a turn in the shrubbery," she said. "That it was at nine o'clock. It is after one now. I can't think where they can be. They have not been at your house at all?"

"No. You had better keep calm, Mrs. Cambryn, so that we may think what can be done. What had you been doing before they went out?"

"Oh, we had been having a *séance*; a most interesting and important one; Mr. Fellowes, you know, has great power,—he can do anything with Connie. He has been operating upon her every day for some time past. We had some most valuable results. His magnetic power is wonderful."

"What did your daughter have on when she went out?"

"Just her hat and cloak; I made her put on her cloak, because these October nights are so cool. But four hours seems such a long time!"

"Had Fellowes been here all day?"

"Oh no; he came just before tea,—about six. He had been here for half an hour or so in the forenoon. I was afraid some accident might have happened either to him or to her, and—"

"Did he come this evening on foot, or in a waggon?"

"On foot; or at least I think so; but once or twice he has come in a waggon and put it up in the barn at the corner of the field below. Oh, do you think it could have been a carriage accident? He was always wanting Connie to drive with him, but she would not; she behaved very ungraciously to him, I must say,—except when he had magnetised her. Then she was much more manageable. Oh dear! I hope he hasn't been thrown out! Oh, what should we do if he has been thrown out and killed! And just as we were getting on so well!"

"Mrs. Cambryn, you're not fit to have a daughter! What would you do if Constance was abducted?—that is the question now!"

"What do you mean? By whom?"

"Abducted by a blackguard adventurer . . . Was it a part of your plan that Fellowes should be your daughter's husband?"

"Mr. Blount! He Connie's husband? How can you speak of such a thing! I'd—I'd sooner have her to marry you! Connie is to be the wife of a nobleman!"

"You may consider yourself very lucky if she becomes the wife of a fortune-hunter! Do you know what Mr. Fellowes is?" And then I told her, in as few and as forcible words as I could use, about my interview with him three days before; and I finished by mentioning the sounds I had heard this night. "My belief is," I added, "that he has taken her off, for reasons and by means which you ought to know better than I, and this is the end of your grand scheme of recovering your English estates!"

"Up to this moment, I had felt only anger and uncharitableness towards Mrs. Cambryn; but after I had said these words, I could not help pitying her. She looked at me with an appalled gaze for a little, and then sank down in a strengthless way upon a chair. I suppose the realisation of all the folly, wrong, and profanation of which she had been guilty, came over her all at once. She made no attempt to assert herself, or to defend her conduct. She was tremulous, helpless, and full of terror. She had set her soul so entirely upon this enterprise, that when this disastrous turn of events came she had nothing on which to support herself. I had thought that she would be slow to believe the worst; that she would struggle against conviction to the last. But it was not so. Heaven knows what she and Fellowes, between them, may have done to Constance, in their accursed eagerness to pierce the veil of human limitations, and to discover what was hidden. At all events, the spectacle of the present wretchedness was more than I cared to dwell upon."

"Something must be done immediately," I said. "Have you any idea, from anything you have noticed, where they are likely to have gone?"

"I cannot think of anything; I never dreamed of such a thing as this; I should think the spirits might have forewarned me!" she moaned out.

"You think she went against her will?"

"I don't know; and he was able to control her will, you know."

"Did they have any money with them?"

"Not that I know of. Mr. Fellowes had said we should need money; he had offered to manage our money affairs for us; and he knew—he found out that Constance had a few thousand dollars of her own in the Beacon Hill Bank in Boston."

"Then that will be the first place to go for news of them. Do you authorise me to go after them and take her from him?"

"Oh, if you only would, Mr. Blount! I can do nothing—I feel as if I were going to die. Connie always wanted to marry you, and that is the truth; but the spirits seemed to be so decidedly opposed to it that I could not go against them. She was very unhappy; sometimes she was almost desperate; but generally I could control her; she was so susceptible of spiritual influences. I can't think how this happened; Mr. Fellowes never showed the least partiality to her, except as a means of finding out the truth; and, as I say, she seemed positively to dislike him, when she was in her natural state."

"If I overtake them, and am in time to save her,—which I very much doubt,—I may as well tell you that you will never see her again except as my wife. It will be a special mercy of providence if you have not ruined her, body and soul both, with your unholy doings. You will never have the opportunity to carry on the work—I promise you that. Now, what you have to do is simple enough; you must stay here, and communicate to me any news of any kind that may reach you about them. Constance may succeed in writing to you; or some clue may turn up. Telegraph to the Beacon Hill Bank; my address will always be known there, and they can forward me your messages. I shall drive to Worcester to-night, so as to get the first train in the morning. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Cambryn. I will send you word of my success or failure; but I don't think we shall be likely to meet again soon."

"You needn't upbraid me, Mr. Blount," she said feebly. "I see that I was wrong; but what was I to do? If one is not to believe the spirits, what can one believe? But I feel I have got a death-blow; and, whether you find Constance or not, I shall not last much longer. I should be glad to know that she is safely your wife. Good-bye."

"So I left her, with no more words, and hurried down to the livery stables of the village hotel. After arousing the men there, and ordering a horse and a light waggon, I questioned them as to whether Fellowes had been there that day; and learnt that he had hired a team to go, as he said, to the neighbouring town of Cranmead, where he would remain all night. He had started shortly before six o'clock. Cranmead was in a direction opposite to Worcester; but I did not allow this to alter my plans; it was merely an attempt to throw pursuit off the scent; they must, I was convinced, have gone to Boston. It was now about half-past two; I had eighteen miles to drive, and only two and a half hours to do it in, if I was to catch the first train. With a good horse and a smooth road that would have been easy; but unfortunately I had neither. Nevertheless I set out."

"In two hours and three quarters I drove up to the Worcester Station, having missed my train. The next train did not start until



half-past eight. I spent most of the intervening time in making unsuccessful inquiries after some trace of the fugitives. Nobody seemed to have seen them. I sent a telegram to the Boston terminus to stop them if they alighted there; and finally lay down to get an hour's sleep. The train came in a little behind time; and several delays occurred in the journey. It was nearly eleven before I reached Boston. I took a fly to the Beacon Hill Bank; but I knew that I should be too late.

"Mr. Dyke, the manager, a firm square-looking man, with the kindest heart in town, received me in his private room.

"Have you paid out a large sum of money this morning?" I asked him, while he shook my hand.

"In one draft? But sit down, Mr. Blount."

"I am in a hurry. Yes, in one payment."

"We paid seven thousand dollars to one of the depositors about an hour ago. Why do you make the inquiry?"

"To Miss Constance Cambryn?"

"Exactly."

"To her personally, or to her order?"

"To the young lady in person. She sat in that chair while the money was being drawn."

"How was she looking?"

"Somewhat pale and weary, and her manner was constrained."

"Did she tell you what she wanted the money for?"

"I did not inquire; but I apprehended from something that fell from her that she contemplated taking an European trip,—with Mrs. Cambryn, I presume."

"She had no companion with her? mentioned no one?"

"No one whatever. May I ask if anything is wrong?"

"I gave Mr. Dyke a brief account of what had happened. 'Do you think it will be possible to stop them before they leave the city?' I then asked him."

"I am not sure whether it would be legal, even if possible," he replied. "It appears to be a case of elopement. The young lady is of age. She comes here and draws out her own deposit, as she has a perfect right to do. If this individual you mention makes her his wife, I don't see what you can do. It is difficult to see why, if Miss Cambryn was acting in opposition to her own will, she would not have mentioned the fact when she was alone here with me—an old friend of her mother's. She must have been aware that I would have protected her, if appealed to. No such appeal was made. Are you quite sure that you are correct in your supposition that she was averse to the young man? Girls are mysterious creatures, you know, Mr. Blount,—very difficult to account for. I know as much as that; I have daughters. I apprehend that it may have been a love-match after all, in spite of appearances. Otherwise I can't understand it."

"Neither do I understand it all. Heaven knows you may be right; as things look now, I almost hope you are!"

"I am inclined to share your feeling. Meanwhile, every facility for tracing them that we can command shall be placed at your disposal. Poor girl!—may you succeed!"

"I ransacked Boston from top to bottom; but no vestige of either Fellowes or Constance came to light. After having kept a watch at every dock and railway station in the city for three days, I wrote a letter to Mrs. Cambryn, and engaged my own passage for Liverpool."

## VI.

"SEVERAL causes conspired to induce me to take this step. In the first place, it seemed probable that I should be more apt to light upon the fugitives in the Old World than in the New; for I could not conceive that Fellowes could have any other object in running off with Constance than to prosecute his designs upon the Cambryn estates. In the second place, after they had been together nearly a week, all the harm there was to be done might have been done; to find her now would not be to save her, if she needed saving. But upon this point I was resolutely sceptical. I did not allow myself to believe that Fellowes had not married her. He was, perhaps, capable (so far as his own moral nature was concerned) of betraying her; but besides that it seemed probable that his purposes would be best served by making her his wife—because in that case he would come legally into her inheritance, should it ever fall to her; besides this, I had faith in a good God in Heaven, who would not permit a villain to ruin an innocent girl deprived of all other than Divine protection. No, I could not credit the worst evil save upon proof unmistakable."

"And there was another reason for supposing the marriage, which I did not lose sight of, though there was small comfort in it, for my selfish sake. Circumstances seemed to point with unmitigable obstinacy to the conclusion that Constance had not been the companion of Fellowes's flight against her own inclination. It was conceivable that he might be able to exert over her a terrifying or paralysing influence which should constrain her temporarily, or while in direct communication with him, to obey his will in her own despite; but how to account for the undeniable fact that she, apart from and, as far as could be known, quite independently of him, had nevertheless so punctually carried out what must have been his wishes? When she was alone with Mr. Dyke in his private office, surely, if she had wished it, she would have confided to him her trouble, and received immediate and adequate protection! Yet instead of that she had drawn out her money on a false or misleading pretext, and departed without saying one word which could lead to Fellowes's discovery or pursuit. Was she already married to him at that time, and therefore unwilling or ashamed to declare the truth? But even then she need not have lavished her fortune upon him, unless she had intended by its means to purchase of him her liberty,—or unless she had loved him! Yes, incredible as it seemed, the rational conclusion from the evidence of facts was that she did love him; and that the appearance of aversion to him which she had made manifest to her mother and to me had been put forward by her with the deliberate intention of deceiving us. That was the only logical result to which my meditations on the subject led me; though all the while I was powerless to comprehend how such transcendent fickleness and double-dealing could harbour in a nature which had been in all other respects so simple and straightforward."

"It was a heavy and discouraged heart, therefore, that I took with me to Liverpool. I spent about a week there in making further inquiries, not because I expected that anything would come of them, but because I did not wish to feel that any stone had been left unturned. Nothing came of my researches, except an acquaintance with Miss Blodgett's boarding-house, which might have sufficed to solace most mortal ills, but had only a superficial effect on mine. Before leaving England, I obtained a letter of introduction to Lord Roscoe, and called on that nobleman, partly from curiosity, and partly from an idea that I might possibly learn something of the proceedings of the new claimant to the estate. His lordship was a broad-shouldered, light-haired Saxon, with blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and rather reserved manners; but it soon became evident that he had never so much as suspected that his property could ever belong to any one else than himself. He took me out shooting with him, and complimented me on the accuracy of my aim; asked me, among other things, whether the city of Washington were not owned by England; gave me an excellent dinner and an uncomfortable bed; and the next morning dismissed me with a brief shake of the hand, and a very cold request that I should some time look him up again. I liked Lord Roscoe very well, and thought that he was

much better suited to his position than Mr. Fellowes would have been."

"On leaving Liverpool, I abandoned also all further expectation of seeing or hearing anything of Fellowes or Constance. I had done what I could, but they had escaped me, and were gone out of my life for ever. What had occurred must permanently put an end to one part of my life,—that which had to do with love and domestic happiness; but for a man still in the prime of his years, the world contained many things beside these, that might afford him interest and occupation. I was by no means sorry that my consulship happened to interpose itself at this time between the gloomy currents of my thoughts; probably few officials in that year went to their posts with a firmer determination to be efficient than that which animated the Consul at Hamburg. I was a new broom, and I meant to sweep clean."

"But after the first impress of the life had worn off, I began to find it rather monotonous. Odd and picturesque incidents ever and anon occurred, but I was getting used to them; they all had more or less of a family resemblance. There was only one case, in the course of the first nine months, which stood out with any prominence in my memory; and I should not probably have recollected that had it not been for another thing which happened afterwards. A sailor was brought before me by a voluble elderly personage who described himself as the keeper of a lodging-house. His complaint was that the sailor had used his accommodations, and had then refused to pay for them, though admitting at the same time that he had the means to do so. And not only had he refused to pay, but he had heaped scandalous abuse upon the landlord."

"Is what this man says true?" I demanded of the sailor, with a stern voice and brow.

"Well, your honour, 'tis true in so far as this," he replied. "I did spend a night in his caboose, and I told him I'd see him h'isted to the yard arm before I'd pay him for it, because why? Because Davy Jones was in the next bunk!"

"At this the landlord launched out into a volley of expletives and protestations. Upon inquiring further into the matter I learned that the room in which the sailor lodged had been on the second floor, and had two doors, one of which was locked and barred; and since this door opened into a corner room, there was necessarily no other egress therefrom. The door had evidently not been opened for a long time,—possibly not for many years; for the bars and locks were very rusty, and the keyholes (there were two) were filled with dust and rubbish, so that it was plain to see that no key had entered them for a period greater than the sailor would undertake to specify; but sufficient, at all events, to starve a thousand times over any person who may have been shut up inside. It followed, therefore, by logical inference, that if anybody was inside, and was able to make his presence known by sounds and movements, then that person must be superior to ordinary human necessities, and therefore more than mortal. Such a supernatural being, the sailor averred, had occupied the locked-up room during the whole of the night which he had spent in the lodging house; and it had kept up such a knocking and stirring about that he had not been able to get a wink of sleep, and had been scared half to death into the bargain. And this treatment he considered to be an ample equivalent for any demands the landlord might make of him in the way of payment."

"I now turned to the landlord for an explanation of this charge; and he met it with a total and explicit contradiction. Something in his manner, however, as well as a flavour of veracity in the countenance and diction of the sailor, led me to think that there might be more in the matter than superficially appeared; and I accordingly remanded the case, and informed the landlord that I would take occasion to call upon him after office hours that day, and judge for myself what the rights of the dispute really were."

"The address was in a poor quarter of the town, not far from the Hamburger Berg. It was a hot July evening when I found my way there; the population was for the most part out of doors, and the windows of the houses were open. The house which I had come to see stood as one of a row of similar buildings; but there was a narrow vacant space on each side of it; probably the structures which had occupied these spaces had fallen or been pulled down; so that the edifice in question was practically detached. It had an aged and slovenly appearance; the framework had partly given way here and there; there were depressions in the roof; and one of the chimneys had tumbled down. The door hung askew upon its hinges, and the jambs were soiled and greasy with the touch of many dirty hands and shabby shoulders. All the windows in the house were open except two; these appertained to a room on the second floor, in the corner at the back. Here the shutters were closed, and secured by bars of wood nailed across the outside. In the doorway one or two dingy persons, apparently lodgers, were standing or leaning. I inquired of them whether Herr Zschokke (the landlord) were at home?"

"In a minute he made his appearance. He was a small bent man dressed in a rusty and voluminous suit of black clothes, with an extraordinary tangle of grey hair all over his head and face. His eyebrows were very bushy, and the eyes deeply set underneath were bloodshot, but bright and quick. He greeted me with voluble compliments and apologies."

"Your house seems to be in need of repair," I observed to him, in German.

"Ah, beste Herr!" he replied, "I am so poor—I am not what I once was! Forty years ago I was a rich man; I owned many houses. I have been very unfortunate,—it is dreadful! All my property leaves me. At length I am reduced to this poor building which you see. But even this, honoured sir, was not always as at present. Forty years ago it was as handsome a building as any in Hamburg. It was the habitation out of all which I owned in which I abode by preference. It was beautifully furnished and decorated. But it has grown old and poor like all the rest. I am obliged to let it as lodgings; I charge very little,—hardly anything; but even then my lodgers do not always pay me; they have the money, but they see I am poor and old, and they think they can defraud me. It is therefore, distinguished Herr Consul, that I have brought before you this unruly and obstreperous sailor. I know that you are great and just, and that you will not see an honest man ruined because he is old and feeble."

"Assuredly not, Herr Zschokke, if I can help it. So you were a rich man forty years ago? Were you in any business at that time?"

"Yes, dearest sir, I was in the business of a commission merchant. I was entrusted with the management of many valuable transactions. My friends were among the wealthiest and the most considerable of this country and of England. I had many English acquaintances, worthy sir,—or Americans, it is the same."

"Not altogether, perhaps! But how happened it that you afterwards fell into such misfortunes, my good sir?"

"Ah, I was unfortunate, and that is all!" he said with a pathetic shrug. "The Providence was against me—my friends—everything! But we need not speak of it—it is irreparable. This is the room which the honourable Herr Consul came to see."

"We had been ascending the stairs during this chat, and were now arrived at the second floor. But my conductor, instead of leading me to the left of the landing, as I had anticipated from my inspection of the outside of the premises that he would do, took me to the right, and showed me into a tolerably decent apartment, which had nothing sinister in its appearance; and although it

opened into another room beyond, the door of this stood open, and was entirely devoid of either locks or bolts."

"Is this the room which the sailor occupied?"

"But indubitably, noble sir!" answered the landlord readily.

"Where then is the locked door he spoke of?"

"Have I not said at the time that it was lies from beginning to the end?"

"You have no closed room in the house?"

"No! twenty times no!"

"Nor any room of which the shutters are kept closed?"

"How can the Herr think such a thing? Can he not see for himself?"

"I will see for myself, since you permit it, Herr Zschokke," said I; "I will see on the other side of the landing!"

"Not there, beloved sir," exclaimed the little landlord hastily, endeavouring to prevent me from going whither I had intended. "Not there! No one goes there! I do not know myself what there may be on that side!"

"Then it is quite time you were enlightened, Herr Zschokke," I answered quietly, freeing myself from the grasp he had laid up on my sleeve. "To have lived in a place for forty years, and not to know what there is in it, would be a pity."

"There is nothing—nothing! But in short, I could not endure to have the Herr Consul visit an apartment which is perhaps not in a state fit to receive a visitor so highly honoured. Rather than that, I would be willing to consider the small sum which this sailor owes me as paid, and to give him a receipt in full."

"In that case, Herr Zschokke, of course it will not be necessary for me to prosecute my inquiry. How much is owing to you?"

"No less a sum than ten silver groschen!" replied he with a sigh.

"As the amount named is equal to about a shilling of English money, I thought this was a case in which justice might be tempered with generosity. Accordingly I counted out five silver groschen into Herr Zschokke's dingy palm, as from my own private exchequer, and let him know that, on writing me a receipt for this, I would consent to look upon the matter as settled."

"While he was taking his note-book from his pocket and scribbling the receipt with a blunt-pointed pencil, I looked about with some curiosity. We were at this time once more on the landing, and the door of the room on the left-hand side was slightly ajar. All that was visible through this crevice, however, was a strip of wall with some tattered wall-paper hanging to it, and a corresponding strip of very dirty floor. But just as the landlord had finished signing his receipt, and was handing it to me, a peculiar sound made itself audible, coming through the narrow crevice; a sound of knocking—first, three deliberate blows, and then, after a pause, three more given rapidly and impatiently."

"Herr Zschokke started at the sound, and shot a guilty glance at me from beneath his bushy eyebrows; then, muttering something whose import I did not catch, he shuffled to the door and closed it. I stood facing him, undecided for a moment whether or not to force him to admit me into this jealously-guarded apartment, that I might probe the apparent mystery to the bottom. But I reflected that I was a Consul, and not a police-officer; and that I really had no more business to pry into Herr Zschokke's secrets than had the President of the United States. The business that had brought us together was transacted, and there remained nothing more for me to do but to wish him good evening and to take my departure. The incident, however, did not soon fade from my memory; it was not devoid of points mysteriously suggestive to an active imagination. Who was this dingy old man with his furtive eyes? What deed had been done forty years ago in that dismantled old house—a deed the consequences of which had gradually reduced him from affluence to poverty? What was kept hidden behind the barred door—what thing that knocked against the walls of its prison so resolutely and so eagerly? I pondered over these questions a good deal, of course without coming to any conclusion about them. Once or twice I actually revisited the neighbourhood where the house stood, with the partially-formed purpose of renewing my acquaintance with the proprietor and trying to induce him to lay aside his piquant reserve, and to tell me a tale beside which one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances should seem tame. But I never got further than the outside of the building, when I stared up at the closed shutters, and passed on. It was partly inertia that restrained me from carrying out my design, partly indisposition to meddle with other people's affairs, and partly (and most of all) a fear that the solution of the mystery, when it was obtained, would turn out to be very much below the level of what my fancy had conceived. The facts, when known, could be of no value to me; but my imagination of what they might be had a sort of value."

"A year more passed away, and found me still sitting in state in my little office in Hamburg, in doubt whether I should ask for three months' leave of absence, or whether I should send in my definitive resignation. In fact I was weary of that particular branch of diplomacy which I had thus far cultivated, and desired to relieve my shoulders from the irksome load of a national responsibility. Day by day I was verging nearer and nearer to a decision in favour of resigning, and at last had got so far as to begin a letter on the subject to the Secretary at Washington, when my head clerk came into my room and informed me that a woman wanted to see me."

"A woman? What sort of a woman?"

"Well, sir, she may have been a lady."

"Tell her I'm busy! Or—stop; she'll be sure to come again some time when I really am busy; tell her to come in!"

"The woman, or the lady, came in accordingly, and bowed slightly to me, and stood still. She was clad in a mean dress, which had the appearance of having been cut for a person larger than she was; and a threadbare mantilla or shawl was drawn round her thin shoulders."

"Now, madam," I said, "please let me know what I can do for you. There is a chair,—you may sit down if you like. I am rather busy, but . . . I am at your service for a few minutes."

"I think I had better come some other time; I do not wish to inconvenience you, but I thought—"

"Speak a little louder, please. The noise in the street outside prevents me from hearing what you say."

"The woman made no reply. She put one hand on the arm of the chair I had offered her, and seemed to lean on it for support. She looked at me fixedly; and presently lifted the slight veil which she wore over the upper part of her face."

"When I saw her eyes I knew who she was; but I don't think I could have recognised her by anything else. I took a long breath, and sat without moving, or being able to move. I had thought of her so often and so intensely, that now, when she stood before me, I seemed not to realise that she was more than a very vivid apparition. I had got so into the habit of imagining what I would do if we ever met again, that now we were really met I did nothing. And when, at last, I did move and did awake, I said and did I know not what, nor shall I ever know it. It was like the beating of the heart and the kindling of the brain, which are wrought so far inward that we are not conscious of them."

"Poor girl! poor girl! her pale face had colour in it now, and something like a smile flitted over it for a moment, when I was enough my own man again to notice how she looked."

"I searched for you, Constance," I said; "and after all it is you who found me, not I you!"

"I was ashamed to come to you," she answered in a sighing voice; "but I had to come. I don't mean that I don't want to see



you—I have often wanted to see you; but it seemed no use; it seemed as if there would be more pain than joy. I should have been prevented."

"Are you alone?"

"She dropped her eyes, and after a pause said 'No.'"

"Who is it?"

"My husband."

"Is your husband . . . Who is he?"

"Arthur Fellowes."

"Constance," said I, "I won't ask you any questions; I might hurt you without meaning to; but if there's anything you can tell me, tell me in whatever way you like."

"Some features of her story were very strange; so strange and miserable that if I had not heard them from her lips I should have said they were impossible. Fellowes had established a power over her which has no name, and the nature of which neither she nor he, nor anybody else that I know of, has ever fully comprehended. It can be described only by its effects. By making passes over her with his hands, and afterwards simply by an exercise of his will, he was able to put her into a state of trance. When in this state, a part of her being,—the inner soul, perhaps, from which the personal thoughts and volitions of the individual originate,—was removed or held in abeyance; but the outer part, which acts immediately upon the bodily senses and faculties, not only remained, but was endowed with capacities far transcending those of its normal condition. In this state, the personality of her master seemed to be substituted for her own, so that she did his will and thought his thoughts as if they were hers; and was conscious of everything that passed through his mind, apart from any spoken communication between them. In this state, moreover, she was able to see and describe whatever persons or objects he was thinking about; seeing them in actual manifestation, no matter what distance intervened between her bodily eyes and them. In this way, she told me, she had more than once seen me; and in proof of it she related to me several things that I had said and done at a time when I had been separated from her by many hundred miles. Another particular about her trance life was this, that in it Fellowes was able to act upon her from a distance; so that, informed by his will, and without any connivance or even consciousness of her own, she would go on his errands and transact his business with as much accuracy and consistency as if she were acting from herself. Her appearance and manner under such circumstances was, indeed, somewhat constrained and mechanical, but not enough so to excite suspicion or remark on the part of those with whom she was brought in contact. On emerging from these trance states she ordinarily retained but an imperfect and confused recollection of what she had done or suffered while in them; it seemed to her shadowy and incoherent, like the memory of an ordinary dream; and sometimes it was all a blank, and she could infer what had happened only from chance hints let fall by Fellowes, or from scraps of evidence obtained in some such accidental way."

"Her feeling towards Fellowes while under his influence was one neither of affection nor aversion; but wholly of indifference; being practically identified with him for the time being, she could not love or hate him any more than she could love or hate herself. But when she resumed her natural state, and was once more mistress of her emotions, she had regarded him with an enmity which all her fear of his invincible and absolute power scarcely availed to keep from breaking forth in overt acts, as well as in thoughts and words. In process of time, however, the chain which she wore became so heavy and so hopeless, that she sunk into an apathetic mood, and ceased to think of struggling against her fate. She bore herself towards her tyrant with the dull submission of a prisoner who knows of no escape. Conscious that at any moment he might require of her what she could not refuse, she forbore in self-defence to look forward to freedom; and, at last, came to desire rather than to dread the trance which rendered her in actuality the automaton that she practically remained at all times."

"All this while Fellowes was persistently striving to solve the problem of the whereabouts of Edward Cambryn's dead body, and of the will which he had left. During those three days that had followed his first interview with me, he had discovered the existence in Constance of this supernatural faculty of hers; and it had suggested to him the idea of using her as a means of finding out the truth. The advantage it gave him was indeed enormous, and only just inferior to his most sanguine expectations. One of the first matters as to which he informed himself was the existence of Constance's little fortune at the Beacon Hill Bank; and this so nearly counterbalanced my offer to him that he had no hesitation in regarding it as an equivalent. After having put Mrs. Cambryn off her guard by a few obvious devices, he, on the evening of the third day, threw Constance into the trance state, placed her in the waggon that he had in waiting, and drove her to his lodgings in the village. Here they were married by special license, the notary who performed the ceremony being in Fellowes's pay, and afterwards accompanying them in their flight. Late at night the party started for Worcester; but when scarcely a mile from Northmore, Constance, by some mishap, suddenly recovered her right mind, and gave utterance to that scream which had reached my ears while I leaned out of my window. Fellowes lost no time in restoring her to her charmed sleep, and they went on their way without further interruption. They reached Worcester an hour before the train started; but instead of stopping there, they, as a measure of additional precaution, drove on to the next station, and took the train from there; leaving the waggon in the possession of their companion, whose route lay henceforth in another direction than theirs. Arrived at Boston, Fellowes took his wife to a hotel, and shortly before ten o'clock, when the banks opened, he brought her to the neighbourhood of the Beacon Hill Bank, and put to the test for the first time the great experiment of making her obey his will at a distance from his physical presence. He sent her into the bank with directions to draw out her deposit in the regular way, and to return with it to him, where he awaited her in the doorway of a shop hard by. All went well, and by the time I had arrived at the bank, and was questioning Mr. Dyke, he and Constance were in the train going to New York. They got to New York the same afternoon, and the next morning they took passage in a merchant vessel bound to Havre."

"From this time forth their history, though strange enough, had a monotony that makes it unnecessary to recount it in detail. For nearly six months Constance was almost continually entranced, and, in that state, following out the various clues which her husband obtained as to the object of their search. Occasionally they seemed very near the grand discovery, but they never quite attained it. Several traces of the missing Edward Cambryn they indeed came upon; they found the time of his last journey from Liverpool forty years ago, and followed him step by step to London; but here the traces vanished. From certain indications it was inferred that his expedition had been, not a pleasure tour, but connected with some business object. Be that as it may, they failed to keep pace with him to the end. Where his bones lay, and where were the papers on which depended the inheritance, they knew no more than I. Constance's trance vision enabled her to see only what existed or was passing at the time; she could neither look forward into the future, nor reanimate the occurrences of the dead past. By her aid Fellowes could invisibly enter the privacy of any household, or dog the footsteps and listen to the words of any person, near or far; but he could do no more. Constance was obedient, but she could suggest nothing, could never act, save on his initiative; and so, after all, her power was more a marvel than an efficient instrument."

END OF PART III.



MR. R. SPENCE WATSON'S "Visit to Wazan" (Macmillan) describes a feat which no other European has accomplished. Wazan is a sacred city, founded late in the seventeenth century by a holy man, whose descendants have ever since been its Cherifs. The present Cherif, venerated as only Mahomedans venerate living saints, met an English lady travelling in Morocco, and married her. To her Sir J. Hay Drummond gave Mr. Watson a letter, which enabled him to visit as a Christian a place which even Dr. Rohlfs could only get to by pretending to become a renegade. While at Wazan he is most occupied by telling us what splendid rooms he had, and how gorgeously he was feasted. How he ever survived the rice boiled in cream and flavoured with orange flower water, and the three cups of coffee and twelve tumblers of green tea after dinner, we cannot tell. That he was so well received was thanks to a joke. The Cherif, living in Tangier, wrote to his brother who acts for him at Wazan, saying, "for fun": "the bearer is my English wife's brother." Fortunately, the incompetence of Mr. Watson's interpreter prevented unpleasant explanations; and our adventurous traveller, who had been drinking foul water through filter papers and living on water-melons, found himself housed and fed like a prince in the Arabian nights, whose every wish was law. Moreover, he met with such courtesy and kindness that he is sure the Moors are good fellows, "if only you will treat them as you would Europeans when you are the stranger and they at home." There are drawbacks. At a country inn you may, after having killed two monstrous beetles before you went to sleep, find next morning seven more in bed and two under the pillow. Mussulman "jumpers," too, who get so frantic as to beat their heads against the wall while they "jump," would think it a holy work to tear an infidel in pieces. But such things help to prove the "completeness of the change which is to be had only six days from home"; moreover, as a set-off, is there not "the beautiful Moorish way of shaking hands"? Besides Wazan, Mr. Watson describes the curious "druidical" circle of Mazarah. He tells us that the Moors believe they would have driven the Spaniards into the sea but for the shameful and treacherous peace; and he reminds us that when we left Tangier we, dog-in-the-manger-like, destroyed the fine mole which we ourselves had built. The curse of Morocco is misgovernment. Arbitrary taxation enforced by torture is bad enough; but it is even worse to forbid the export of corn from what ought to be one of the world's granaries. Why should not Mr. Gladstone take Morocco in hand on his own account? There is no Pan-Islamism to complicate matters; and he might chivalrously hand it over to Spain or France when he had driven out the Moors bag and baggage. To us the strangest thing about North Africa is that not a trace of Christianity remains. In spite of St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, the Berber faith must (in our author's words) have been mere "whitewash." Mr. Watson has given us a capital book on an almost new subject.

An ex-officer often makes the best of parsons; for he carries into the Church the discipline which it so often lacks, and the lack of which sets it at a disadvantage with the better organised sects. Mr. Wale, late Lieutenant 15th Hussars, found the Sunday School at his first curacy a perfect Babel, and when he asked a teacher if her class was well up in Church Catechism, she replied: "Thank you, I think I can teach them something better than that." At once he closed the school for two Sundays, and, reopening it with a wholly new staff, got order and proper teaching. With equal thoroughness he abolished crinoline in the day school; but here the mistress happily set the example, so of course the pupil-teachers had to adopt the self-denying ordinance, and the girls did likewise—all and save one, whose father swore she should not be interfered with, and who was, to her and his astonishment, summarily sent away. "Sword and Surplice" (David Bogue) is very pleasant reading; if some of the stories are old they bear re-telling, and the picture of Indian life in a Queen's cavalry regiment a quarter of a century back, when the soldier had no resource but drink, and the officer nothing to appeal to but the "cat," and when the gold lace of the costly and stifling uniforms was really worth melting down, is well and truthfully drawn. No less truthful and very humiliating is the sad episode of the Crimean War. Mr. Wale gets dysentery at Balaklava, and comes in for his full share of the strange mismanagement. The patients are ordered eggs and port wine; the wine is "vile stuff," the eggs half rotten, being served out in rotation, though there are hundreds of fresh ones close by. Mr. Wale carried into his rectory the same quiet determination which he showed as curate. How he got the village pond cleaned and deepened should be read by all country parsons; some of them may be led to reflect that if St. Paul was now on earth he would talk less of Predestination and more of sewage and other nuisances. We wish every clergyman's family would remember that "it is not so much the parson as the parson's wife and children, if they are worth their salt, that form the civilising power in the parish."

Cecil Arnold's "Index to Shakespearean Thought" (Bickers and Son) is one of those books which ought always to be blank-interleaved. No one can expect to succeed in the authoress's endeavour "to classify under accurate headings every passage of interest," but a good comprehensive framework like hers will be a great help to those who, reading their Shakespeare thoughtfully, wish to remember and refer to choice and striking bits. People differ as to "passages of interest;" the "Index," for instance, contains five-and-twenty pages about Love, and ten more about lovers, but only five lines about Hypocrisy. We miss, too, the surely interesting line "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the passage about emulation in which it occurs; nor can we find the lines beginning: "He that hath made us with such wide discourse, looking before and after, &c." But the work is a very complete one of its kind, and cannot fail to be useful to many who might else forget that they are bound to be familiar not with Shakespeare's plots only, but with the beauties of thought and expression which stud his almost every page. "The most accurate text has been followed;" in proof of which we find "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," and other readings which will surprise some of us.

It is hard for an American to write impartially about the Russians, "whose hospitality to individual Americans is no less conspicuous than their unvarying friendship for the United States as a nation." Certainly Mr. F. V. Greene got very good treatment for a lieutenant of Engineers. He was not only introduced to the Czar at Biela; but he had a seat at the Imperial table till he was sent on to the front. In "Sketches of Army Life in Russia" (W. H. Allen), he describes the Shipka Pass—"not a pass at all, but a long gently-sloping cross spur of the Balkans, 5,000 feet above the sea at the top of the road, where 2,000 Russians, and 3,000 Bulgarian militia kept at bay Suleiman Pasha and 30,000 Turks." His account of how the Russians were beaten off at Plevna, though they were far superior in artillery, and though the careless Turks had allowed them to build a strong battery under their very noses, is as lively as if he had been correspondent for a New York paper. By the way, he speaks up for war-correspondents, and has a chapter on MacGahan, an Ohio man, "the model of what they ought to be," who with Schuyler really made known the "Bulgarian massacres." Like other travellers, Mr. Greene prefers the Bulgarians at a distance: "they are uninviting cheats." He is angry with us for

discountenancing war-correspondents in Afghanistan; let us hope we shall always show due courtesy to U. S. lieutenants. His chapter on "The Eastern Question" is useful as letting us see how others look, at a matter on which we cannot help being one-sided; for that we really liked the Turks, in spite of repudiation, was proved by the way in which we felt about Plevna. He is quite right about the Balkans being a most illusory barrier; but surely it is absurd to talk of Russia "conferring a benefit on the whole Christian world by gradually breaking down a Government under which no Christian could live in safety or comfort." The aim, and the result, of Russian machinations has been to make impossible that good strong Government which might, but for her, have been set up in Turkey. Nihilism Mr. Greene pooh-poohs; it numbers not one in three hundred of the population—none of the peasants. The Russian soldier, brought up where everything, landscape and all, is on a dead level, and where the commune destroys all individuality, has at least "the consolation of good wholesome rye-spirit (*vodka*)."

We are glad to see a new edition of Lieutenant Conder's "Tent Work in Palestine" (Bentley and Son).—The Palestine Exploration Fund Committee does not endorse its surveyor's conclusions and identifications; but Lieutenant Conder is a very sober guide, not led away by the Onomasticon of Eusebius and Jerome, and fully admitting that, save in one instance, the Grotto of Bethlehem, no Christian tradition can be traced back earlier than the fourth century. The illustrations of this useful book are good; the hill-fort of Gath and the stony valley of Michmah are specially suggestive. Readers will naturally turn to Lieutenant Conder's closing chapters on the state of the people and the future of Palestine. The account of the two German colonies of Haifa and Jaffa is full of interest. The colonists are Wurtemberg Pietists, who accept Bengel's "Gnomon" as their standard of Scripture interpretation. Besides schools, they have a mill, a tannery, and general stores; above all, they are not likely to introduce polygamy, as we are told the President of the former American colony tried to do. Lieut. Conder thinks the Jewish conquest was very incomplete; the land is still full of descendants of Canaanites holding their old superstitions. It would be absurd to give it back to the Jews, who are not an agricultural people. We trust this valuable record of conscientious work will go through many editions.

Miss Gertrude Forde takes us through a little known country in a very cheery way. Her "Lady's Tour in Corsica" (Bentley and Son) is pleasant reading; but the pleasure is marred by two reflections—first, how much better her book might have been had she taken more pains; next, what a cruel and unscrupulous person he (or was it an envious she?) must have been who corrected her proofs. Pity for Miss Forde certainly marred our pleasure in reading her two volumes. Fancy a lady being allowed to publish "a Corsican Messieur" and "le petit corporal," to say nothing of "cystus," and "fugginess," and "a stable-yard of odoriferous propensities." Still her unfailing good spirits, and the newness of the land, and the bright sunlight and gay flowers and smile of the "emerald and malachite water," are refreshing enough amid this fog and slush, to carry us right through from her landing at Bastia after a passage

than which nothing could be nastier,  
Not even in Charon's dark wherry;  
For that passage is quicker,  
And you cannot be sicker  
In crossing the Stygian ferry,

to the closing chapter on Corsican history, in which she says nothing about the Carthaginians, being in a hurry to run a tilt at her *l'été des noires*, the Genoese. We are sorry the Corsicans have the Italian fault of cruelty to animals; the boys, too, form a pursuing horde which is unpleasant to sketchers and archaeologists. The men are courteous, and drive the boys off, and talk politics most glibly; but they are desperately lazy, and but for the women the island would relapse into barrenness. Corsica offers sunlight, splendid forests, snowy peaks, no beggars, no cheating tradesmen or innkeepers, and, above all, a telegraph at a penny a word, invaluable in securing rooms beforehand. There is not a brigand in the whole island; though, of course, Miss Forde has plenty of tales of the old vendetta and brigandage.

## HOTELS—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

HOTELS are attracting a new set of guests, and offering tempting baits to families who in old-fashioned times would have preferred even the blurred semblance of home afforded by lodgings. Hotel life is growing in England in the direction which it has attained in the United States, and the traditions of the latter country have become the gospel according to which English hotel life of the new sort seeks to mould itself. It does so rather slavishly, probably because the importation is so very un-English that Englishmen do not feel themselves competent to handle it intelligently. People fond of being in the fashion will anxiously copy the unintelligible and often unsuitable details of any new device whose unfamiliarity and discomfort are about on a par, such as the new "flat" system, the "Pullman" cars on the Brighton and the Liverpool lines, or the hotels on foreign models. But that opens a broad question, whereas there is a certain class of defrauded sufferers whose grievances against these multiplied "palatial" hotels are unpleasantly concrete and personal. The genuine traveller just off a long journey, whether by land or water, finds no welcome and no comfort in these appallingly elegant palaces. Their splendour makes him feel mean and uncomfortable; his travel-stained appearance seems a blot on the correct and full-dress scene; instead of his patronage being eagerly welcomed by a host, or any civil representative of a host, he feels a humiliated gratitude if he is allowed to sneak upstairs without attendance, and to fumble about a corridor till he finds the number corresponding to the key which a magnificent individual in broadcloth and diamonds has thrown to him across the counter of the "office." Now this is contrary to the real object and use of hotels. Such houses are meant primarily, as their predecessors the inns were, for the comfort and restoration of tired and soiled travellers. If they choose to add other functions to this no one will gainsay the addition, provided that it does not interfere with the original object; but it is a reasonable grievance that the traveller is neglected, and made to feel small and uncomfortable, while the boarders or more permanent inmates enjoy the chief consideration.

Many a man hesitates to approach a modern hotel unless dressed in his best; it does not matter that his pockets are full of money, it is his coat and hat and shirt-collar which, to the unfriendly eye of the man at the office (or the smart young woman), determine the reception he may expect. A man just off a journey is necessarily not at his best, and hotels exist chiefly as substitutes for an immediate refuge, though no one would be likely to guess that they ever fulfilled such a purpose. There are a few unpretentious, unobtrusive, comfortable, old-fashioned hotels left, it is true, but they are not known to many who would be too happy to avail themselves of them; they do not advertise, they solicit no custom; the initiated know and revel in them, though many of the "modern improvements" be wanting, and the house be not turned into an exhibition for the trial of every new mechanical invention; but foreign travellers scarcely know of their existence, and, for want of information, are forced to go to the cold, unfriendly, starched-looking hotel of modern make. Americans especially are supposed to like the latter kind of hotel, and some of course do, but there are very many who do not, and I have known some who took great pains to find out quiet old-fashioned inns near the Law Courts. Then again the efficiency of many English hotels, which

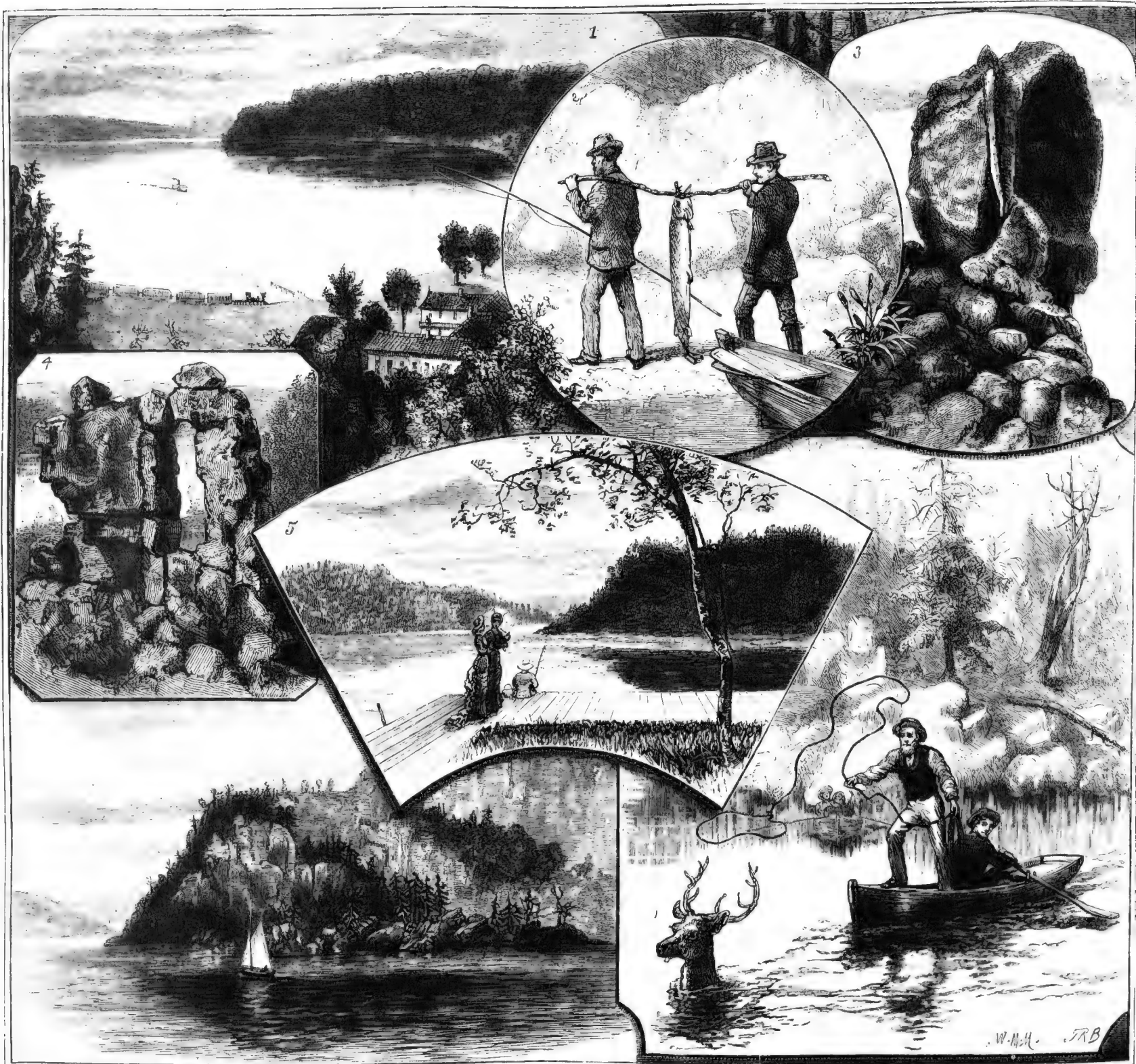




THE LATE COLONEL THOMAS RATTRAY, C.B., C.S.I.  
Died Oct. 21, aged 60



CAPTAIN ERNEST STEPHEN GARRATT, 66TH REG.  
Killed in the Battle of Maiwand, July 27, aged 35



1. The Devil's Lake at Sunset.—2. The Monarch of Devil's Lake.—3. The Sphinx.—4. "Stonehenge" on East Cliff.—5 & 7. Views of West Cliff.—6. The Chase.  
SKETCHES AT THE DEVIL'S LAKE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.



suppose themselves to be on a level with those of New York, is severely commented upon by their American patrons, while if only Englishmen frequented them, John Bull might be induced to believe that he was "enjoying" (!) some specially Transatlantic advantages. The American plan is clumsily parodied in some of the modern hotels in London, and the corner-stone of hotel life, the "office," is made pretty prominent. The individual who presides at the office in the American hotel is generally a man: I believe in England it is not unfrequently a woman. In America the "clerk" is a supreme and insufferable being, a small autocrat, a "beggar on horseback," with the proverbial insolence of the beggar (often supplemented with that of the "politician").

But though the abuses of the American "office" may not be copied quite so distressingly in England, they are obvious enough. Discourtesy has taken the place—almost officially—of the chief requisite in an old-fashioned host. You ask—this time you are tolerably well-dressed, and so the ferocity of the "clerk" is toned down to silent contempt—for a friend who has given you his address at such and such an hotel, and, instead of an answer, the "clerk" wheels a large ledger round with an impatient gesture, and waits with an aggrieved air until you puzzle out the name and number you require. Such conduct has a depressing effect on any man not irredeemably vulgar; he simply collapses under it, and feels indescribably insignificant. What could Gladstone himself do or say before such an uncivil potentate? In old times—I do not mean in the days of historical inns, but of old English hotels—a polite waiter would take notice of you, be the first to address you, listen and answer, and probably inquire for you, or, more likely still, show you upstairs at once, for in houses of manageable size—and hotels should never be larger than one or two persons can properly oversee—the servants usually knew all that needed to be known without referring you from official to official, and bewildering you worse than the chamberlains of a sovereign could do to a person unaccustomed to visit in a royal palace. At present, in the new style of hotels, it is considered "correct" to ignore you and your questions, and sometimes, for a period, even your presence, and to adopt a lofty and patronising tone towards all but the longest residents in the house. You feel that it is no longer you who do the host a favour by filling his pockets, but he who does you a favour by allowing you to stay in his house and be fleeced, without even the counterpoise of being

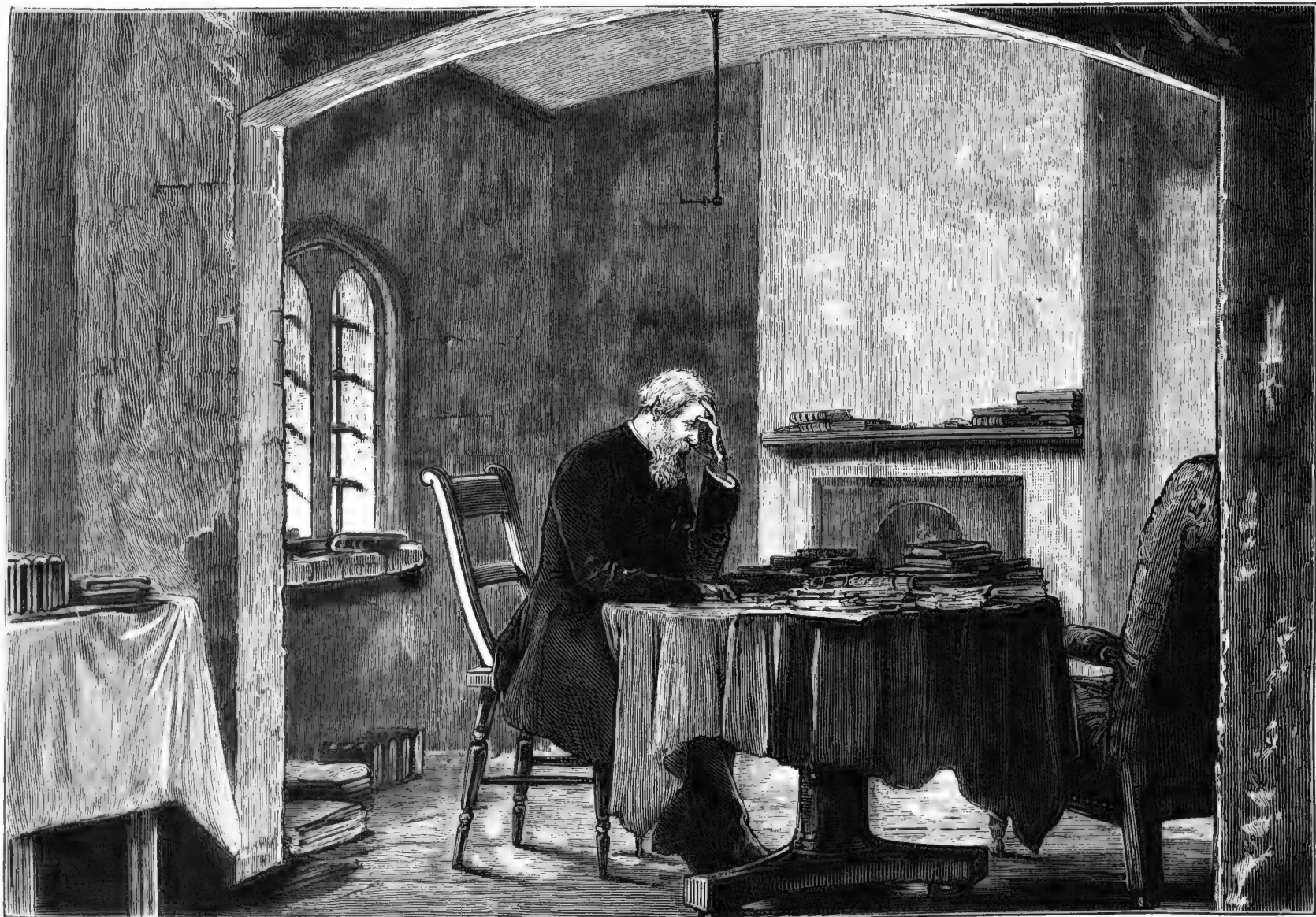
flattered. If this is not a grievance to the large class of real travellers, where are grievances to be found? If hotels wish to become permanent lodging-houses for un-domestically-minded people, why not separate the two branches of business, and have separate entrances, with separate attendants, for each sort of inmates? And if the old hotels that still exist wish to extend the benefits of their system to foreigners of quiet tastes, why do they not come to some understanding with the bankers and consuls of various nations, who are generally entrusted with the funds of travellers of their respective nationalities? It is inevitable, of course, that the new style of hotel, not only in London, but in tourist-travelled parts of the country, should spread; I remember, twenty years ago, such uncomfortable "palaces" already crushing out the trade of the few delightful old inns left in the Lake country; but is it not possible to prolong the existence, and make it a little more known, of the intermediate type, represented by Mivart's and the Clarendon, and many others, even though a little duller? No one but a fanatic antiquary would wish to revive the type of the hostelry of historical romance; railway travel necessarily brings with it another style of "houses of entertainment," but to eliminate the idea of welcome and comfort entirely out of a hotel seems a proceeding on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle.

In America we have sad exaggerations of this type: the rule of compulsory hours for meals in most hotels is in itself a great drawback to comfort, while the *personnel* of the place is oppressive, and the upholstery is chilling. The Irish porters in some of the New York hotels are the only civil people in the establishment; even the genial "nigger" gets deteriorated, and becomes not familiarly garrulous, as he is naturally in the South, and as many European servants are on the Continent, but flippantly insolent. No wonder, indeed, for "evil communications corrupt good manners," and no decent coloured man could long remain uncontaminated by the company (or example) of white "clerks" and "politicians." The very manners of the permanent guests of most city hotels in the North and West are atrocious examples, but this is wide of my subject, and might well become the basis of another "Jeremiad," as to the perversion of the old ideal of "houses of entertainment." Let comfort-loving Englishmen beware of Americanising their hotels, just as independence-loving Englishmen should beware of introducing "machine" and "boss" government into their politics.

B. M.



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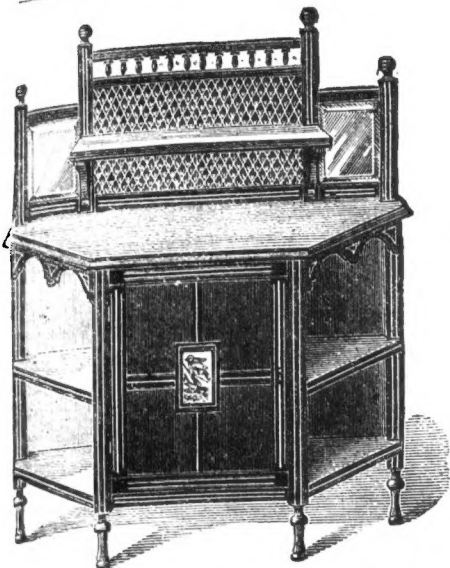
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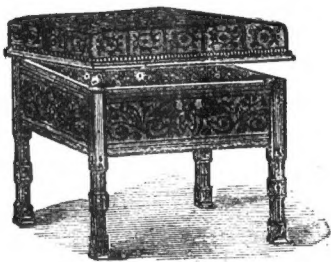
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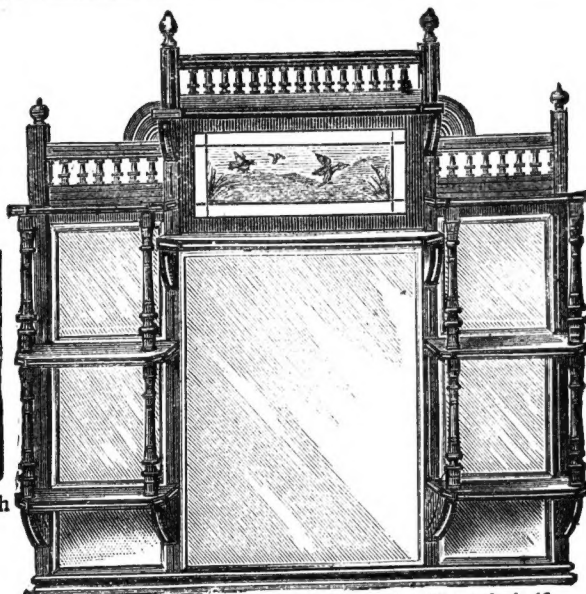
Handsone Ebonized Early English Cabinet,  
4 ft. wide, 5 Guineas.



Ebonized Chippendale Music  
Stool,  
With Box to contain Music.  
Top Stuffed and Covered in Silk Plush of any  
Colour, 55s.



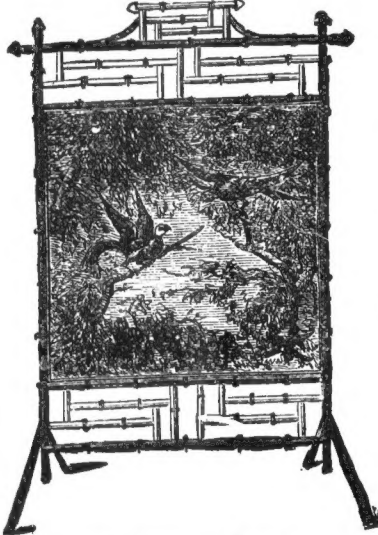
Black and Gold Shelf, with  
Cupboard,  
Panels Painted.  
Size, 23 in. long by 2 ft. 2 in. high,  
15 in. long, £1 15s. 6d.



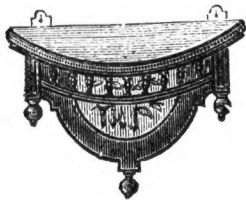
Handsone Black and Gold Glass for Mantel-shelf,  
Or to fix on Wall, with Bevelled Plates, and Decorated Panel at top,  
3 ft. 9 in. high by 4 ft. wide, £5 5s.



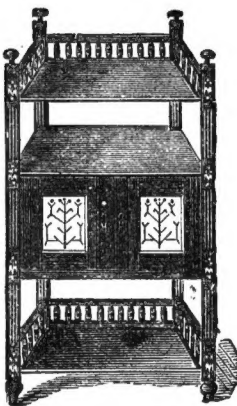
Ebonized Early English Octagonal Table,  
3 ft. 6 in., 3 Guineas.



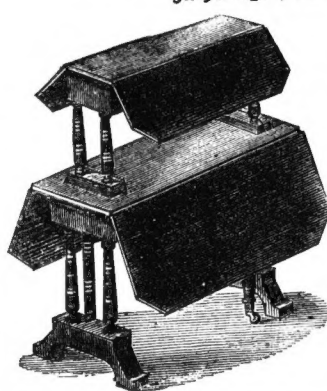
Black Early English  
Shelf Bracket,  
With Painted Panels,  
3 ft. high, 15 in. wide, 37s. 6d.



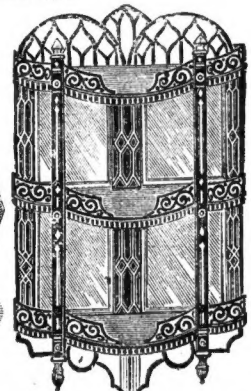
Decorated Bracket for  
Straight Wall.  
15 in. long, 9s. 6d.



Black and Gold Early  
English Cabinet,  
With Decorated Doors,  
£3 3s.



Double Five o'Clock Walnut  
Sutherland Tea Table,  
£2 5s.  
Ditto Black and Gold, £2 8s. 6d.



The Gothic Chippendale  
Bracket,  
Four Bevelled Plates,  
Size 32 in. high and 20 in. wide,  
£2 5s. 6d.

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DRAWING-ROOM CABINETS, from £7 7s.  
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Glasses and Suites complete. Bedroom Sets and  
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Messrs. MAPLE & CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now  
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post free.

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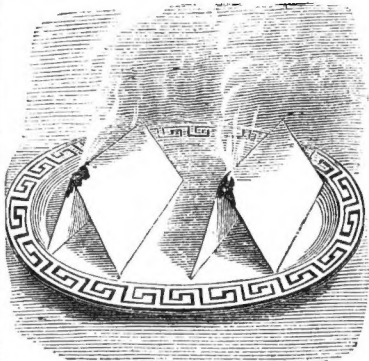
Sozodont

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MINE!

SOZODONT preserves the Teeth, SOZODONT  
cleanses the Teeth, SOZODONT beautifies the Teeth,  
SOZODONT imparts the most fragrant breath, SOZO-  
DONT removes all tartar and scurf from the Teeth,  
SOZODONT arrests the progress of decay. All blem-  
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by SOZODONT, the great purifying and beautifying  
agent. The gums are made rosy and healthy by its  
use, and the moribund defect, an unpleasant breath,  
is completely remedied by it. It is the king of denti-  
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applying the liquid to the toothbrush. Each bottle is  
enclosed in a toilet box. Ask for SOZODONT, and  
observe the name SOZODONT on the label, box, and  
bottle.

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annals of toilet requisites. It exceeds that of all other  
dentifrices combined. This famous article is one of  
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always use it; hence its immense sale.—It is supplied  
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GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON.



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CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, and BRONCHITIC  
ASTHMA.

DIRECTIONS.—Fold and place one or two pieces of  
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fume will then arise and gradually fill the room, and  
after inhaling for a few minutes, the air tubes will be  
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the patient will fall into a sound and refreshing sleep.  
The outer air must be excluded by keeping the  
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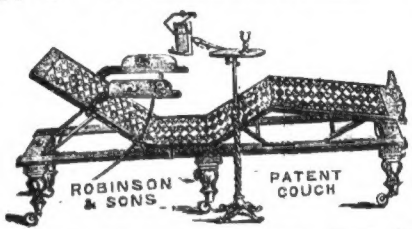




THE GRAPHIC

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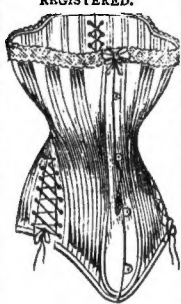
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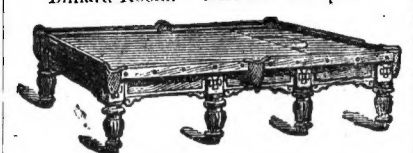
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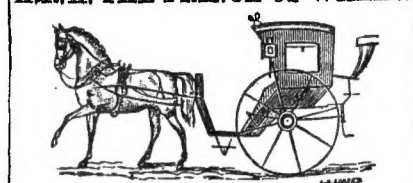
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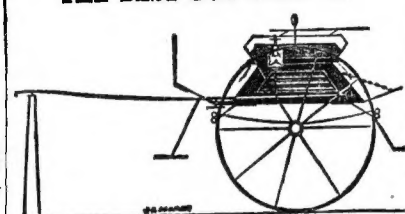
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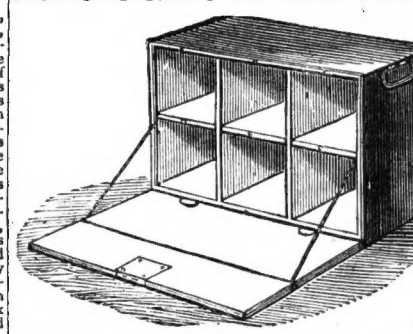
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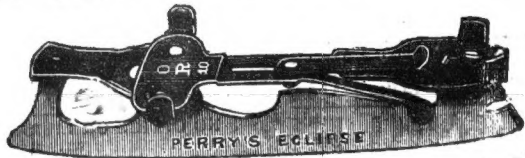


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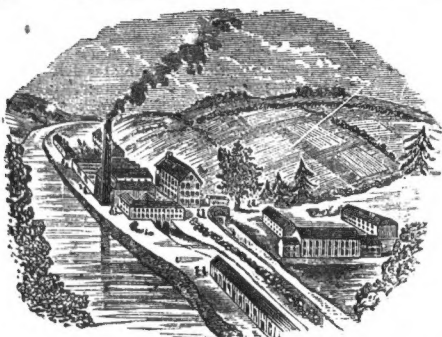
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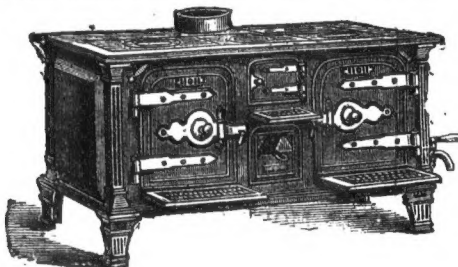
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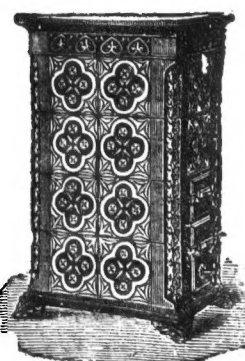
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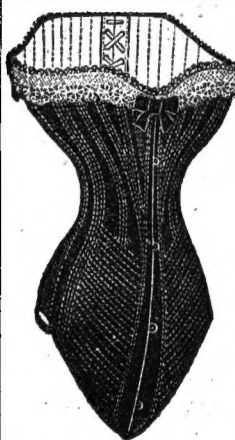
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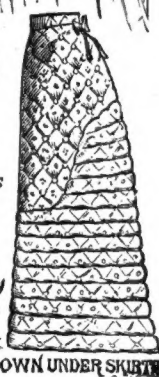
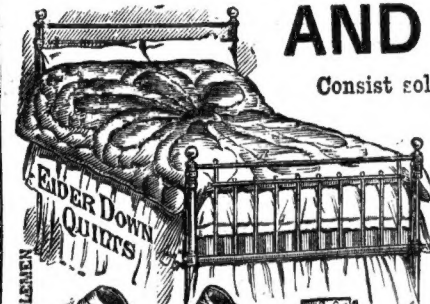
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